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THE FORUM

VOL. XLVIII

JULY, 1912—DECEMBER, 1912



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THE FORUM

FOR JULY 1912

EDITORIAL NOTES

IT would appear, from the daily papers, that for some time past the President of the United States and his predecessor in that office have been conducting a political campaign, in the interests of the country—viewed from different standpoints. No one would have imagined, from the peculiar nature of the interchanges, that a President or an ex-President was remotely connected with the proceedings. When the people begin to take a really effective share in the discussion, there will be some natural curiosity as to their attitude with regard to this travesty of tradition.

* * *

MR. TAFT has had an exceptionally unpleasant situation to face; and he has faced it, after long inertia, with painful results. It was right that he should try to make an effective rejoinder to the irresponsible accusations scattered broadcast to the winds. Yet the President knew his own temperament far better than it was known to his advisers, and it would have been wiser for him to persist in a policy of comprehensive silence, which may cover a multitude of littlenesses. To carry the war into the enemy's country, once, would certainly have sufficed; but to accuse himself by reiterated excuses, to accept, while feebly protesting, the regrettable tactics of his opponent, was an irreversible mistake. The President is not a competent fighter, by instinct or by training. He may do the right thing, but he selects the wrong time; while he has an unhappy facility for doing the wrong thing at any time. With normal conditions and a less unscrupulous rival he might have failed less obviously, or even apparently succeeded. As it is, he has succeeded only in failing completely.

* * *

THE American public has for some time been familiar with William Randolph Hearst; and familiarity has been more and more steadily breeding contempt. He has used the enormous power of publicity that he controls, not in the sole interest of truth, though incidentally he has attacked abuses and furthered reforms; not in the interests of the country, though incidentally he has returned to the country a slight proportion of the benefits that he has derived from it; not in the interest of the reasoning, reasonable public opinion, without which institutions and policies are unstable and delusive: but in the interests of personal aggrandizement, personal prestige and personal bargaining. Opportunities come and go; recur, and pass again. But in the long run, the man who single-heartedly and to the best of his ability tries to serve the public, will be recognized by the public and rewarded with their confidence. One cannot eliminate the personal equation. The most conscientious man may be wrong. But to speak the truth fearlessly as one sees it, and shame the devil in so far as he may be shamed—that is the least that can be required from any man who would intrude his opinions on general attention. Mr. Hearst has often spoken fearlessly; he has the courage and the resources that might have won him a secure place in the esteem of his countrymen. But he has not spoken the truth. When it suited him to try to mislead the people, he has tried to mislead them, deliberately, persistently. He has set before him no high ideal of public duty and public service; he has merely been obsessed by the idea of high office, and low standards. The latest instance of his unworthy use of publicity is his disgraceful campaign against Woodrow Wilson. No pretence was made to ascertain the truth and to present just conclusions from verified facts. By the cheapest type of malicious suggestion, by the crudest personalities, even by such absurdities as the attempt to distort past history to suit momentary political prejudices, the vilification of the fittest Democratic candidate was carried on so openly and shamelessly that even the special class of reader for whom the travesty was intended, revolted at the insult to his intelligence. Mr. Hearst believed that he could break the reputation of Governor Wilson into minute fragments, by vulgar ridicule, by innuendo, by the per-

petual appeal to ignorance. Governor Wilson has emerged from the ordeal without any noticeable shattering. But William Randolph Hearst has so clearly asserted his claim to the contempt of the people, that no one will be found willing or able to dispute it.

* * *

IT would have been interesting to know Colonel Roosevelt's views with regard to a third-term candidacy, if he had not happened to be the third-term candidate.

* * *

THERE is a certain type of mind that, without being definitely conscious of its limitations, is always reluctant to allow praise to be diverted to any recipient not identified with the first person singular. Depreciatory remarks from such sources have already begun to circulate, with regard to the *Titanic* disaster: what the public has been content to call heroism, or a very fair substitute for heroism, these critics would question with faint smiles and the interrogation marks of uplifted eyebrows. They accentuate the individual cases of cowardice or inability to rise to an emergency; but they cannot recognize the grand total of courage that made itself apparent in that appallingly swift catastrophe. It was not, they imply, the ordinary decent instincts of manhood that caused the majority, unprepared and imperfectly acquainted with the magnitude and imminence of the disaster, to give what help they could, and then face death without panic; it was mere ignorance of the danger, or sheepish stupidity, or fear of the officers' revolvers. This is an unpleasant and unworthy attitude. It is impossible not to wish that more initiative had been shown; that some one had had the foresight and forcefulness, for example, to direct the construction of temporary rafts from some of the vast available stores of woodwork, and thus have saved, at the least, a few more lives. But so far as the passengers are concerned, the judgment of the world need not be reversed. Such unexpected catastrophes are not preceded by painstaking rehearsals; Fate throws them like a bomb into the banquet hall of life. Some of those who escaped have spoken with tears of ineffaceable impressions of selflessness

and quiet bravery. There was little time to search for precedents in the records of memory, to lean upon recent and vivid examples. Those who found and justified themselves in that press of emotions, in that almost grotesque intrusion of tragedy upon the careless security of civilization, have set an example and furnished a standard by which others shall be measured, by which they shall support themselves, knowing, at least, what may be expected from them, now forewarned, since those others, unrehearsed and unprepared, yet played their parts so well in that drama of death.

* * *

IF Colonel Roosevelt's judgment was so hopelessly at fault, as he now maintains, when he urged the nation to accept his last candidate for the Presidency, why should he expect the nation to place greater reliance on his judgment with regard to his present candidate, merely because that candidate is himself—condemned, by his own strenuous assertions, as an incompetent judge of men and affairs? It is a new doctrine that acknowledged incompetence as an adviser of the people should be accepted as evidence of special fitness to mislead them again.

* * *

THE President has made many mistakes, but he had not quite prepared the public for such an inexcusable blunder as the publication of his confidential letter with regard to reciprocity and its consequences, as he viewed and desired them. It is possible to make too much of the mere wording; the objectionable "adjunct" phrase may only have expressed carelessly and loosely the belief that reciprocity would bring Canada and the United States into such intimate relations of mutual advantage that the one country might be considered "joined" to the other as clearly by commercial ties as by natural position. But no satisfactory defence can be offered for the offence against good faith, good taste and good will. A President is not supposed to express himself loosely and carelessly, and he must bear the blame of the most unpleasant construction that can legitimately be placed on his words. It is not easy to believe that Mr. Taft was actuated by underhand motives when he instituted the ne-

gotiations that proved futile; but, by his own avowal, he was not influenced by considerations that were creditable to American diplomacy or that could form an acceptable basis for American policy. The President deserves the censure that has been universally expressed, and he has now established two precedents that must be reversed unhesitatingly by his successor.

* * *

WHILE campaigning at Camden recently Colonel Roosevelt was in a rollicking mood. He told stories of his experiences in the "cow country"; and passed on to the war with Spain. "It wasn't much of a war," he said, "but it was all the war there was, and it wasn't my fault if there wasn't enough to go round." This is excruciatingly funny, especially as the Colonel made the same remark, in precisely the same terms, quite a long time before, in New York, on Memorial Day, May 30, 1911. Addressing the members of U. S. Grant Post 327 of Brooklyn, at Grant's Tomb, he said, referring to the Civil War veterans: "I took part in a little war which came after your big war. It wasn't much of a war, but it was all the war there was, and it was not our fault there wasn't enough to go round."

The Colonel's inability to make more trouble, in his humorous way, has evidently rankled, and the repetition of the school-boy jest in the same schoolboy language, after the lapse of so many months, is conclusive evidence of the Colonel's peculiar fitness to publish the opinions that he expressed so emphatically about the arbitration agreements. Naturally, he would resent any proposals which would prevent such an amusing and invigorating pastime as civilized warfare, with civilized death and agony, from becoming a popular and general relaxation. His attitude on this laughable question strengthens his unobtruded claims to the admiration of posterity. In a world which is beginning to assume a grown-up viewpoint and to measure even the jokes of demagogues by grown-up standards, the ex-President retains unimpaired his splendid childishness. *Ingenui vultus puer ingenuique pudoris*. He certainly deserves a prize for his skill in delivering impromptus twelve months old.

* * *

THE public is long-suffering, but surely it is getting a little tired of being subjected in so many disputes to deliberately devised discomfort and inconsiderateness! The waiters' strike in New York is the most recent instance. No one will deny to the waiters the right to take any reasonable measures to improve the conditions of their work, which were certainly far from ideal. But their dispute, so far as can be gathered, was with the hotel proprietors, not with the public. A strike may or may not have been necessary; but it was not necessary to select for the demonstrative walk-out, wherever possible, the one time that would result in the greatest inconvenience to the patrons of the hotel. Yet the usual procedure was to wait until the tables were occupied and the orders received: at 7.15 the fateful whistle gave the signal to abandon the dining rooms and the diners. This was not a legitimate device of warfare: it was studied insolence—or, if not studied, still insolence: the insolence of careless, contemptuous indifference to the claims of those who have practically paid their wages. The idea, of course, was to attract wider publicity and to bring the utmost degree of pressure to bear upon the proprietors. But it is certainly time that the public began to do a little striking on its own account, since it is brought, willingly or unwillingly, but always to its disadvantage, into every dispute. The waiters are paid, as a class, more than they could obtain in any other occupation for which their qualifications, generally, would fit them. They have come to consider the generosity of the public as a normal source of income, to be accepted with superficial acknowledgments at ordinary times, and repaid with deliberate discourtesy when a little recognition of what was due from them would have brought appreciation and probably support. It is a pity that while the matter was being threshed out the whole system of tipping could not have been regulated. It has been asserted that the habit is fundamentally human. It may be; but it is certainly fundamentally vicious. One has a right to expect adequate service in a good hotel; and if the hotel rates are not sufficient to include that charge, they should be increased in proper proportion. It would be far better for the waiter himself to be paid regular wages than to rely on what is essentially a gambling chance,

however much the law of averages may modify the chance or the rule of exceptions enlarge the income. Tipping is really as indefensible as it is un-American. It results in the organization of business undertakings on an entirely false basis. If the hotel management is already charging enough, it is enabled indirectly by the tipping system to charge more, and unfairly. If it is not charging enough, and cannot afford to pay its own servants itself, it should say so, and revise its rates. In the meantime those who have been subjected to special inconvenience by the strikers may very well show their appreciation by at least diminishing their tips in the hotels which have again employed the men who regarded the public merely as a lever with which to overcome the resistance of the proprietors.

* * *

ALTHOUGH it may appear unpleasant, or even ridiculous, to mention such details to civilized people with highly sensitive nerves, attention may be called to one point in the packing-house disclosures that has been overlooked or neglected: the raw material of these establishments happens to be live stock, with, curiously, certain susceptibilities to pain and certain rights to freedom from unnecessary torture. The public is properly concerned with the questions of cleanliness and food-fitness, with the safeguarding of its own health; but it may spare a few moments to inquire how many, out of the millions of animals slaughtered, are subjected to the process of skinning alive or to similar abominable and criminal mishandling. It is possible to allow unsentimentality to go to a further and more dangerous extreme than the much-decried sentimentality that is now out of fashion in literature and in life. No nation has a right to sanction meat-eating without being absolutely sure that humane and effective killing methods are compulsory. Due supervision is exercised in Germany, for example. Here, the time-factor—the necessity for not wasting those individual seconds that amount to a colossal total where hundreds or thousands of employees are concerned—has resulted in the most revolting practices. Human beings, in the mass, are not very courageous in

their shirking of responsibility for the remedying of notoriously inhuman conditions.

* * *

THE temper of Mr. Theodore Schroeder is the temper of the reformer who will devote a life to a cause, and who will let nothing divert him from the object he sets out to achieve. Mr. Schroeder is an enthusiast for liberty of speech, and he knows no other desire. It seems strange that any man should at this time of day still find it necessary to plead such a cause, especially in a country like the United States, where liberty is supposed to be the very atmosphere breathed by the people. Even a casual reading, however, of Mr. Schroeder's book, *Obscene Literature and Constitutional Law*, will convince any one that liberty of the press, in the United States, "is liberty only by permission, not liberty as a matter of right," and Mr. Schroeder claims the right both for himself and for his fellow-citizens.

It is a nice question how far the State may interfere with the individual's freedom in this respect, and the question becomes still more delicate if, in answering it, we must allow for prejudice, the habit acquired of long custom and that peculiar attitude of mind commonly called "decency." Especially is the question a difficult one in Anglo-Saxon countries, where the Reformation puritanized the minds of the reformed. Mr. Schroeder approaches the question at its most complicated side. He deals mainly with what is known as "obscene" literature, with the literature that society has made taboo. As regards the freedom to print such literature, the laws of the United States, he says, curtail the liberty of the press more perniciously and more extensively than it was curtailed in England at the time of the American revolution. We do not for one moment desire to question Mr. Schroeder's statement. He knows the laws of this country as they apply to this subject probably better than does any man. But to make the statement as an accusation and to enlist our sympathy in the accusation he should first convince us that the literature classed as "obscene" is either necessary or desirable. There is perhaps no word in the language so capable of different meanings to different people as this same

word "obscene." If we could once come to a common agreement as to what it properly should connote, there would be little difficulty about reforming laws in a really liberal spirit. But this is hardly possible under our present educational system of starved humanities. An enlightened and cultured public opinion as to "obscene" literature is the best remedy for the ills which follow on a confining legislation. To liberalize legislation such a public opinion is the one desideratum, and that public opinion is not obtained by legislation, but by education.

None the less Mr. Schroeder's book is a remarkable achievement, involving enormous labor, and it must, unquestionably, help to open the minds of people to the many real grievances under which we suffer and from which we would do wisely to free ourselves at the earliest opportunity. Many of the laws cited by Mr. Schroeder as being still in force, are stupid to the point of being ridiculous, and the sooner they are erased from the statutes the better will it be for our self-respect as a civilized community. They are the remnants of a paternal barbarism in government which held up flogging and corporal punishment as salutary to the wayward child.

* * *

WHATEVER swathings may have been wrapped around it, the mind of man will wander sooner or later, freely or cumbrously, in the realms of fancy. Science has provided an alphabet with which to fashion new words for the new thoughts: but alpha and omega, the beginning and the end, are still perplexing and luring. We have the symbols; but what do they symbolize? How many gallant adventurers have set out for the discovery of these poles of human endeavor, and returned unsatisfied? Equipped with the ideas instilled in us in our childhood, or that we inherit with the race, or acquire from society, we find it difficult to cross the defending ice and the barren desolations. There have been many claims of success; but the proofs would not bear investigation.

Whether we believe the dogmas of the churches, or stand aloof and questioning, or openly scoff, we come together at last for the same quest. Man is mortal: man is immortal. What

does it mean—or is there no answer to the riddle of the universe? The theosophist will speak—but he does not intrude his speech—of Karma and reincarnation: in the apparent inconsistencies and injustices of nature, he finds a perpetual balance of opportunity and achievement, of retribution and reward. Every man is his own master, indeed, and his own judge: his own maker, and his own destroyer. He may forget the continuity of his existence, yet always he finds himself in circumstances that are the logical consequence of past actions. His advantages and drawbacks were created by himself. He is perpetually repairing, atoning; striving on, or slipping further down. Yet, however speciously the doctrine be explained, it is difficult to avoid the emphasis that must be placed on the first life—though a first life is apparently impossible in the endless chain. “Free Will” is a slippery subject: it has received more than its share of discussion in the past. But whatever conditions may be determined by the inexorable demands of a former life, mental conditions are most inevitably and obviously determined. At any rate, there would seem to remain no possible standards of criticism, condemnation or approval. Is the sweated factory girl atoning for the luxurious idleness and selfishness of a previous incarnation? Is the plutocrat with his millions and his mansions enjoying a welcome change from servitude and a hovel? These are idle thoughts, and probably permit an easy rejoinder. Yet theosophy—on its principle of once human, always human—would seem, at least, to leave the animals somewhat forlorn.

* * *

IN New Zealand, where women enjoy the franchise, the recent referendum on the question of a national prohibition of the liquor traffic resulted in 255,864 votes in favor of the measure and 202,608 against. The votes in favor of national prohibition thus amount to 55.93 per cent. of the total votes polled. The proportion required to carry the proposal is 60 per cent.

* * *

A COMMITTEE OF EXPERTS, under the presidency of Captain Swinton, is now considering designs for the reconstruction of the City of Delhi, which, as announced by King George at the

Durbar, is to be the future administrative centre of India, to revive the old and strengthen the new imperial associations. Only once before has such a task been carried out on a really great scale, and when the City of Washington was laid out its designer was a Frenchman. Sir Christopher Wren's grandiose plan for the rebuilding of London after the Great Fire was never given fulfilment; but Captain Swinton and his associates will be more fortunate, and the new city is expected to be a reality within a few years—probably five or six. Before long there will be another great opportunity for the city-builder, when the Federal capital of Australia is designed. Many men have thrown their genius into the fashioning of a great building, but to be the architect of a new metropolis is a rare and fascinating task. The work will be watched throughout the world with more than casual interest; and not a few of those whose creative inspiration is limited to normal, narrow scope will follow with something of envy the use or abuse in other hands of these opportunities for immortality.

* * *

THE obvious is not often interesting; but this excuse for inattention would not apply to the political drama that is slowly nearing its climax in Austria-Hungary. There are many possibilities, and nearly all of them are perplexing. The dual monarchy needs the counsel and coöperation of its wisest statesmen if the difficulties of the present are to be overcome and the dangers of the future averted. The Hungarian Administration, recently embarrassed by the threat of the Emperor-King to abdicate the throne of Hungary if his prerogative of calling out the reserves were interfered with, has also been confronted with franchise troubles, a demand having been made for a measure which would deprive the Magyars, who are in a numerical minority, of the chief voice in the control of their country.

The grievances of Croatia are not serious, but they add to the unrest. The majority of the inhabitants are either Serbs or close of kin to the Serbs; and though Croatia is generally regarded as a dependency of Hungary, enjoying home rule under

a "Ban" appointed by the King of Hungary and sending representatives to the Hungarian Lower Chamber, the Croats resent the suggestion of dependence and assert that the King of Hungary is King of Croatia, not by right of conquest, or any right other than the free choice of Croatia. The matter is mainly theoretical; but the feeling aroused may at any time become an awkward factor in practical politics. The existence of an independent and mismanaged Servia complicates the problem.

The question of the dynasty is of course dominant. The Archduke Ferdinand does not face a pleasant outlook, and he may find the penalties of a morganatic marriage rather tragical. The Emperor-King himself, great as his services have been, has never quite adapted himself to the requirements of the Hungarian situation. He is too much of a Habsburg to be seen at his best in Buda-Pesth. But he has averted many dangers. A country so complex in constitution, so heterogeneous, cannot be held together without a strong centralizing influence; while comparatively recent events show that the nations of Europe cannot yet be relied upon to suppress covetousness when temptation and opportunity unite.

* * *

AT the time of writing, the events of the future are naturally not well known. A sorry object lesson is being presented at Chicago; but it is impossible to make an intelligent forecast of what may happen, when so little intelligence has been shown by either side in what has already been completed. If Colonel Roosevelt should by any chance obtain the nomination, a Democratic President should be assured. If Mr. Taft emerges victoriously, and the disruption of the party does not follow, there may be time before the election for animosities to fade and for recriminations to lose their virulence. The public will not readily forget the unseemly wrangle; but Mr. Taft would have still another opportunity to rise to the occasion.

But prophecy or persuasion is useless when it will not be read until after the event. It is sufficient to hope for the best, and be prepared for the worst.

SOIRÉE KOKIMONO

HENRY G. ALSBERG

NO! Most remarkable . . . the whole business, y'know. . . . Most remarkable evenin's entertainment ever was at, this Soirée Kokimono of Morton Severan's. Dizzy yet in the uppers. . . . An' y'know, sort of fallen angel pain in the cardiac region, Adam-an'-Eve-takin'-a-last-look-from-the-outside sort of feelin'. I'm not keen on rhapsodies, y'know, but that Severan's a reg'lar world's wonder, a Petronius, Louis the Fourteenth, and Huysmans rolled into one, with all the latest modern facilities for actin' the part. . . . D'you know him? No? . . . Mysterious millionaire materializin' out of the great negligible West; made's coin, they say, in a turquoise mine, by the lump, y'know, crusty with gold matrix, an' that sort of thing. What he's after, nobody knows, . . . he bein' unattached, . . . no wimmin-folks whatever. . . . He's got us guessin'. Takes the Halloran place, reg'lar white elephant, off the estate's hands, an' starts in to make the old Cliff sit up and take notice . . .

Don't know him? No? Most extraordinary lookin' cove . . . one of Whistler's shadow-portraits come to life, . . . mostly like that one of Sarasate, way off, up on a stage, in the shadow, . . . except for the diabolic glow from footlights of nether regions glarin' up at him; black as the devil, yet not satanic exactly. . . . except for the tired, Byronesque look of the drooping eye; . . . not as tall as he looks; . . . voice soft as Caruso's, but punctures holes of silence into Babel when he cares to talk, . . . which isn't often. . . . Yet I sort of double back to his eye as most notable, . . . world-weary an' reveryish an' that sort of thing, though capable of turnin' live coal on provocation, . . . you feel sure . . .

Why I was invited, or why I came, I can't really tell. Same with the others. Fact, I don't believe that the half of us would 'a' showed up but for the mystery of the man an' the affair. . . . Y'know, cards out of a clear sky, sayin' only "Soirée Kokimono," . . . not a word more. An' so we all came, buzzin' with curiosity an' wonderin' what 'twas to be; an' at that, we

were feelin' a bit ashamed an' foolish for comin', thinkin' that, after all, 'twould be nothin' but a sort of Japanese garden party, with lots of paper lamps an' geisha girls (from the Hippodrome), an' samisens or what-d'ye-call-'ems, an' tea an' expensive *cloisonnée* souv'niers that you keep knockin' off mantelpieces with your elbow. . . . We were half awaitin' disappointment an' half hopin' for the unexpected that never happens . . . only this time it took a notion to . . .

When we arrived, they ushered us up through the big hall, . . . y'member? . . . most distressin'ly Grant period, walnut slabs of panellin' goin' round an' round in a nightmare of fancy grainin' . . . in a reg'lar Circassian frenzy, . . . an' all polished up high like a push-cart apple, an' copper chandeliers twisted an' tortured an' curled like a Welsh-rarebit vision, an' the turkey-red carpet an' the ceiling with plaster reliefs of bunches of grapes smotherin' bunches of cherubim, . . . all colored in the bright aniline dyes of the period. Well, there wasn't anythin' changed; Marg'ry Daunce, who was just ahead of me, shrugged her shoulders (she's always shruggin' 'em, till you feel like slappin' her), an' remarked . . . "*she* considered it an impertinence of the man." . . . In fact there was a reg'lar murmur of disapproval from one an' sundry, a sort of muttered demand for money back, in the air. Everybody had expected the least Severan could do was to call in Flabadoriau an' have him do the house over for our benefit . . . regardless.

So they took us along, as we dribbled in, through that unspeakable hall, into the big mornin' room overlookin' the terrace an' the ocean. Well, here, anyway, there was a change. Y'member that chamber of horrors? All over now. . . . A little surprisin'. . . . Made us all gasp. . . . Out of the sticky Grant period into dim emptiness. . . . By Jove! Most surprisin'! . . . All the heavy plaster ripped out, an' the room done over in gray panellin's, fadin' off like false dawn, from dark to light to silver white. The ceiling was a pearly shadow like the sky on a misty day. No windows, . . . but just gray panels, like the rest of the room, where that bulgin' outrage of a bow-window used to be. But outside, yellow blobs through the panels, like gas lamps in a fog, were lanterns throwin' a soft glare into that

cool, misty room, warmin' it up like sunlight. . . . An' somewhere beyond, you could dimly hear an' see mysterious goin's on, subdued voices, . . . a bit of laughter, . . . shadows hurryin' to an' fro . . . an' the distant boom of the unseen Atlantic, like Fifth Avenue from the top of the club. . . . But inside, absolute emptiness an' quiet. . . . No lights except what filtered through from outside, . . . no sound, . . . not a splotch of decoration, not a stick of furniture except some small, coral-pink mats strewn about the brown floor, and little tabourets next to 'em for holdin' refreshments. . . .

We were all impressed, the wimmin-folks a bit gushy about it, ravin' to Severan (standin' tall an' shadowy, in the further end of the room) about the poetry of simplicity, the restfulness of perfect harmony; an' a few, especially Marg'ry Daunce, makin' a bid for names of decorator an' costs. That woman would hold up George V, I. R., for statistics of the Durbar, an' the next week have a little Durbarette of her own on her front lawn. . . . Not but what she's handsome, in a sort of a way; lovely back, y'know, which she's always obtrudin', . . . an' real . . . we-ell . . . I grab-bag into my French an' pull out *élan* for decency's sake. . . . Only Alda Wayre (don't know her? heroine of the Wayre-Mortine affair, tall, painfully thin, cavernous eyes, self-consumed by inner flame an' that sort of thing, lean-jawed an' hungry as a night-huntin' puma; don't know her? Why, man, where've you been? The noise of it reached the other side, even kicked up quite a muss on the other side, I'm told). . . . Well, anyway, Alda Wayre turned her back (not a bad back either, though a trifle skinny), on Severan with a contemptuous shrug. Not a word of praise or blame out of her. . . . But then she'd act that way in Aladdin's hall of diamonds. Nothin', y'know, matters with her except the supreme matter, at which we all burn our fingers. (I'm a bit mixed; I'm still dizzy.) It's the only game she plays at, and she plays at it like a big black cat stalkin' a sparrow. . . .

But Severan's no simpleton, either. He'd play the game "Which Hand Holds the Bean" tip-top. Goes you one better, psychologically, every time. He had his eye on her; but her little trick of disdain didn't bring him up on his hind-legs beggin'

for sugar. He goes on quietly talkin' to one and all, very courteous an' grand an' mysterious, sort of Monte Cristoesque, y'know, hidalgo politeness, but no subserviency to any, nor satisfaction to nosiness. Tells each and every, he's glad to have 'em (there were a dozen couples, not a big party, y'know), and makes 'em feel it, too. By and by, enters a fat little Jap, with jolly, smilin' countenance (like an apple; so Marg'ry calls him Mr. Apple-Jap), an' outspread hands, doin' the master of ceremonies act. In real Darlin' of the Gods style requests us to be honorably seated. Severan sets example. Squats down on little mat. We all, with more or less difficulty, follow suit. Lucky, y'know, that styles are what they are, and most of the wimmin were sort of slender; else there might ha' been some crackin' an' splinterin' of whale-bone. As it was, we all got safely and comf'tably down (I next to Marg'ry Daunce, somehow or 'nother), Severan (in spite of her uppishness, she engineered it), next to Alda Wayre with the cavernous eyes. Now out goes our fat little entertainer, comes in again with a tray with two cups of tea an' some preserves, which he sets down in front of a couple, on a tabouret. As he does so, he says, in Madame Butterfly lingo, some little complimentary trifle to the lady, such as: "Somewheres on road to Yamote, blooms, Honorable Lady, cherry tree of delicious fragrance to weary wayfarer. . . . Since twenty years have not thought of it . . . not till now, . . . till this star-moment in night of long years, August Madame." . . . He accompanies this with grave little bow, which reveals the tan baldness of his pate; runnin' back, like the broad sole of a bed-slipper, into the bristly, black stubble of his hair. Or again he says, as he brings tea to some other guest, "In other life, Lady, assuredly will be glowin' moon-moth, and kuroyuma ghosts will pursue, with out-of-breath eagerness, across rice fields, but Lady will laugh at them, loftily swingin' from pine-needle, balancin' over sea." . . .

Really, it was all very nice, the soft murmur of his voice, tinklin' delightful, sandal-woody compliments, and the rustle of his kimono through the cool, dim room. Outside now, a samisen began to mew plaintively, and a woman's voice to squeal in Jap falsetto, like a locust's shrillin', but too soft to be nerve-

wrackin'. . . . Somehow we felt quite exotic (not hectically so, but sort of comfortably Pierre-Lotish). . . . An' then the tea was really, well, a sort of distilled odor of tea . . . quite wonderful, y'know, . . . an' the preserved fruits . . . the girls all were crazy about 'em . . . eatin' 'em with little shrieks of greed an' gettin' their rouged finger-tips all dabby with 'em. . . . An', well, I've a notion Severan had p'raps . . . maybe, of course, 'twas the night and the later doin's, . . . but p'raps he'd had 'em put a little somethin', dream-makin' stuff, into the tea an' preserves. Of course I don't know, but things did get to look sort of rosy an' intense an' glorified after that; an' Marg'ry Daunce a bit more goddessy an' allurin' an' less vulgar. . . . But nobody was sayin' anythin' more but the commonplaces, all lookin' at each other out of the corners of their eyes, sort of experimentin' with their intensified vision. Only Alda Wayre was leanin' forward, projectin' her hungry chin forward on her hand, an' eatin' Severan up with her eyes, an' he smilin' back at her, like a twilight shadow flung down into a cavernous night. (I wax impressionistic, or what is the latest, pointillist, or Cézannesque? I'm guessin'.) . . .

By this time, all bein' served, with tea an' preserves, . . . the samisen an' singin' breaks off, an' our Jap friend, standin' in the middle of the floor, rubbin' his hands, an' bowin' profoundly, begins a long discourse, my vulgar friend would call it a spiel, on some Jap fairy tale or 'nother, all about samurai gentlemen an' fairy ladies an' demons, etc. . . . I'm not strong on folklore. . . . But he was a quite fetchin' entertainer, describin' native doin's in a gentle voice with a fetchin' sort of vividness. But the upshot of it all was the same's in our own fairy tales, the good ones inherited the plum orchards, an' the bad ones got the hook, or Jap words to that effect, bein' turned into somethin' new an' strange. Though, bein' Jap sinners, under those easy bosses, Buddha an' Kwannon, they were mercifully turned into ghosts, with lamps under their wings, flyin' around the world at night, glimmin' pathetically at unattainable affinities. . . . Hence fire-flies, . . . which it is good luck to catch an' pin in the loved one's hair, for the winkin' light of them makes her more desirable than a wood-nymph, and as reciprocatin' as . . .

well, as need be. An' then he announced, in his egg-shell, satsuma Anglo-Saxon, that we were to have a fire-fly hunt right off. . . . Explainin' the rules of the game as he does so, he deals out little bamboo-handled nets to all of us. An Honorable Lady, and a most August Sir, pairin' off in pursuit, toddle to a nearby tree an' knock the little twinklers off the leaves an' branches with the handles of their nets, an' then gather the little fellers up an' stick 'em into their mouths. (When the girls shrieked at this, old party explained that the bugs were quite sanitary an' all that, an' holdin' 'em in your hands till you got enough to make a show would only kill 'em.) Or again a lady an' gent go stormin' into clouds of 'em, like into aerial schools of mackerel, an' sweep 'em up by the netful. . . . The fire-flies are to be released in bunches out of net cages, shortly, an' then let all trip forth to the intoxicatin' sport of fire-fly huntin'. . . .

So sayin', he flourishes his pudgy hand like a magician, the transparent panels that face out toward the ocean, reverse silently, openin' the whole side of the room to out-o'-doors. . . . I tell you, as we tripped forth onto the terrace, we did quite a bit of chatterin' an' laughin' an' anticipatin', lookin' a bit scared, too, into each other's eyes. The game was a new one on all of us. . . . Possibilities limitless. . . . An' that somethin' or other in the . . . in what we'd had (if it wasn't just my imagination) made us a bit scared of each other an' ourselves. . . .

It was quite an evenin'. The sea spread out gray an' hazy at our feet under its roof of faintin' stars. . . . An' opposite, a drunken, pumpkin-lookin' moon comin' up over the shoulder of what's 's name's outrageous Norman castle on the further cliff. . . . A sort of a layer of brume, like the gauze they use in the opera at Siegfried's death march, to represent mist, hung over the great lawn and clumps of trees an' shrubberies. . . . As for noise, only the distant, metropolitan roar of the ocean, and nearby, the glug-glug an' slurp-slurp of runnin' water, an' the faint but most extraordinarily sweet chorus of cricket song, almost like a muted orchestra of hummin' birds playin' for the rise of the curtain. ('Twas imported singin' cicada, from Japan, I found out afterward, turned loose by thousands on the place.) And through the trees you got a gleam of stars

in a bit of elusive lake off in the woods somewhere. . . .

An' then they gave us no time for gush or canned poetry, but dozens of little figurines came hurryin' out of nowhere onto the lawn, openin' little net-covered cages an' turnin' loose little clouds of fire-flies. At first it had no effect; just's as illuminatin' as an usher's glim in the Colosseum. But then, as more an' more unrolled, they did begin to make things glow, castin' a reflection up into the sky like a bit of Coney Island, an', at the same time, illuminatin', with a million twinkles, the low-lyin' haze till it looked all phosphorescent like sea-water sprayed into the air. An' still they kept turnin' loose those twinkle ghosts of Buddha. . . . An' that low-lyin' curtain of mist became a cloud of soft-glowin' brightness like a livin' fairyland after Maxfield Parrish, an' none of us would a' been a bit 'stonished to see Queen Titania an' her whole Court come trippin' out to dance under that caressin' roof of woolly brightness. An' still they kept openin' up cages of imprisoned sinners' souls. Just like when I was a boy at fireworks, I kept sayin' to myself, "How long can it last, O Lord? There ain't any more fire-flies in the world. This man's a reg'lar Nero on 'em . . . a king's ransom for fire-flies." . . . An' I heard Marg'ry drawin' in her breath like a sob, whisperin', "An' all imported from Japan!" . . . The whole air was full of 'em now . . . sparklin' in the sky, the trees, an' the bushes, turnin' the world into a bit of *cloisonnée*, with the sky spark-studded, an' the trees an' all, flat designs against the spark-spray. . . . An' it spread far out to sea, trailin' dimly over the gray-blackness into night. . . .

We stood gapin' an' awe-struck, when 'twas all done, wonderin' whether we'd have the nerve to plunge into that glowin' little furnace of 'em hangin' over the lawn. . . . Then Marg'ry (she's always a bit of a gypsy), pulled me by the sleeve, so that the next minute I found myself stumblin' down the steps after her. Then the rest came. At first we were a bit scared, blinded, dazed, findin' it hard to do anythin' with the strange implements in our hands. We felt like children put into the parlor an' told to play make-believe—with our elders watchin' to see how cute we'd behave. Archie Downs was the first to make an effectual killin', scoopin' up a netful out of the air. Of course he lost

most of 'em, but saved a handful. An' it was funny to see 'em shinin' through his fingers like an X-ray. Right off all the wimmin were round him, clamorin' for 'em; but, bein' first-fruits on the market, he held 'em high, for the price of bein' allowed to stick 'em into the lady's hair. . . . Herta Allison made the successful bid, an', I s'pose for fear of her coiffure comin' down, let him keep his hands in her hair quite a second. It was only when she saw the danger signals in his eyes, that she pulled away with a laugh, her hair mussed a bit an' a regular twinklin' spider-web of gossamer.

That, of course, set us all off, the men anxious for layin' on of hands, the girls pretendin' to be scared, but really crazy to be made look like fairy-queens. At first we ran in a crowd, herdin' together like a pack of playin' puppies after a ball. One would rush up to a twinklin' tree, beat its branches with his net, an' then go down on his hands an' knees, collectin' the sparklers into his mouth (sure enough the only way not to crush 'em). Then all the others would come pantin' an' gigglin' an' whisperin' up to help gather. An' there we'd all be on our knees, like people listenin' to the grass grow, an' our mouths little shinin' balloons of light in the darkness (things weren't nearly so bright as they'd looked at first. An' the night was fast swallowin' up Severan's jail-delivery). An' then we'd release the quarry into our hands an' fling it at each other, the wimmin as well as the men. My head was a halo for the first time, an' Marg'ry's curls (y'know she's got nice hair) were a reg'lar nimbus of phosphorescence. An' the wimmin-folks' dresses—bein' net an' silk an' what-not—shone an' twinkled an' glittered like samples of the Milky Way.

After a little, though, the crowd began to split up into groups, movin' like shadows across the plushy lawn, this way an' that, with scared little laughs an' cries of wimmin. Gradually things got more separated, voices more distant; only a startlin' laugh now an' then, an' the soft boom of temple bells, which were hung low from the trees so you hit 'em as you passed under, gave sign of human life,—not much more insistent than the slurp of the brook or the crickets' night-song. . . . Somehow, Marg'ry an' I'd gotten off by ourselves. We'd been shakin'

the twinklin' fruit off a squat little tree growin' like a big mushroom by the toy lake, an' somehow, the strange odors (they'd let loose reg'lar exotic, sense-ravishin' odors all over the place, reg'lar Champak, Shelley effect, y'know), an' the fadin' haze of fire-flies, an' the slurp an' gurgle of runnin' water, an' the mellow tonk of bells swirlin' about us, an' the shrill, nymph-laughter-fountains, all drove me crazy, an', before I knew it, I had Marg'ry in my arms an' I was showerin' her face with star showers out of my mouth—her eyes, her cheeks, her hair—an' like Siegfried, my mouth, through flyin' sparks, found hers an'—how does old Shake say it?—grew there as if forever. . . .

Well, of course y'know Marg'ry. An' after a soul-kissesh elapse, she preserved the proprieties an' broke away an' fled, a twinklin' ghost, across the little toy bridge over the toy lake. I up an' followed her, but she disappeared, like a fairy, into a clump of woods. I, now havin' had enough of exotic delirium, an' oriental exalts, for the nonce, after makin' a feint of pursuit, just round myself up for a bit of quiet communion with my soul an' the smoke of a cigarette, the latter bein' indispensable even in Nirvana, or whatever they call their knock-out heaven. . . .

The tipsy moon was already bein' swallowed up by a turret of what's 's name's Gothic outrage, havin' only looked up for an hour or so to leer at the exotic doin's of mortals. It was gettin' quite pitchy dark, the fire-flies havin' faded out a good deal over the landscape . . . I was thinkin' it would be fine an' coolin' an' calmin' to contemplate the polyphlosboio (bit of Exeter paint still stickin', my boy) over my cigarette. So I thought I'd slowly stroll over to the cliff-edge an' meditate. . . . I was makin' for it in a leisurely way, when a woman's deep voice (softer an' deeper than the temple bells), set the air about me vibratin' to tragedy. The woman herself was hidden by the trees, an' so was the person she addressed.

"You think I won't dare? . . . I haven't the nerve?"

"Yes,—you might." It was a man speakin' now. "But it would be a pity."

The man's voice sounded far away, reveryish; the woman's shook with concentrated rage. . . .

"Why shouldn't I? . . . You wouldn't care."

There was a sort of appealin' hope in that. . . .

"It would be a pity,"—the man spoke,—“a perfect evenin', an' you the most perfect thing in it. . . . A perfect dream turned into a nightmare."

"You're laughin' at me."

"No. Not at you more than at the whole business, at myself, the stars, an' the universe."

"Then why, *why*——?" she choked on a half-sob.

"Why, why, *why*? . . . That's it. . . . One tries to lay one's ghosts, I suppose. The air round about one's full of them. . . . An' one doesn't succeed, that's all."

There was a pause. . . . An ambitious cricket filled in the silence, runnin' from a piano trill right up to the shrillest fury of fortissimo. It was for all the world like incidental music at a melodrama when the express train is comin' to run down the heroine. . . .

I heard the rustlin' of a woman's dress, the sound of a struggle, a man's low laugh, then a breathless exclamation of despair from the woman's lips. . . . An' again silence, just in time for that infernal cricket to get in some more of his appropriate shiver music.

"Severan!"—this time the woman's voice was low an' hoarse an' dyin', like the trailin' end of a sky-rocket—"Severan!" . . .

There was no answer to this.

"Well, you'll see if I dare!"

There was again the rustlin' of silks, an' a noise of leaves an' branches bein' pushed aside. An' the man's voice callin', "Not to-night,—not to-night!" . . .

Then Mrs. Wayre comes hurryin' past me out into the open. She's runnin' toward the cliff. . . . The night was too dark now for me to get more than the green-white glint of her face as she flashed by; but her eyes burnt through me like torches,—a wild animal's at bay,—an' her clenched hands were raised toward the sky in a gesture of agonized supplication. . . .

I rushed after her to prevent the seemin' inevitable. . . .

Then, out of the stillness of the night, sounded a shrill, long-drawn-out whistle.

It was a summons to hidden powers. In an instant the whole world was flooded with light. It was as if the earth had opened down to its volcanic fires, out of which now poured a streamin' furnace-glow, demolishin' night an' darkness completely. How it was done I don't know, but, at the catch of a breath, the stars an' outer darkness, which they perforated, were wiped out altogether. I stood in a glare of brightness. Lights, lights everywhere. Every leaf of every bush an' shrub became a beetle of light, an' the trees huge set pieces of dazzlin' jewelry. An' overhead seemed roofed with a dome of light, like an *n*th power opera house. You were blinded by the brilliance so you couldn't see anythin' distinctly, like a kid that's brought out of bed into the lit-up parlor. . . . Only the sea, beyond the cliff, stayed imposin' lookin', glarin' up like hammered brass, under the reflection of lights, every angry wavelet clear an' metallic an' threatenin'. . . .

An', simultaneously with the illumination, arose the wild, confused sound of many Eastern instruments, Chinese lutes, drums, cymbals, an' then whole be vies of geishas came whirlin' out onto the lawn, in kaleidoscope groups, like wind-swept chrysanthemums, in long-flutterin' lines, like ribbon kite-tails, surroundin' us all with joined hands, challengin' us with chirruppy cries an' artificial smiles. For a moment I made the attempt to break through their dev'lish insistence and reach Mrs. Wayre. But it was no use,—like strugglin' against a pudgy destiny. An' then, the romance, the tragedy of things seemed so silly in the midst of this gigglin' kaleidoscope . . . death so improbable.

With the rest, I allowed myself to be herded by exotic beauty, amid protestin' laughter, onto the terrace and into the house. The panels slid shut behind us. We were in the cool, gray-lantern-stained room again. Intuitively, without knowin' what we were doin', we sank down on our mats once more. The fever seemed to have left us. The night an' its strange doin's seemed to be cut off by the gray panels like dreams from life by wakin'. . . . Strange . . . I was sittin' next to Marg'ry again. . . . We neither of us looked at the other. A queer, peaceful feelin' seemed to have taken hold of us all, sort of wrapped-about feelin', as if by a nice, fur-lined cloak. . . . A faint quaver of

a samisen was heard for a moment or two, and then petered out. . . . Our little, shinin'-faced Jap came hurryin' in once more, carryin' tea. We sipped it in a trance like, without emotion, lookin' back on the night as on one of Robert Louis' Pacific Island yarns. . . .

Severan at last set his cup down on the tabouret, . . . Mrs. Wayre (she was next to him, after all, an' not floatin', a ghastly corpse, face up in the chilly sea), was gazin' at Severan with great, burnin' eyes, as though she were tryin' to guess the answer to him for her soul's salvation. . . .

"I am very grateful, to all of you, I am sure," says Severan at last, in his shadowy, indoor voice, "for havin' taken part in, an', therefore, havin' embellished—my—little—Japanese dream."

THE OVENS

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

HE trailed along the cinder-track
Beside the sleek canal, whose black
Cold slinking waters shivered back
Each frosty spark of starry light:
And each star pricked, an icy pin,
Through his old jacket worn and thin:
The raw wind rasped his shrinking skin
As if stark-naked to its bite;
Yet, cutting through him like a knife,
It would not cut the thread of life;
But only turned his feet to stones
With red-hot soles, that weighed like lead
In his old broken boots. His head,
Sunk low upon his sunken chest,
Was but a burning, icy ache
That strained a skull which would not break
To let him tumble down to rest.
He felt the cold stars in his bones;
And only wished that he were dead
With no curst, searching wind to shred
The very flesh from off his bones—
No wind to whistle through his bones,
His naked icy, burning bones:
When, looking up, he saw, ahead,
The far coke-ovens' glowing light
That burnt a red hole in the night.
And but to snooze beside that fire
Was all the heaven of his desire . . .
To tread no more this cursed track
Of cranching cinders, through a black
And blasted world of cinder-heaps,
Beside a sleek canal that creeps
Like crawling ice through every bone,
Beneath the cruel stars, alone

With this hell-raking wind that sets
The cold teeth rattling castanets . . .
Aye, heaven, indeed! that core of red
In night's black heart that seemed quite dead.

Though still far off, the crimson glow
Through his chilled veins began to flow,
And filled his shrivelled heart with heat:
And, as he dragged his senseless feet
That lagged as though to hold him back
In cold, eternal hell of black,
With heaven before him, blazing red,
The set eyes staring in his head
Were held by spell of fire quite blind
To that black world that fell behind,
A cindery wilderness of death,
As he drew slowly near and nearer,
And saw the ovens glowing clearer—
Low-domed and humming hives of heat—
And felt the blast of burning breath
That quivered from each white-hot brick:
Till, blinded by the blaze, and sick,
He dropped into a welcome seat
Of warm, white ashes, sinking low
To soak his body in the glow
That shot him through with prickling pain,
An eager agony of fire,
Delicious after the cold ache,
And scorched his tingling frosted skin.
Then, gradually, the anguish passed;
And blissfully he lay, at last,
Without an unfulfilled desire,
His grateful body drinking in
Warm, blessed, snug forgetfulness.

And yet, with staring eyes awake,
As though no drench of heat could slake

His thirst for fire, he watched a red
Hot eye that burned within a chink
Between the bricks: while overhead
The quivering stream of hot gold air
Surged up to quench the cold starlight.
His brain, too numbed and dull to think
Throughout the day, in that fierce glare
Awoke, at last, with startled stare
Of pitiless, insistent sight
That stript the stark, mean, bitter strife
Of his poor, broken, wasted life,
Crippled from birth, and struggling on,
The last, least shred of hope long gone,
To some unknown, black, bitter end.
But, even as he looked, his brain
Sank back to sightless sloth again:
Then all at once he seemed to choke,
And knew it was the stealthy strife
And deadly fume of burning coke
That filled his lungs, and seemed to soak
Through every pore, until the blood
Grew thick and heavy in his veins,
And he could scarcely draw a breath.
He lay, and murmured, drowsily,
With closing eyes: "If this be death,
It's snug and easy . . . let it come . . .
For life is cold and hard . . . the flood
Is rising with the heavy rains
That pour and pour . . . that damned old drum,
Why ever can't they let it be? . . .
Beat-beating, beating, beating, beat . . ."
Then, suddenly, he sat upright,
For, close behind him in the night,
He heard a breathing loud and deep,
And caught a whiff of burning leather.
He shook himself alive, and turned;
And on a heap of ashes white,
O'ercome by the full blast of heat,

Where fiercest the dread blaze burned,
He saw a young girl stretched in sleep.

He sat awhile with heavy gaze
Fixed on her in a dull amaze,
Until he saw her scorched boots smoking:
Then whispering huskily: "She's dying,
While I look on and watch her choking!"
He roused and pulled himself together;
And rose, and went where she was lying:
And, bending o'er the senseless lass,
In his weak arms he lifted her;
And bore her out beyond the glare,
Beyond the stealthy, stifling gas,
Into the fresh and eager air:
And laid her gently on the ground
Beneath the cold and starry sky:
And did his best to bring her round;
Though still, for all that he could try,
She seemed with each deep, laboring breath
Just brought up on the brink of death.
He sought and found an icy pool,
Though he had but his cap to fill,
And bathed her hands and face, until
The troubled breath was quieter,
And her flushed forehead felt quite cool:
And then he saw an eyelid stir;
And, shivering, she sat up, at last,
And looked about her sullenly.
"I'm cold . . . I'm mortal cold," she said:
"What call had you to waken me?
I was so warm and happy, dead . . .
And still those staring stars!" Her head
Dropt in her hands: and thick and fast
The tears came with a heavy sobbing.
He stood quite helpless while she cried;
And watched her shaken bosom throbbing
With passionate, wild, weak distress,

Till it was spent. And then she dried
Her eyes upon her singed black dress;
Looked up, and saw him standing there,
Wondering, and more than half-afraid.
But now, the nipping, hungry air
Took hold of her, and struck fear dead.
She only felt the starving sting
That must, at any price, be stayed;
And cried out: "I am famishing!"
Then from his pocket he took bread
That he had been too weak and sick
To eat o'ernight: and eager-eyed,
She took it timidly; and said:
"I have not tasted food two days."
And as he waited by her side,
He watched her with a quiet gaze;
And saw her munch the broken crust
So gladly, seated in the dust
Of that black desert's bitter night,
Beneath the freezing stars, so white
And hunger-pinched; and at the sight
Keen pity touched him to the quick;
Although he never said a word
Till she had finished every crumb,
And then he led her to a seat
A little closer to the heat,
But well beyond the deadly stife.
And in the ashes, side by side,
They sat together, dazed and dumb,
With eyes upon the ovens' glare,
Each looking nakedly on life.

And then, at length, she sighed, and stirred;
Still staring deep and dreamy-eyed
Into the whitening, steady glow.
With jerky, broken words and slow,
And biting at her finger-ends,
She talked at last: and spoke out all

Quite open-heartedly, as though
There were not any stranger there—
The fire and he, both bosom-friends.
She'd left her home three months ago—
She, country-born and country-bred,
Had got the notion in her head
That she'd like city-service best . . .
And so no country-place could please . . .
And she had worried without rest
Until, at last, she got her ends;
And, wiser than her folk and friends,
She left her home among the trees . . .
The trees grew thick for miles about
Her father's house . . . the forest spread
As far as ever you could see . . .
And it was green, in Summer, green . . .
Since she had left her home, she'd seen
No greenness could compare with it . . .
And everything was fresh and clean,
And not all smutched and smirched with smoke . . .
They burned no sooty coal and coke,
But only wood-logs, ash and oak . . .
And by the fire at night they'd sit . . .
Ah! wouldn't it be rare and good
To smell the sappy, sizzling wood,
Once more; and listen to the stream
That runs just by the garden-gate . . .
And often, in a Winter spate,
She'd wakened from a troubled dream,
And lain in bed, and heard it roar;
And quaked to hear it, as a child . . .
Just mad to sweep the house away!
It seemed so angry and so wild—
And now, it was three months or more
Since she had heard it, on the day . . .
The day she left . . . and Michael stood . . .
He was a woodman, too; and he
Worked with her father in the wood . . .

And wanted her, she knew . . . but she
Was proud, and thought herself too good
To marry any country-lad . . .
'Twas queer to think she'd once been proud—
And such a little while ago —
A beggar, wolfing crusts! . . . The pride
That made her quit her countryside
Soon left her stranded in the crowd . . .
And precious little pride she had
To keep her warm these freezing days
Since she had fled the city-ways
To walk back home . . . aye! home again:
For in the town, she'd tried, in vain,
For honest work to earn her bread . . .
At one place, they'd nigh slaved her dead,
And starved her, too; and when she left,
Had cheated her of half her wage:
But she'd no means to stop the theft . . .
And she'd had no more work to do . . .
Two months since, now . . . it seemed an age!
How she had lived, she scarcely knew . . .
And still, poor fool, too proud to write
To home for help until, at length,
She'd not a penny for a bite,
Or pride enough to clothe her back . . .
So, she was tramping home, too poor
To pay the train-fare . . . she'd the strength,
If she'd the food . . . but that hard track,
And that cold, cruel bitter night
Had taken all the heart from her . . .
If Michael knew, she felt quite sure . . .
For she would rather drop stone-dead
Than live as some . . . if she had cared
To feed upon the devil's bread,
She could have earned it easily . . .
She'd pride enough to starve instead,
Aye, starve, than fare as some girls fared . . .
But, that was all behind . . . and she

Was going home . . . and yet, maybe,
If they'd a home like hers, they, too,
Would be too proud . . . she only knew
The thought of home had kept her straight,
And saved her, ere it was too late.
She'd soon be home again . . . And now
She sat with hand upon her brow;
And did not speak again nor stir.

And as he heard her words, his gaze
Still set upon the steady glare,
His thoughts turned back to city-ways;
And he remembered common sights
That he had seen in city nights:
And, once again, in early June,
He wandered through the midnight street;
And heard those ever-pacing feet
Of young girls, children yet in years,
With gaudy ribbons in their hair,
And shameless, fevered eyes astare,
And slack lips set in brazen leers,
Who walked the pavements of despair,
Beneath the fair, full Summer moon . . .
Shadowed by worn-out wizened hags,
With claw-hands clutching filthy rags
About old bosoms shrunk and thin,
And mouths aleer without a tooth,
Who dogged them, cursing their sleek youth
That filched their custom and their bread . . .
Then, in a reek of hot gaslight,
He stood, where, through the Summer night,
Half-dozing in the stifling air,
The greasy landlord, fat with sin,
Sat, lolling in his easy chair,
Just half-way up the brothel stair,
To tax the earnings they brought in,
And hearken for the policeman's tread . . .
Then, shuddering back from that foul place,

And turning from the ovens' glare,
He looked into her dreaming face,
And saw green, sunlit woodlands there,
With waters flashing in between
Low-drooping boughs of Summer green.

And, as he looked, still in a dream
She murmured: Michael would, she knew . . .
Though she'd been foolish . . . he was true,
As true as steel and fond of her . . .
And then she sat with eyes agleam
In dreaming silence, till the stir
Of cold dawn shivered through the air:
When, twisting up her tumbled hair,
She rose; and said she must be gone.
Though she'd still far to go, the day
Would see her well upon her way . . .
And she had best be jogging on,
While she'd the strength . . . and so, Good-bye.

And as, beneath the paling sky,
He trudged again the cinder-track
That stretched before him, dead and black,
He muttered: "It's a chance the light
Has found me living still . . . and she . . .
She, too . . . and Michael . . . and through me!
God knows whom I may wake to-night."

I SING THE BATTLE

HARRY KEMP

I SING the song of the great clean guns that belch forth
death at will.
“ Ah, but the wailing mothers, the lifeless forms and still! ”

I sing the song of the billowing flags, the bugles that cry before.
“ Ah, but the skeletons flapping rags, the lips that speak no
more! ”

I sing the clash of bayonets, of sabres that flash and cleave.
“ And wilt thou sing the maimed ones, too, that go with pinned-
up sleeve? ”

I sing acclaimed generals that bring the victory home.
“ Ah, but the broken bodies that drip like honey-comb! ”

I sing of hosts triumphant, long ranks of marching men.
“ And wilt thou sing the shadowy hosts that never march
again? ”

CONSERVATISM AND REFORM

MOWRY SABEN

EVERY man is both a Conservative and a Radical. There is no one who wishes to destroy everything that is; there is no one who desires to retain all things that are. The Conservative is simply a person who is, upon the whole, satisfied with present conditions; the Radical is simply a person who is very largely dissatisfied with them, and desirous of change. There are persons who reveal a large mixture of Radical and Conservative elements; Conservative in politics, it may be, and Radical in their religious views, or *vice versa*; there are others who are generally Radical, or generally Conservative, but who hold fast to some Radical idea, or to some Conservative one.

The average individual is not a logician; he is not logical in his usual ways of thinking. A majority of men could give no very lucid reason why they hold this article or that of the creeds which they profess. They have acquired their ideas from their parents, or their teachers, or the prevailing sentiment of their respective communities. The Marxians insist that one is governed by his material self-interests, but experience reveals that this is less true than might be supposed. There are times when self-interest is almost a negligible quantity. A person intoxicated with an idea will cast every shred of self-interest to the winds, and surrender himself, a willing martyr, to a cause which he is barely able to understand, or is even quite unable to comprehend. Persons are loyal to a church whose theological tenets have never penetrated their understandings, to kings whom they have never seen, and of whom they know nothing, to political leaders who are to them but little more than gilded names. There is much that is sublime, much that is humiliating, in this loyalty of men. But it reveals that feeling, rather than thought, turns the wheels of human life, although the feeling had its source in a thought of some human soul.

The human race has never progressed spontaneously, and as a unit; only the individual succeeds in raising himself above himself. The masses are like the ocean, which is at rest until the

wind plays over its surface, or the moon exerts her gravitating power. In spite of all that is credited to evolution, there is not, so far as one can see, any progress on the part of the race, save as the race comes under the influence of a master-mind, a genius, a hero, who lifts it to his own level by dint of some mystery, which will never find an explanation outside of metaphysics. The Johannine Christ says: "If I be lifted up, I will draw all men unto me"; and all progress recorded by history has consisted in following a leader, who was lifted up by the power of an idea, that germinated, apparently spontaneously, in his mind. No doubt the seeds of progress lie within the hearts and minds of all individuals, but they will not germinate spontaneously in the majority; some human light and warmth must penetrate to them before that miracle will be witnessed. Democracy itself is a plant whose seeds matured first in aristocratic hearts.

Now the majority of human beings, be it remembered, are always fairly well satisfied with things as they are. Men may try to improve their personal condition a little here, or a little there, but most of them bear no ill-will toward the society into which they were born, no matter how despitely this society may have used them. The African torn from his sunny home, and brought to America to serve in bondage, may have nourished for a time some slight spirit of rebellion, but his sons and daughters did not. On the contrary, these young blacks were very well contented with the conditions of servile toil which inured to the economic benefit of their masters and mistresses, and it is certain that the owners were no more firmly convinced that slavery was a divine institution than were the slaves themselves. The horror of slavery was born in the souls of men like Garrison and Phillips, not in the souls of those to whom slavery was the daily reality of realities. A few superior negroes, like Frederick Douglass, did feel the horror of it, but the impulse to freedom on their part was usually born out of abnormal conditions. The Frederick Douglasses of slavery were certainly few in number, comparatively speaking; for when freedom was already in sight, a majority of the slaves still clung with pathetic loyalty to their masters and mistresses.

Socialists, and many who are not Socialists, see in the average man of our time what they call a "wage-slave," and, in truth, a "wage-slave" is all that the average man can rightfully be called. For the average man does not own himself; he is owned by another, or by a corporation. Nevertheless, the wage-slave is no more conscious of the degradation of his condition than the African slave was. He is chained and fettered, but he does not feel the chains and fetters galling to his limbs. His master does not need, as a rule, to put a padlock upon his lips; he is as dumb as a sheep before the shearer. The average man takes it for granted that he was born into the world to be a hireling; to hew wood and draw water, to labor in shop, in factory and field, which others own, and to receive a scanty pittance in return for his toil from those who grow rich out of the profits. And as the horror of African slavery was born, not in the souls of the slaves themselves, but in the souls of free men and women, so the horror of wage-slavery was born, not in the souls of the wage-slaves, but in the souls of men who were born outside of the class of wage-slaves, or, at least, succeeded in rising out of it. The intellectuals are the great anti-wage-slave propagandists of to-day. Most of our ablest *littérateurs* are either Socialists, or Anarchists, outright, or they sympathize with those who are. These men, one might suppose, should be reasonably well satisfied with things as they are, but they are not satisfied. And if Capitalism ever receives its death-blow, the impetus will come from persons who have as good reason to be satisfied with present conditions as the bitterest enemies of Socialism have. What made William Morris a Socialist? or John Ruskin? or Robert Owen? or Oscar Wilde? or William Dean Howells? What made Elisée Reclus, the world's greatest geographer, an Anarchist? or Prince Kropotkin? or Henrik Ibsen? or Count Tolstoy? These men were successful enough. What produced in them their feeling of discontent, and sympathy for the workers?

To ask these questions is easy; to answer them is more difficult; nay, in the last analysis, impossible, if we seek an answer that shall satisfy the Rationalist. Any one could understand a rebellion of the slaves and the down-trodden; any one could

understand the attitude of mind which might lead to a revolt of the weary and the heavy-laden. But the smug-faced, prosperous Conservative is unable to understand, and he will never be able to understand, why persons who are prosperous, or fairly prosperous, should interfere with social conditions, and go forth proclaiming revolutionary messages. Well, there is no rational answer to be given why prosperous folk should do so, if, by rational, we mean what all can understand. What men call Reason explains very little that is beautiful, or sublimely true. Nobody knows why a genius will almost starve himself, and submit to all manner of direful deprivation, in order that he may write his poem, or compose his music, or paint his picture, or write his philosophical treatise. Plato believed that the poet was one who had been seized by a divine madness, and perhaps this notion of Plato's is as rational as any which can be conceived of in our present state of intellectual and spiritual development. For the truth is that we do not know what makes any man a poet, a revolutionary, or a lover. The love of man for man, for his country, or for the world, is the greatest of all mysteries. People debate whether Jesus worked miracles, and fail to see that he was himself, in his towering love for mankind, a miracle of miracles.

The genuine reformer is always a lover, and a great lover is necessarily a genius. I am forced to admit, however, that there are many so-called reformers who are not to be placed in the category of lovers, or of genius. They form the class of pseudo-reformers, which caused Lowell to write: "Every reformer is at heart a blackguard," and Thoreau to say: "I love reform, but I hate reformers." It has been said of Wendell Phillips that he had a vicious streak. However true or false this statement may have been, most of us have come into contact with the pseudo-reformer who uses the cause of reform in order to exploit himself. There are, indeed, some very little folk who pose as reformers. They have the heart of a stone, and the soul of an insect. They are not big enough to dwell in love, neither are they big enough to dwell in hate; to attract attention to their own little two by four souls is the whole of their ambition. They attack the landlord, or the capitalist, for ex-

plotting the people, not because they really love the people, or really hate the people's enemies, but in order to shine in the limelight. Some live on a vegetarian diet, not because they like vegetables, or regard meat as dangerous to their health, nor even through any sympathy for the slaughtered animals, but for the simple reason that if they did not indulge in some eccentric act, nobody would pay any attention to them. They denounce the church, because it costs less to denounce it than to contribute to its support. Indeed, this type of reformer has little interest in any kind of reform if it costs him anything. He, too, like the capitalist, or the landlord, whom he belabors, is the slave of his purse. Does his brother, for whom he professes so much sympathy, starve, or walk, a homeless stranger, the city's streets? Well, this, in his opinion, is a crime of society to be railed against, but he never considers the question of his own personal duty in the matter. He loves reform; he believes in Socialism, or the Single Tax, or some other panacea for the social aches and ills to which we have fallen heir, but even an unfortunate Socialist, or Single Taxer, would fare ill if he went to him for relief. Sometimes this pseudo-reformer justifies himself on the ground—so satisfactory to his purse, and selfishness of heart—that the pain of the tortured is the seed of reform; or, it may be, he is full of Darwin and the dogma of the survival of the fittest, quite oblivious of his inconsistency. It has been said that none are so uncharitable as the Socialists. I know not whether this be true or not, but it is a common trait of all pseudo-reformers to reveal their uncharitableness, after they have thrown their small wits in the public's face, and proclaimed from the house-tops their undying devotion to mankind. They should be known for what they are, and placed in the pillory of human contempt.

The genuine reformer, however, as I have said, is always a lover. He does not lose sight of the individual in the forest of humanity. He loves the real man, and not the rhetorical image merely. He loves the individual, because he sees the potentialities that inhere in every individual. To be a true reformer, one must possess sight and insight. And the real secret of all the great reformers of the world I believe to have been their innate

perception of some genuine worth, some real value, in the individual, which was buried by the monstrosities of society that they waged war against. The apostles of Democracy have seen that society does not secure the highest good so long as some individuals are forbidden to claim possession of their own souls. The Socialist sees that the division between classes and masses keeps the multitude from a realization of the self. The Anarchist perceives that coercion is the destruction of the mind. In the large essentials, Democrats, Socialists, and Anarchists have been apostles of light, although their vision has seldom been pure, for it is not given to many to see life steadily and see it whole.

All true reform means liberation; it means a new freedom somewhere. When we shall have secured the free mind and the free body, the task of the reformer will be over. The Conservative and the Radical will then be at one. Have we any reason to believe that so happy a consummation will ever be reached? No, that is unquestionably too much to expect, for the Ideal which lures humanity ever upward and onward is not finite, but infinite. Philosophers have discussed the goal of Evolution, but there is no goal of Evolution. There is no "One far-off, divine event, to which the whole creation moves." There are goals innumerable, goal beyond goal, and there shall be from everlasting to everlasting. A reform accomplished only reveals the necessity of a new reform. The clearest-sighted of Radicals never get to the bottom of the roots. And the Conservative is needed no less than the Radical, for he sees what the Radical often overlooks, namely, the noble things that have already been secured, and may not be discarded without peril.

I am frank to confess my radicalism. But I am a Conservative, too. And I perceive with regret that most of the radicalisms of the hour are spotted with much that is hideous and forbidding. Our Radicals, if left to themselves to work out our destinies, would prove no less dangerous to the interests of the race than the Conservatives, if left to themselves. The war for the liberation of the human mind and body needs to be waged, and waged vigorously, and I am a Radical because I believe in the absolute freedom of the human soul from coercive

restraint; but when I perceive that many of our Radicals forget to pay tribute to the value of art, of letters, of metaphysic and religion, or, at least, adequate tribute to them, it becomes evident to me that conservatism has much to say for itself. How much that is finest in human life the great Tolstoy himself would have destroyed! How barren his, and all other, asceticism is! "Who but the Poet was it," says Goethe, in *Wilhelm Meister*, "that first formed gods for us; that exalted us to them, and brought them down to us?" But many a Radical has learned to speak disrespectfully both of the poets and the gods. Utilitarianism is placed above beauty, and wealth is exalted above the ideals of religion. Our Socialists are usually materialists, and polite Radicals are prone to a cheerless agnosticism. But radicalism when it dispenses with the ideals of religion, and eschews the spirit of the great poets and prophets of the world, will discover ultimately that it has forsaken the stars, to admire a will-o'-the-wisp, wandering over treacherous bogs. Without the consolations and inspirations of religion, there can be no line of prophets, and, without prophets, there can be no enduring life. Let us banish the nightmares of religion, but let us conserve its divinest dreams. One cannot rally men forever to fight around the banner of a grievance. There is little magic in a cause that has no higher object in view than to enable persons to gratify without stint their stomach-hungers and sexual desires. Our materialist friends may think otherwise, and common weakness may seem to justify them; but there is a mystical element in man's nature which causes the masses to turn away very quickly from the philosopher who can promise them nothing but brute satisfactions. Man is not a brute, but a spirit, and Socialism, or Anarchism, or any other radicalism must acquire this truth before it can conquer the world. Many Socialists, indeed, endeavor to make of Socialism a religion, and this is well, if they do not forsake the truly inspiring dogmas that have come down from the past. They must incorporate all the vital elements of Christianity. The heart and head of humanity must be satisfied. One must feel the greatness of himself, and of his kind, before he will willingly become a martyr, and no cause has ever succeeded which did not possess a large number of followers

who were willing to be sacrificed for the higher good. Will men willingly lay down their lives in order to give all men an opportunity to appease their stomach and sexual hungers, if there be no nobler battle-cry floating in the wind? Take away the inspiration which comes from the religious sentiment, and all radicalism will be but a sowing of the wind and the reaping of the whirlwind.

There will always be need of reform; hence there will always be need of Radicals. But our reformers must learn to be true Conservatives, no less than Radicals, for all true reform will be rooted and grounded in inspirations which have whispered to us out of the past. Cortes did wisely, no doubt, when he burned his ships upon reaching the coast of Mexico, but no thinker or artist will ever consent to burn his library or art-treasures, no matter what shore of destiny he may reach. He will heed the truth which Walter Pater proclaimed, in a striking passage of *Gaston de Latour*, a truth too often overlooked by reformers. "It happens most naturally, of course," said Pater, in speaking of Bruno, "that those who undergo the shock of spiritual or intellectual change sometimes fail to recognize their debt to the deserted cause:—How much of the heroism, or other high quality, of their rejection has really been the product of what they reject? Bruno, the escaped monk, is still a monk; and his philosophy, impious as it might seem to some, a religion." The true reformer will rejoice with Whittier that—

All the good the past hath had
Remains to make our own time glad.

The radical reformer may say, as George Fox, speaking two hundred and fifty years ago, did: "The Bible is not the Word of God; only the Divine Spirit speaking in every man is that Word"; yet he will be glad to acknowledge, if he does not overlook the truth which the wise Conservative would instil within him, that the word of God is found in the Bible, and in every other sincere book that has come from the mind of a man. All of the radical creeds of the hour are packed with truths. The Socialists, Communists, and Anarchists are speak-

ing words of wisdom to which we can refuse to listen only to our hurt. But if these Radicals would win us, they must inspire us, and inspiration, I verily believe, will be found only in sentiments professed by Conservatives, but too seldom adhered to by them in the more strenuous hours of their daily lives. It is an old maxim, as old indeed as Democritus, that "from nothing, nothing comes"; and the inspirations of man were never manufactured in a vacuum.

Let men despise the idealism of the past as much as they please, the best that is in them, and in all of us, has its root in that ennobling culture of the spirit which began so many ages ago. The person who believes firmly that man is spirit, and that man is here to grow, to develop, to unfold, in truth, beauty and goodness, can never be a Conservative of the baser sort. His opposition to what professes to be reform, if opposed to it he be, will be based upon the belief that the change desired would work harm, rather than good; for he has only the highest welfare of his race at heart. Thus his opposition will never be based upon his material self-interests, so called; for these interests he has learned to despise, whenever they are found to conflict with the higher interests of the species; his prejudices he has cast aside, for he has come to see that the interests of the individual and the interests of the race are, in reality, identical. He may oppose Socialism, but his opposition will be based upon no such miserable grounds as those upon which we are now only too well accustomed to hear them based; he will not desire to see the masses kept in subjection to the Capitalist. He, too, will desire to witness the growth of the masses in power, and in all that ennoble the individual being. If he oppose Socialism, it will be because he fears that Socialism will destroy, rather than enhance, the individual; that the individual will wither, while a harsh, tyrannical Government grows more and more. But if we may accept Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity as ideals imposed upon us by our larger selves, for humanity to realize in the now and here, the present should be for us a period of golden dreams. If life means nothing, if the universe means nothing, then reform is only an illusory word, which has come to confuse us upon the highway of Despair; but if in our high-

est ideals we may find the real meaning of our personal lives, because they are the quintessence of the spiritual universe, whose avatars we should be, then there is nothing too glorious for the heart of man to conceive.

CONSTITUTIONAL CHAOS

CHARLES H. HAMILL

"To the end it may be a government of laws, and not of men." *

"A frequent recurrence to the fundamental principles of civil government is absolutely necessary to preserve the blessings of liberty." †

RECALL of Decisions means amending State Constitutions so as to provide that they may thereafter be amended by a majority popular vote, adopting, not general provisions affecting all alike, but regulations which may be special and temporary. Not only would it be for many reasons a dangerous governmental device, but it would have exactly the opposite effect to that claimed by its advocates, giving less rather than more immediate control to the people over their political destinies and making our institutions after a little time less instead of more adaptable to changing needs.

Students of government must needs have their thoughts frequently directed to the source of law and do not need to be told that in this country the source of power and the only rightful justification for the exercise of power are in the people, but no one believes that this now means or ever has meant that all governmental functions are to be discharged by temporary majorities. On the contrary it is known that when our forbears gathered in that great convention a century and a quarter ago they did not permit their ardent love of liberty to deceive their judgment; they brought to bear upon the great problems that confronted them the results of diligent and prolonged study of history. They knew that pure democracy, while it might furnish a valuable campaign cry for votes, could never be a bulwark of liberty. With infinite patience and sagacity they developed a system of government, safe, but republican, though it gave to tiny Rhode Island the same representation as gigantic New York in the Upper Legislative Chamber. They provided for an ap-

* Const. of Mass., Part I, Art. XXX.

† Const. of Ill., Art. II, § 20.

pointive judiciary to hold office during good behavior and with the power of ultimate nullification.

So, when the States gathered their chosen sons together and bade them formulate fundamental law to govern and protect their citizens, they did not think themselves betrayed because their representatives perpetuated a system of checks and balances in government.

Returning from the pursuit of beasts more ferocious but less dangerous than judges, Colonel Roosevelt began in 1910 a series of criticisms of the courts. It was not, however, till the Columbus speech, delivered just before the announcement of his candidacy, that he offered a remedy for the ills he deplored. Later, in the Carnegie Hall speech, he gave a more exact definition of his proposal. There, after disclaiming any intention with reference to the Supreme Court of the United States, or to ordinary civil or criminal proceedings or the recall of judges, he stated his position thus: "I am proposing merely that in a certain class of cases involving the police power, when a State court has set aside as unconstitutional a law passed by the legislature for the general welfare, the question of the validity of the law—which should depend, as Justice Holmes so well phrases it, upon the prevailing morality or preponderant opinion—be submitted for final determination to a vote of the people, taken after due time for consideration."

It does not appear that in any of his articles or speeches the Military Statesman has pointed out whether in his opinion the reform contemplated can be effectuated without constitutional amendment, but the implication of the Carnegie Hall speech is that it can be, for he there quotes from the remarks of Dean Lewis of the Law School of the University of Pennsylvania, thus:

"Constitutional amendments, designed to meet particular cases, run the danger of being so worded as to produce far-reaching results not anticipated or desired by the people. Colonel Roosevelt's suggestion avoids this difficulty and danger. If a persistent majority of the people of New York State want a workmen's compensation act, they should have it, but in order to obtain it, they should not be driven to pass an amendment to their State constitution which may have effects which they do

not anticipate or desire. Let them pass on the act, as passed by the legislature, after a full knowledge that their highest court has unanimously expressed its opinion that the act is contrary to the constitution which the people at a prior election have declared to be their fundamental law."

This contemplates the reform without constitutional amendment. How is it to be done? Suppose the legislature should pass an act providing that hereafter when the Supreme Court shall have declared unconstitutional any act of the General Assembly purporting to be an exercise of the police power, the act shall be submitted at the next general election and, if ratified by the people, shall be the law, notwithstanding the opinion of the Supreme Court. If a case arose under an act so ratified, would the Supreme Court consider itself so bound? Would it not be obliged to say: "Under the constitution 'The judicial powers, except as in this article otherwise provided, shall be vested in one Supreme Court.' * The constitution does not provide that the decisions of the Supreme Court shall be subject to review. This court has held that act unconstitutional. The vote of the people alone does not change the constitution. The constitution itself provides how it may be amended"?

If, therefore, a constitutional amendment be required, there is still the difficulty of deciding what form such an amendment should take. Suppose by the means now provided each State constitution should be amended so that an article reading substantially as follows should be added:

"Whenever an act of the General Assembly purporting to be an exercise of the police power shall have been held by the Supreme Court obnoxious to any provision of the Bill of Rights of this constitution, there shall be submitted at the next general State election upon a separate ballot the question of sustaining such decision of the Supreme Court in form:

Shall the decision of the Supreme	Yes.	<input type="checkbox"/>
Court holding invalid an act en-		
titled		
be		
sustained?	No.	<input type="checkbox"/>

* Const. of Ill., Art. VI, § 1.

“ If a majority of the votes cast at such election be in the negative such act shall be law notwithstanding said decision of the Supreme Court, and said court and all others shall be bound to enforce said act; but nothing in said act contained, or the popular vote thereon, shall for any other purpose be taken as an amendment to, or precedent for the construction of, this constitution.”

This form of amendment is effective for the purpose and as little objectionable as possible. Any act “ *purporting* to be an exercise of the police power,” whether or not according to present accepted views it be a proper exercise of police power, is included. It would seem to be necessary to make such a provision because now, when an act is an exercise of the police power it must be sustained, notwithstanding it may incidentally infringe upon some of the constitutional rights of private individuals; and if the amendment should merely provide that only when an act which is indeed an exercise of police power should be held unconstitutional it might be reviewed, the present situation would not be changed. But if there were such a provision in the constitution, is it putting too low an estimate upon the integrity, or too high an estimate upon the ingenuity, of legislators to suggest that every act suspected by its framers of having constitutional defects would contain in its preliminary clause recitals of the dire difficulties it aimed to correct with multiplied references to the health, safety, morals, good order and general welfare of society?

But, it is asked, why should not a majority of the people, from whom the constitution is itself derived, have the power to amend or construe even to the extent of destroying rights preserved by the Bill of Rights, by such piece-meal amendments or construction, instead of by amendments in general terms?

The Federal Constitution has no Bill of Rights. Before the adoption of the last three amendments, while the States were forbidden to make anything other than gold and silver legal tender, to pass a bill of attainder, *ex post facto* law or law impairing the obligation of contracts, there were practically no other limitations on the power of a State in dealing with its own citizens. Even since the adoption of the last three amendments,

it may be doubted if there is anything in the Federal Constitution restraining a State from enacting laws limiting religious liberty, freedom of speech, right of trial by jury, or authorizing unreasonable searches and seizures, denying the writ of *habeas corpus*, compelling one to incriminate himself, authorizing transportation from the State for crime, imprisonment for debt, or an irrevocable grant of special privilege, or denying a certain and speedy remedy in the law, rights which with more or less particularity are protected by each State constitution. It will not answer, therefore, to say that the Fourteenth Amendment would protect against deprivation of rights now guaranteed by State constitutions. These great constitutional guaranties have become so commonplace that people have almost ceased to think of the necessity of maintaining them, but history is too full of the crimes committed in the name of religion, for instance,—offences to which unrestrained majorities are peculiarly prone,—to justify the making of any change in fundamental law which would put in jeopardy these safeguards.

It may be suggested, however, that the difficulties presented can be met by changing the proposed amendment so that instead of permitting a recall of a decision holding unconstitutional a purported exercise of the police power under any provision of the Bill of Rights, such recall shall be indulged only when the act is held unconstitutional on the ground that it deprives one of life, liberty or property without due process of the law under the State constitution, or when it is held unconstitutional under any provision of the Federal Constitution. If the proposed amendment should take this form, it may be argued that rights will be secure because the recall would apply only to cases in which there would exist a right of review on writ of error to the Supreme Court of the United States, and that that court may be safely relied upon to enforce the property and liberty rights guaranteed by the Fourteenth Amendment. If this be the idea, why would not the same end be attained much more expeditiously and less expensively by eliminating from the State constitutions the clauses forbidding deprivation of life, liberty or property without due process? If the ultimate protection for these rights must be in the Federal tribunals, why create elaborate machinery

upon which the highest court of the State shall first be called upon to act, its judgment set aside upon a referendum, and a new litigation started which must wend its weary way to the Supreme Court of the United States? Are Americans prepared to say that it is wise political doctrine that the States shall not set up and guard their own respective constitutional liberties? Has the process of centralization, which has made such rapid strides in the last fifty years, gone to the point where we are prepared to modify our theory of a federation? Does it seem like the doctrine of a pure Democrat to remove from the determination of an elective State court the liberties of her citizens and rest them for final disposition with a tribunal in the selection of which they have only a remote and contingent influence? It may be that the American people have advanced to a stage of stability and civilization where such a device would be safe, but it is unnecessary, unwise and shocking to the sense of anyone who understands and believes in democratic government.

There was recently circulated in Chicago a copy of a letter by ex-Judge Grosscup in which he stated that his understanding of the proposal was that after an act had been held unconstitutional it should be re-submitted to the legislature and then if re-passed should be submitted to the people,—an interval of two years to elapse. The act when approved by the people then becomes constitutionally excepted from the constitutional prohibition, the prohibition in all other respects standing as before. This, Judge Grosscup points out, would be amendment and not construction, the exercise of legislative and not of judicial functions by the people.

Does the proposal even in this form and confined to acts held unconstitutional as depriving of life, liberty or property, so that there would still be a right of review in the Supreme Court of the United States, offer an improvement over present methods? It is not doubted that the American people is capable of self-government. One hundred and twenty-five years of successful political institutions and advancing civilization attest it. But no widely scattered and highly varied people is capable of the details of self-government. Experience teaches that the American people, like other people, are better judges of men

than of principles, and better judges of general principles than of modifications or refinements of principles. The surgeon must have my consent before he has the right to operate, but my consent does not confer the skill to operate. The consent of the people is essential to the right to judge, but their consent does not furnish the ability to judge.

All agree there is no more valuable right than that of religious liberty. If the people of any State in the Union to-day were called upon to vote "Yes" or "No" upon the adoption of a religious liberty plank to their constitution, if it had none, they could safely be counted upon to give an overwhelmingly affirmative vote. But suppose there should be submitted to the people the question of whether some one particular religious sect should have freedom of worship, would the vote be so overwhelmingly affirmative? The intelligence of our people and their interest in its general application may be relied on to support the proposition that no man shall be deprived of life, liberty or property without due process of law; but could their negative vote be so confidently counted upon if there were a proposal to take the property of one unpopular corporation and devote it to an unquestioned public good? Every man will vote "no" to the proposition that the constitution shall be so formulated that his property or liberty may possibly be taken without due process of law, but would that same man so surely vote to support a decision of the Supreme Court holding void an act requiring a Stock Yards Company without compensation to convert a section from the middle of its yards into a playground for the children of that congested neighborhood?

When general propositions affecting all men alike are submitted to our vote, we are impelled by a combination of patriotism and fairness, with self-interest, to declare in favor of that which makes for righteousness; but it would be a most dangerous expedient to remove from the control of men trained by tradition and experience to weigh the rights of others and submit to a general vote, perhaps in time of great popular excitement and prejudice, the rights of a small group of men whose interests might, for the time being, seem opposed to the welfare of the community at large. Those active in affairs have impressed upon

them daily that it is as necessary to know what the law is as that the law should be this or that. If this be true as applied to the ordinary commercial affairs of life, the daily dealings of men with men, how much more important is it that a citizen should know with certainty what are his fundamental rights as between himself and his Government.

The theory of a written constitution is that it embodies certain general fundamental and enduring principles essential to liberty and creates a machinery of government for their maintenance. With changing economic conditions come inevitably changes in current economic thought, which naturally tends to express itself in law. If shifting theories are to be embodied not in plastic statutory law, but in rigid constitutional law, not only will there be an abrupt departure from the theory of the written constitution, but we shall have entered upon a work of endless confusion. An elaborate employers' liability act, for instance, is made a part of the constitution; not only its general principles, but all its details, are endowed with constitutional vigor. After a few months' experiment one of its provisions proves unwise, or perhaps in conflict with another provision. The constitution must be amended! What was wanted was more flexibility; the result, more rigidity! It would not be many years before a State constitution would look like a crazy quilt, nor many more before parts of it would be no more useful or ornamental than the lithograph of a defeated candidate the day after election.

Colonel Roosevelt's method of campaigning for his theory is itself a strong argument against it. Ordinarily a bad reason does not hurt a good conclusion, but if it can be shown that the voters give heed to unsound and untrue reasons for making them judges, this is itself a persuasive reason for not permitting them to judge. This makes pertinent an inquiry into the arguments offered for the change.

No court is infallible. Popular criticism of judicial decisions is not only a sign, but a necessity, of healthful political life. It may be agreed that many State courts have made grave mistakes in law and in policy, in holding repugnant to the Fourteenth Amendment and similar provisions in the State constitutions,

many remedial acts. In construing an act with the constitution a court is confronted with a problem other than that which would be presented by a comparison of two contracts or even two statutes; there must be more than academic divergence or literal conflict before the act can be held void. "It (the court) can only disregard the act when those who have the right to make laws have not merely made a mistake, but have made a very clear one—so clear that it is not open to rational question." * But tested even by this broad standard do the criticised cases afford even a plausible pretext for a radical change in our institutions?

Noting in passing the anomaly presented by one who proclaims himself in favor of pure democracy but urges the recall of decisions of courts elected for comparatively short terms, while leaving inviolate the conclusions of a tribunal whose members are appointed for life, consider the decisions complained of.

In the so-called "Tenement House" case,† the act under consideration forbade the manufacture of cigars or the preparation of tobacco in any form in a tenement house situated in a city of more than 500,000 inhabitants, and defined a tenement house as a building in which more than three families had separate apartments where they did their cooking. In the case under consideration the defendant lived with his wife and two children in an apartment of seven rooms in a building in which there were three other apartments of equal size. Under the act it would have been an offence for a gentleman occupying an apartment on Riverside Drive to roll a cigarette or mix a bowl of pipe tobacco. One would think that criticism of the lack of skill in drafting the bill would be more pertinent than taxing the court which declared it unconstitutional with being out of touch with life and more in sympathy with property than humanity.

Of the "Bake-shop" decision,‡ so much decried, the only significant feature is that the statute was sustained by the State court whose decisions would be subject to recall and declared

* 7 Harv. L. Rev. 129. Origin and Scope of the American Doctrine of Constitutional Law. Prof. J. B. Thayer.

† *In re Jacobs*, 98 N. Y., 98.

‡ *People v. Lochner*, 177 N. Y., 145; 69 N. E., 373; *Lochner v. New York*, 198 U. S., 45.

void by the Federal court which is to remain beyond the reach of review.

In the Carnegie Hall speech the Ives case,* in which the New York Employers' Liability Act was held unconstitutional, received especial condemnation. The speaker asserted that similar laws have been held constitutional by the Supreme Court of the nation and several courts in various States. This assertion will bear analysis. The New York act was not elective, that is, it did not give the employer an election whether or not to be governed thereby. It applied to certain occupations declared to be especially dangerous, and, roughly stated, provided that if a workman suffered injury caused by the necessary risk or danger of the employment or negligence, the employer should compensate the injured employee according to a fixed schedule. The act retained to the workman his common law rights of suit unless he availed himself of the act.

In general, law recognizes only two classes of rights as between individuals, those arising from contract (*ex contractu*) and those arising from a breach of duty imposed by law (*ex delicto*). This act imposed no new duty for the breach of which a remedy was given. The question presented to the court was whether it was competent for the legislature to compel A. to pay money to B. when A. was not under contractual obligation to B. to pay such money, and had violated no duty imposed by law. Conceding the broadest powers to the legislature and recognizing the extreme delicacy of the power of the court to review, the most ardent humanitarian on the bench must needs have some hesitancy in declaring that because of some supposed or real benefit to the community at large, one man or one class of men may be compelled to contribute directly to the support of another man or another class of men to whom no contractual or tortious relationship is sustained. The Court of Appeals of New York in a long and able opinion arrived at the conclusion that this may not be.

It is not true that *similar* laws have been before either the Federal Supreme Court or courts of several States. The Employers' Liability Law † passed on by the Supreme Court of the

* *Ives v. South Buffalo Ry. Co.*, 201 N. Y., 271; 94 N. E., 431.

† *Second Employers' Liability Cases*, 223 U. S., 1 (Feb. 15, 1912).

United States did not purport to impose any such liability. It merely took away some of the common law defences, but still left the employer liable only in the case of negligence. The principal question passed on by the Federal court was whether the act was a proper exercise of the constitutional power to regulate interstate commerce. The constitutionality of an attempt to impose liability without breach of either contract or duty was not decided; it was not even presented for consideration.

Employers' Liability laws have been before the Supreme Courts of Washington,* Wisconsin† and Ohio,‡ and the Justices of Massachusetts § have rendered an opinion to the legislature on the proposed act of that State. Only the Washington act can, by any stretch of the imagination, be said to be similar in principle to the New York act, and it is sufficiently dissimilar so that the same court might easily sustain the one while refusing to countenance the other. Under the Washington act employers are compelled to contribute to a State Insurance Fund, the amount of their contributions being based upon their pay-rolls. The right of the employee against the employer is taken away, and in lieu thereof he is allowed compensation by the State out of the Insurance Fund.

The Ohio act compels nothing, but merely permits the employer to contribute to the State Insurance Fund, in which event he is exempt from suit. If he does not contribute the three defences of contributory negligence, fellow servant and assumption of risk are barred.

The Massachusetts, Wisconsin and Illinois acts are similar in principle, imposing no liability upon the employer other than that now recognized by law, but depriving him of the three defences unless he elects to come under the act.

The radical difference in principle between the New York act and all the other acts, with the possible exception of that of Washington, is obvious, as is also the lamentable inaccuracy of calling these acts similar for the purpose of justifying criticism of the New York court.

* *State ex rel. Clausen* (Wash.) 117 Pac. R., 1101.

† *Borgnis v. Falk Co.* (Wisc.) 133 N. W., 209.

‡ *State v. Creamer* (Ohio), 97 N. E., 602 (Feb. 6, 1912).

§ Opinion of Justices (Mass.), 96 N. E., 308 (June 24, 1911).

Is there not now raised a doubt concerning the wisdom of the Recall of Decisions when we have so recent evidence of the influence over the voter of one who is so inexact in his thought or language? He maintains that a decision holding an Act of Congress a proper exercise of the powers conferred by the Commerce Clause is in conflict with a decision holding void an act of the legislature directing an employer to support an employee who has been injured without the employer's fault. If the people are to decide questions of fundamental law under the guidance of such arguments, may we not anticipate confusion if nothing worse in our principles of government?

The Carnegie Hall speech raises still a further doubt. The argument is this: Mr. Justice Holmes in his opinion in the Oklahoma bank case said (*arguendo*): "The police power extends to all the great public needs. It may be put forth in aid of what is sanctioned by usage, or held by the prevailing morality or strong and preponderant opinion to be greatly and immediately necessary to the public welfare." Therefore, whenever the people shall have approved an act after it is held unconstitutional, it is conclusive evidence that it is "held by the prevailing morality or strong and preponderant opinion to be greatly and immediately necessary to the public welfare." And therefore, the act is within the police power and constitutional, notwithstanding it may deprive men of liberty or of property, impair the obligations of contract, or infringe any of the other rights guaranteed under the Federal or State constitutions.

What intelligence in ruling on a question of constitutional law is to be expected from the electorate when so distinguished an advocate makes such use of a general expression out of its context? Lawyers know the terse, vigorous and epigrammatic style of Justice Holmes. His English is vigorous just because he leaves out qualifications that may be inferred. An epigram might be defined to be succinct truth when uttered, a diffused lie when quoted. But the distinguished gentleman is without even the excuse of the ordinary layman who mistakes dictum for decision, because Justice Holmes, when considering a petition for re-hearing in which counsel put upon this expression the same construction which is relied upon in the Carnegie

Hall speech, replied: "The analysis of the police power, whether correct or not, was intended to indicate an interpretation of what has taken place in the past, not to give a new or wider scope to the power. The propositions with regard to it, however, in any form are rather in the nature of preliminaries. For in this case there is no out and out unconditional taking at all." * Needless to say this has not been quoted.

The argument, based upon Justice Holmes' dictum, is that the people have the final determination of that which "is held by the prevailing morality or strong and preponderant opinion to be greatly and immediately necessary to the public welfare." And when the people have determined that a certain measure falls within that definition, it is an exercise of the police power and so beyond all constitutional inhibitions. The logical result is that all constitutional limitations are gone and the government of any State adopting that theory would indeed be a pure democracy, subject only to such control as may be afforded by the Federal Constitution. This method of argument, if employed by a lawyer, would meet a well-deserved rebuke from any self-respecting court. The doctrine of the Recall of Decisions is bad, but infinitely worse is the reasoning by which it is justified.

Those who doubt the expediency of the change are charged with the high crime of distrusting the people; but this retort proves too much, for Colonel Roosevelt himself is careful to limit his proposal to decisions of the State courts. Does he distrust the people when he declines to submit to their approval decisions of the Federal Supreme Court under the Fourteenth Amendment? Or are the people of the Union less to be trusted than those of any State?

It is true that changes more or less radical have come over social philosophy and that many of the economic and sociological views held forty or even twenty years ago are now disparaged by many of undoubted sincerity and learning. It may be that Spencer's *Social Statics* was not only not incorporated into the Federal Constitution by the Fourteenth Amendment, as said by Mr. Justice Holmes, but that the philosophy of that work was wholly unsound and political institutions, inspired by its teachings,

* 219 U. S., 580.

are founded in error. It may be that our courts have been too slow to recognize the needs of change, have held too closely to an outworn philosophy. This is thought even by some who do not believe the various experiments in legislation now being made present sound solutions of our difficulties, or even that they must necessarily improve conditions, but hold that, within very wide limits and subject to a minimum of restraint, civilization will most advance by most trying and failing, if need be, and that the fairest and most rational way to try is to permit the majority to direct the course of endeavor.

If no social development were possible without a change, possibly the dangers threatened might be braved. But courts respond, slowly, indeed, but none the less surely, to public opinion, which *non obstante veredicto* needs but little time to force its conclusion in one way or another. It was not long after the Supreme Court had said that Congress had power to establish a National Bank until there was no National Bank. As at present constituted, it is almost certain that the Supreme Court of the United States would not repeat the "Bake-shop" decision. If the State of New York desires to prevent the manufacture of cigars under unsanitary conditions, there is nothing in the decision of *In re Jacobs* to prevent it. If the people of New York wish an Employers' Liability Law which will accomplish all that would have been accomplished by the act held unconstitutional, four other States have shown how to get it.

In 1895 the Illinois Supreme Court held that the legislature could not restrict the labor day of women to eight hours.* In 1910 they held that they might restrict such hours to ten,† and quoted with approval from the Supreme Court of Washington a sentence which well expresses the flexibility of our present system and consequent lack of need of radical change:

"Law is or ought to be a progressive science. While the principles of justice are immutable, changing conditions of society and the evolution of employment make a change in the application of principles absolutely necessary to an intelligent administration of government."

* *Ritchie v. People*, 155 Ill., 98.

† *Ritchie v. Wayman*, 244 Ill., 509, 530.

The effort to intimidate thoughtful and prudent men by charging them with being enemies of the people cannot relieve the proposal from analysis. Neither should innovation be resisted by an appeal to the sacredness of our institutions. Our government is rational, and to the rationalist nothing is sacred in the sense that it is saved from scrutiny. Our present institutions are not necessarily right because they exist, but neither is the proposed change good because it is new. The burden is on the proponent. Tested by reason and by the experience of history, it fails to persuade.

To the man of Anglo-Saxon inheritance, with the traditions of the long fight for constitutional liberty in England in his blood, with the fundamentals of the common law forming the background of his daily thought, the cry for liberty or for an increase of liberty makes an urgent appeal, but when that appeal becomes so vibrant that it stimulates an emotion which blinds reason and forbids analysis, he would better clap his hands to his ears and retire to reflect. If, while he reflects, there comes to him the noise of him who calls upon the people, let him, if he be so fortunate as to have it at hand, take down his volume of Aristotle and read:

“There is yet another species (of democracy) which is similar to the last in all respects except that the people rather than the law is here supreme. This is the case when it is popular decrees which are the supreme or final authorities and not the law. . . . It is the demagogues who are responsible for the supremacy of the popular decrees rather than of the laws, as they always refer everything to the commons. And they do so because the consequence is an increase of their own power, if the commons control all affairs, and they themselves control the judgment of the commons, as it is their guidance that the commons always follow. Another circumstance which leads to the last form of democracy is that all who have any complaint against the officers of State argue that the judicial power ought to be vested in the commons; and as the commons gladly entertain the indictment, the result is that the authority of all the officers of State is seriously impaired. It would seem a just criticism to assert that this kind of democracy is not a constitu-

tional government at all, without supremacy of laws. For it is right that the law should be supreme universally and the officers of State only in particular cases, if the government is to be regarded as constitutional."

The proposal is vicious because, to the extent they are not shielded by the Federal Constitution, the rights of the minority would be subjected to the unrestrained will of the majority and, to the extent that the Federal Constitution does protect, the sense of self-government would be weakened by making the people rely upon the Supreme Court of the United States instead of their own State courts for the protection of their most fundamental and dearly prized rights; it is vicious because it would result in a patchwork constitution, no longer the succinct expression of enduring principles but the reflection of passing economic theories, creating greater difficulty rather than more ease in adaptation to changing conditions; and finally it is vicious because it opens the gate to our most carefully cultivated garden, that it may be trampled by the demagogue.

THE SOCIAL USE OF THE POST-GRADUATE MOTHER

ANNA GARLIN SPENCER

OF all the dark pages of human history, none is quite so black as that which records the treatment of "witches." A few of these victims of superstition were men, but the great majority were women; so that the very word witch has come to have a feminine suggestion. As Lecky truly says: "It is probable that no class of victims endured suffering so unalloyed and so intense" as that of those condemned to torture and to death as sorcerers and sorceresses. The martyrs for religious belief died rejoicing in the faith of a compensating and eternal heaven. The victims of popular ignorance, who suffered because freer in thought and more intelligent in action than their contemporaries, were sustained by the dignity of conscious rectitude and a superior perception of truth. The sufferers from political oppression, and from racial prejudice and the cruelty it has engendered, have generally possessed some relief in the loyalty of comrades and in the affections of family life. But witches were usually persuaded by the terrible ordeals to which they were subjected that they deserved their fate. The disordered condition of the public mind reacted upon their own consciousness to make them feel accursed of God and bound slaves to Satan, and horribly sure that they must go from the tortures of court and of church on earth to the everlasting torment of hell.

Why were middle-aged and old women, with a few young maidens, singled out as the special victims of that terrible mania of superstition which for fifteen hundred years lighted lurid flames of burning humanity on innumerable hilltops and inspired a malignity and ingenuity of torture unmatched in the whole realm of cruelty? There were two reasons. One, and the chief reason, was that hatred of women which asceticism developed. When Cato declared that "if the world were only free from women, men would not be without the converse of gods," he but expressed the general if rather good-natured contempt for

women which the masculine classic civilization engendered. But when the early Fathers of the Christian Church denounced women as active centres of evil influence, they added hatred to contempt, and fear to indifference, and hence placed themselves in the realm of maniacal delusion respecting women. In Chrysostom's famous saying, "Women are a necessary evil, a natural temptation, a desirable calamity, a domestic peril, a deadly fascination and a painted ill," he softened by oratorical phrase that horror of women felt by the ascetic monk. To that unclean and morbid creature, who inflicted torments upon himself in a nightmare of inverted morality, "woman was the door of hell" and the "source of human ills." To that ascetic monk who believed that to be most miserable was to be most holy, all the charm and joy of womanhood was a delusion and a snare. So far did this hatred of woman extend that in the sixth century at least one provincial Council of the Church forbade women to receive the Eucharist into their naked hands on account of their impurity! By reason of this strange perversion of religious doctrine the beneficent ideal of woman's spiritual freedom, as attested by the early Christian Church, was later on almost nullified. Woman escaped from the bondage of ethnic faiths, by which her heirship to spiritual responsibility and spiritual advantage was made to depend upon her family relationship, when Christianity made Jew and Gentile, patrician and plebeian, master and slave, man and woman, alike equal at the Altar of the Church. This Magna Carta of spiritual liberty which gave woman a soul of her own promised a new freedom and privilege all around the circle of human rights and powers. But when asceticism began to dominate the ideals of holiness, woman again passed under the yoke of bondage and became subject to a new and more terrible form of restraint. It was this feeling against womanhood in general, only softened by the attitude of the Christian Church toward the women who served its own interests outside the family life in Religious Houses, that made possible the torture and execution of so many helpless old women during the dark and middle ages. Feeble, often seriously diseased, generally past the time when they could demonstrate their usefulness to the common sense, these old women were peculiarly

susceptible to the suggestion of hysteria and morbid fear which marked the witchcraft delusion. We read that over seven thousand victims were burned at Trèves; and that a single bishop of Germany, in a single year, ordered the execution of more than eight hundred poor creatures. In France in one execution four hundred witches suffered death; and in Italy a thousand were thus murdered judicially in one province. The Reformation did not end this form of persecution; in many cases it increased its violence. In Geneva five hundred victims perished during three months; and Luther declared he would "have no compassion upon these witches, he would burn them all." In Scotland, mystical and theology-mad, the persecutions were peculiarly atrocious; and it is common knowledge how the superstition crossed the seas and gave the shame of Protestantism to New England. Even the reformer Wesley believed both in witchcraft and in its severe punishment by the saints of the Church, declaring that "the giving up of witchcraft is in effect the giving up of the Bible." Not until the first quarter of the eighteenth century did the rational sense of mankind do away with this monstrous inhumanity. So great and wise a man as Sir Matthew Hale hung two witches in 1664, and the last execution in England occurred in 1712, thus linking bigotry to the age of reason.

The belief in magic, however, dates far back of Christianity and belongs to an almost universal tendency of the human mind to ascribe to supernatural causes both personal and social calamities. In this tendency to supernaturalism women have had their share not only as believers, but as active agents of supernal powers. Among undeveloped peoples, although there may be no women priests, there are women prophetesses, and sorceresses divide fearful honors with sorcerers. The proportion of witches to wizards is indeed far more equal in primitive life than is the balance between the sexes in the later period of witchcraft. As Otis Mason well says, in ancient times "women were thought to be more persuasive, acute and dangerous than men for lobby work between worlds." Hence, in the early days, witches were spoken fair and honorably entreated to use their powers for the benefit of mankind. Dr. Mason adds: "Women hear better, see better, are better talkers than men, and can therefore become

successful conjurers of fate." Inasmuch also as "they cook better," or more frequently, than men, their witch's cauldron may contain, beside "toil and trouble," some special concoction for the aid of faithful friends! The Zuni Indian sings:

"The Sun is the father of all,
The Earth is the mother of men,
The Water is their grandfather,
The Fire is their grandmother."

And the picturesque personalizing of nature by the child-mind of the race gave to women a place among the gods equal to that of men. Hestia, the sister of Zeus, was the special protector of the domestic hearth and worshipped with most sacred rites. The Roman Venus, the Greek Aphrodite, the Phœnician Astarte, the Assyrian Istar, the Egyptian Hathor, all celebrate the power of romantic love that binds the sexes together and slays antagonism between them. The Demeter and Athena myths all lead to a reverence for womanhood as embodied in the fruitfulness of the earth and in the peaceful order of social life. The great Egyptian goddess Neith, the Weaver, whose hieroglyph is the shuttle, passes down even to our own civilization the recognition of woman's value in the industrial arts. The Chinese female Buddha, Kwan-yin, the Mother-goddess, may be responsible even at this late day for some of the new freedom and power of her sex in that suddenly awakened land. Everywhere in mythology, and in the story of human life before formal history began, we find traces of a reverent appreciation of the woman-spirit as symbolized by goddesses. The classic Fates make women preside over destiny; the spinner of the thread of life, the mysterious power that determines its length, and the dread agent of its ending by death, are all portrayed as the genius of womanhood. The energy of women and their constant usefulness were fitly symbolized by the activity of the women-worshippers who in the Temple of Athena spent nine months of incessant labor in weaving the peplos which was carried in the sacred procession and was the annual gift to the goddess.

In all these hints of the past the woman-spirit is honored; and although "hags" and evil-working old women are not want-

ing, the general tendency of primitive and of classic faith and worship was respectful if not reverent toward elderly women. The ancients believed in magic powers intensely and universally, but not that such magic powers always or usually denoted evil spirits. Christianity, when it entered upon its mania of asceticism, turned all the spirits of the air, even to the lovely fairies and the helpful "Brownies," into emissaries of Satan, the arch-king of evil. Minerva, the air goddess, symbol of light and wisdom, became transformed with all her kin into witch-creatures who spent unholy Sabbaths in secret converse with the Devil and came back riding their broomsticks through the air to seduce and ruin mankind. In this connection it must be remembered that the natural tendencies of the woman-nature are wholly against asceticism. The nearness of the mother to child-life forbids the average woman from really believing, whatever the theologians may make her say in church, that this world was meant to be a "living tomb" or a "chamber of death and misery." Children bring with them an ever-renewed and ever-renewing sense of the gladness of life, and not all the morbid priests or abnormal theologies have ever been able to persuade women in general that the laugh of a child is a lie! Nature, indeed, having in view the perpetual adjustment of adult life to the child's demand for freedom and for joy has, as Havelock Ellis finely says, "done her best to make women healthy and glad." The false view of life and duty which asceticism held and realized made this natural union of the woman-nature with the child's charm and gladness seem a wicked thing. Nothing but such a hatred of womanhood and such a fear of her as the embodiment of the natural attractions upon which the home is builded could have made possible the tragedy of the witchcraft delusions and its untold miseries.

The second reason why, as a rule, women were the special victims of this witchcraft horror is the fact that women, while suffering less than men from serious and fatal disorders of the brain and nervous system, are peculiarly susceptible to slighter disturbances which produce irritability, abnormal excitements and diseased manifestations of energy. This tendency is being corrected in rapidly increasing ratio by the better physical training

of girls, by the wider intellectual interests of women, and, above all, by the new opportunities for congenial work in later life which are now the common privilege of the sex. In the earlier days, however, when witches paid the penalty of superstition through the tyranny of false doctrine, the lot of the majority of women was extremely hard. There was no limit to woman's child-bearing except nature's failure to add another to her cares; there was no limit to her household drudgery except nature's failure to give her strength to rise again to her daily task. She was socially denied, except in the case of a few "ladies" at the top of life's opportunity, any share in the intellectual stimulus that is so therapeutic, and she had no ability to secure those pleasant diversions that balance work for the benefit of the nervous energy. After thirty to fifty years of overwork, under most adverse conditions for the preservation of health and strength, the wife and mother could be left to an idleness most harmful; or else be pressed still to a form of hard labor least satisfying to personal desires. It is not strange that the prevalence of nerve troubles of various sorts among old women thus mistreated has made them pass down in art and history as "uncanny," and also made them, during the nightmare of the witchcraft delusion, seem the natural prey of Satan as he sought "whom he might devour." Men and women alike age prematurely under the hard conditions of primitive life; but old women have been thought to be either wholly useless or else made to work in narrow lines of activity, while old men have been more often favored as still "good for counsel." This hard lot of the old woman was modified in the patriarchal family by making the oldest mother a sort of sub-despot, a deputy ruler over all the younger women and girls. This has helped her in dignity of position, and in stimulus to effort, to conserve her powers in old age; but, lacking education and true moral discipline, the mother-rulers of more primitive forms of family life have often perpetuated the most archaic and socially harmful usages of domestic order. This personal alleviation has therefore not been a social gain.

Of all the wastes of human ignorance perhaps the most extravagant and costly to human growth has been the waste of

the distinctive powers of womanhood after the child-bearing age. The absurd mistake of supposing that a woman's usefulness was ended when her last baby grew out of need for her personal ministrations was natural so long as women were held subject and inferior, and denied all mental training; but its lingering remnants in the modern mind are grotesque. Only recently a political orator, wishing to characterize his opponents in the most contemptuous of terms, said "they were a set of old women." This phrase as an expression of utter futility and weakness has come down from times in which women's strength of mind and body was so shockingly exploited that in old age they were very often diseased and abnormal, helpless, and a family burden. From this fact, due not to natural limitations, but to social conditions resulting from the misuse of womanhood from childhood to old age, has arisen the false conception of women as semi-invalids in the earlier part of life and incapable of any efficient labor of mind or body in the later years. Nothing could be further from the truth as now revealed and demonstrated by scientific study. In point of fact we now know that so far from men being the favorites of nature as to health, strength and longevity, and women (like step children) a denied class, the contrary is more nearly true. It is women, as mothers and potential mothers of the race, whose life and health the cosmic forces most concern themselves with, and longest sustain in activity. Inquiries into facts are now taking the place of theories, whether of poets or theologians, and facts prove women capable of more than holding their own in the balance of sex-relationship and in the work of the world. Facts show that more male than female children are still-born, and that more male infants succumb to disease before the third year. Facts show that more boys than girls are abnormal or deficient in mind or special sense, and that more boys than girls suffer premature death from many of the ills that flesh is heir to. Facts show, above all, that more women than men live to a ripe old age, and not only thus survive, but have a good chance for health and strength. It is declared by experts that mental derangements are more common in old men than in old women, Dr. Wille setting the ratio at ten per cent. males to six per cent.

females. The specific gravity of the blood, as Lloyd Jones has shown, is found higher in old women than in old men; and there is far greater constitutional youthfulness among old women than among old men, which is in itself a sign of greater vitality and later conservation of work-power. The liability to death is about the same in the two sexes between the third and thirtieth years, and there is a special danger-period for girls between the fourteenth and twentieth years; but when we get above thirty-five the chances are better for both life and health for women than for men. This is not alone a peculiarity of civilization, for we are told by those who have especially studied the matter that among some savage tribes fully two-thirds of those surviving the sixtieth year are women. It is true, however, that the conditions of civilized life, especially those easier domestic conditions we now have as the result of inventions of all sorts, are especially favorable to longevity in women. Dr. Langstaff says: "It is quite plain that the recent fall in the death rate favors the accumulation of surplus women." The result of all the recent studies of sex-differences and sex-conditions leads to the conclusion that under most of the conditions of social life, in a wide range of varied forms of human society, we have proof of the "greater physical frailty of men and the greater tenacity of life in women." As Dr. Campbell says: "Women possess a greater innate recuperative power than men," and although more often slightly ill, make easier recovery. These facts make the phrase "the weaker sex" as applied to women a little misleading.

Men, it is true, are able to summon for emergency, or crisis-effort, far more muscular power than women. They have a steadier nerve, and a greater capacity for putting all the strength and vigor they possess into a short term of effort for a distinct end. This gives them efficiency of the highest sort in the regulated industries of the world. This makes men far better able than women to keep pace with the modern machines, to hold their even share of the burden of business demands, and to fill the larger and more exacting offices of the world in public affairs. Moreover, men have, through all their earlier years, "a straight line" of progressive power up to the period of the slowing down

of age; while women have for years "a curved and variable line" that requires consideration each month at its weakest point. Men can go from strength to strength steadily until they have reached their meridian of power without a break. Women have periodicities that often hinder regular advance. Men also are relieved from the physical cost of parenthood. A man who is married and has children has, indeed, "given hostages to fortune" and must work the harder and serve the more unselfishly. But women, in addition to the economic burdens which parenthood imposes, must also contribute a measure of physical force, a determination of bodily strength both in child-bearing and child-rearing, which means often a heavy price paid for social serviceableness. A childless woman once said to a mother whose splendid family of five children were all that any parent could desire, "How I envy you! I would give twenty years of my life to have such a family as that." "Well," answered the mother, "they cost about that." All that is implied in the curves and periodicities of women's lives makes them more dependent upon men during the early period of life, than men are upon women, and gives a sound biological reason for the social demand for "chivalry," and for the saving in all possible ways of women's strength and health while they are about the social business of motherhood. This it is which makes the father in duty bound to carry the heavier economic load all through the child-bearing and child-rearing period. This it is which made our Saxon forefathers in an ancient statute give "a married woman, with child, free range of the forest for wood-gathering," and a generous "share of the harvest." This it is which has made all progressive and successful civilizations guard both the young mother and the potential mother from excessive labor: guard such both by the personal devotion of their men relatives and by the social consideration of laws and customs.

When, however, the climacteric of middle life is reached, nature gives a new deal and starts a fresh balance of power between men and women. When the child-bearing age is passed woman's line of life becomes as "straight" as man's, and the "curves" that have required consideration at their weakest point are no longer a part of her experience. Moreover, at the point

when the change comes in women's physical condition, there may be, and now increasingly is, a fresh start given to the mental and emotional life. It cannot be too soon realized that in the lives of women there is capacity for a *second youth*. A second youth, that holds in reserve full compensation for any expenditure that a reasonable motherhood may have demanded. A second youth, when new thoughts blossom, when wishes and tendencies of personal development may flower into realization, when all that has gone into the sacrificial service to family life may add a peculiar flavor and a special wisdom to personal achievement or to enlarged social service. This is the meaning of the "Women's Club Movement" and of the many forms of associated action by which mature womanhood, now that it is at last educated and free, takes up its own self-culture and its own chosen activities for the common good. Asked once to describe the Women's Club Movement one answered, "Women's Clubs are the great non-academic university-extension movement of the nineteenth century for women in their second youth." A wit hearing the answer asked if a "second childhood for women preceded their second youth?" Not a bad hit, and not simply a jest; for, if an undisciplined woman, bound to make a fool of herself, does not accomplish that unhappy distinction before she is twenty-five, she will surely do it between forty-five and sixty to astonish her friends by her extravagancies of behavior. The trained and disciplined woman, however, is eager for work and for large enterprises at this period of life as never before. She seeks activity of whatever sort is native to her own desire, and if she is not sufficiently well educated or sufficiently in touch with the things best worth doing, in the lines most congenial to her natural capacity, she is likely to rush about from one to another business of interest, without plan or effectiveness and to a distraction of energy. To many women, also, whom life has used hardly in circumstance or relationship, there may come a childish restlessness before they can "settle down" to the true rejuvenescence of thought, of feeling and of power which is theirs by right. The old theories of women took no account of this rich and large possibility of later life. If the fact that more women than men lived to old age, and that more women than men seemed

to relish life and want to engage in activities of moment after they were old, was at all perceived, it was laid to the natural perversity of women that they thus hung on to life when no longer desired and put themselves in the way when they could no longer do that for which they were made! As Professor Sheavyn well says: "The disadvantages of being a woman have been better understood than the advantages." Now, for the first time, we are learning how great are those advantages; or may be if the woman's life is lived sanely and wisely; advantages physical, psychical, and vocational, personal and social.

Nature has indeed conveyed to us in no uncertain manner her determination that her gifts shall be shared with an absolute justice between her men-children and her women-children. The boy has his long, straight path of progress, passing on into youth, and later manhood, up to the point where senile decay threatens; which point clean living, noble purpose, intellectual activity and wise physical, mental and moral hygiene of every sort may push far into the seventies or eighties, or even beyond, if the prophets of a longer term of life for mankind may be believed. This long straight pathway gives man his preëminence as a special worker and vocational expert. The girl, on the other hand, has her better start in constitutional vigor and her surer normality and balance of faculties; and the woman, throughout early and later experience, possesses her stronger recuperative power, her greater capacity for constant labor if free from excessive strain and varied in sort; and her curving line of muscular and nervous power, while giving more variability and less dependable response to highly organized labor, insures her a finer and more flexible adjustment to the general demands of the social order. If she marries and has children she has her longer "curve" of recurrent need for special consideration, protection and care. At last she emerges from the variability which is the price of her special sex-contribution to the social fabric, and becomes in a peculiar and a new sense a citizen of the world; a *Person*, whose own relationship to the social whole may now of right become her main concern. The audiences composed of professional workers and members of reformatory organizations and leaders in philanthropy are often a striking testimony to the as

yet half-conscious response of women to this call of their second youth. The faces of women of sixty years and over, lined with marks of many emotions and much lore of life-experience, are alight with an enthusiasm and a hope, a strong and vital interest in life and its meaning, which loses nothing in attractiveness when matched against the groups of college girls as they leave their Alma Mater. Indeed the mothers are often younger at the moment than their daughters just graduating, because love has taught them as well as books, and contact with child-nature has kept them hopeful as well as made them wise, while the student, still in the period of acquisition, is always in danger of mistaking words for life, theories for realities. Moreover, women who have had a true marriage and a welcome discipline of family service have had what no young women, and few if any unmarried women possess, the constant help of the masculine way of looking at things to balance and keep sane their distinctively feminine approach to life. They are therefore able, if they have used well their opportunities, to understand men and women alike and to work for and with both impartially. This is a point of far more social importance than is at present recognized. If there are any dangers of "feminization" threatening us in the school or in society at large, any real overplus of specially "womanly influence" in our present civilization, those dangers inhere in the large celibate majority of intellectual leaders and representatives of womanhood in the field of expert knowledge and work. There is a "finicky," over-precise, ultra-refined morality and idealism which women develop by themselves, and which is difficult to adjust to the larger, looser, simpler, but often more vital ethics and aspiration of men. The rounded wisdom and experience of the post-graduate mother (who usually has to practise her motherhood on her husband as well as her sons and thus learns tolerance and breadth of view) will come to be prized at its full social value, therefore, when more women qualify for its highest potency and the world learns at last what "old women" are for, and what social end they may serve. Then it will be at last understood why nature preserves so carefully both the life and the health of women; why she gives them a new strength of body, a new youthfulness of purpose, a new capacity

for spiritual adventure, so far in excess of men, when the time comes that their whole life may rightfully become their own in a more complete sense than ever before.

It is said of the high-caste Brahmin that he has three stages in life, three grand divisions of duty and of experience. First he must be a learner, devoted to acquiring the knowledge that a leader of men should possess; next he must be a father and householder, paying loyally his debt to society by rearing offspring who may connect his ancestors with his descendants in worship and family continuity; last he may become a pilgrim, a solitary seeker for truth, enjoying at will the high communion of those who live but for spiritual ends of being. The modern woman has now outlined before her, faintly as yet but growing in clearness, her own "three-fold path of life." First, the learner and the doer fitting for self-support and self-direction; next, the devoted servant of life's most intimate demands upon human beings of the mother sex; last, a conscious sharer, in a new and more inspiring sense, in the larger life of the race.

There can be no general clearness of vision as to this three-fold path of womanhood, however, until more educated and competent women prepare for their last and splendid opportunity of service by a better use of the leisure hours of that period of life which is given especially to family interests. The vulgar phrase, "She does not need accomplishments now, her market is made," only emphasizes the too frequent undercurrent of women's attitude toward personal achievement. If one must earn a living outside the home, ambition now makes most women seek to do it in the best way they can and to the highest results of financial and social return. But the average married woman, with or without children, is too prone to look upon her life as ceasing to afford or to need new or continued modes of self-expression. There is an almost fatal tendency among young married women of average education and circumstances to give up wholly the vocational interest which was theirs before marriage. "No, I don't play now, I gave up practising after John was born." "No, I don't paint now, the house takes so much time and Mary is a great care." "I never think of reading a book now, the magazines are all I can manage with the house, and no maid."

"I can't work at my trade or my clerical work now, of course, for I can't be gone from the house all day." How often these and similar expressions are heard! It is true, of course, that competitive industry being arranged for all-day service most married women are unable to engage profitably or properly in the work they did before marriage. But there are few women who cannot keep at least a selective and constant interest, and some small practice to "keep the hand in," that will stand them in stead if there should be need of earning in case of widowhood or financial calamity, or when larger leisure from the upgrowing of the children makes it well for them to have some special interest of their own. Moreover the period of life when a woman has the largest end of her activity fastened to the family need, and her economic position, therefore, properly secured by her husband's work for the family, is precisely the period when she may use her leisure, be it much or little, in preparation for some kind of work she wants to do but was not trained for as a girl. How many men find themselves in positions where they are kept doing what they would so gladly exchange for another sort of labor no one was wise enough to fit them for in youth! The tragedies of misfit industry, the heroisms of men who stick at a hated task because it is all they know how to do and they dare not leave it for the sake of wife and bairns,—these are material for great dramas. How rich an opportunity many women waste, an opportunity to prepare in a leisurely way, through years of security of home protection and care, by use of the bits of leisure almost every day affords, for the work nature intended they should do. Women have but just begun to see and use the advantages of their three-fold path of life and only those most clear-sighted and brave can as yet do so.

One thing stands in the way of women's realization and appropriation of these advantages, and that is the aristocratic attitude of both men and women toward "paid work" for women. So long as it is thought unfitting for a married woman to earn money inside or outside the home, so long as it popularly discredits a man if his wife thus earns as a result of her own labor outside domestic work, we shall have a majority of women unwilling and unable to use to best advantage the leisure hours of

their earlier married life and hence unable to use most effectively their third stage of opportunity. Enough has been said in this series to show that they are intended to strengthen rather than to weaken the demands of family life and child-care upon women. It remains to insist that until women themselves outgrow, and teach their "men-folks" to outgrow, the notion that it is honorable for men to earn money in useful labor but dishonorable or a dire misfortune for women to do so, the right personal and social use of women's lives cannot be accomplished. It is now considered right and highly proper for a woman to earn money if unmarried and her "father can't take care of her," or if a widow whose "husband did not leave enough to support her," or a wife whose husband is disabled, ill or incompetent. It must become natural and common in the public eye for any woman to earn money who wants to and can. At present we have advanced little beyond the period when the "wife of Thomas Hawkins" was granted by the selectmen of her town, in the seventeenth century, the "right to sell liquors by retayle, considering the necessitie and weak condition of her husband"; and when widows were "approved" by the church trustees to earn a pittance in "sweeping and dusting the meeting house" because they had no "provider." The great city of New York still requires its married women teachers to swear that their husbands are morally, mentally or physically incompetent in order to retain their positions!

The adjustment in plans of living to home needs and obligations is a private concern of each married pair. The only social claim is that the children, if there are any, shall be well-cared-for in all respects, physical, mental, moral and vocational. The adjustment of each woman to her own vocational desires, capacities and opportunities is a matter for herself and her husband to settle between them; it is not even the proper concern of either mother-in-law! The more exceptional women earn in art and literature, in singing, painting, acting, on a plane where it is clear they are conferring social benefits and hence have a right to financial returns which do not degrade but give distinction, the more nearly we approach a time when common women may earn money by any sort of labor they can do well enough to be

paid, and whether married or single, without injuring their own or their husbands' social position. We are, however, a long way from that day now, when even the law penalizes the marriage of teachers and custom forbids any organized adjustment of labor to the special needs of the housemother. The choice for the manual worker is sharply made, "labor all day and leave your baby at the day-nursery or stop at home and starve." The choice is almost equally difficult for the clerk, the stenographer, the telephone operator, the professional woman, the business manager. The Utopias in which all these difficulties vanish with a "presto change" are interesting to read of in books; but what is really helping the actual situation is that men and women, richer or poorer, but of the moral and intellectual élite, are now working out for themselves many modifications of the rigidity of modern industry as it relates to the married woman and the mother, in a most difficult but a most useful domestic experimentation.

Meanwhile the average young married woman, and especially the average young married woman of good education and fairly good financial circumstances, needs most of all to see and to use her fine chance for preparation for vocational achievement, or for social usefulness, after she has become released from the heaviest duties to her family. Everything done by such a young woman in a professional manner and for pay on a business basis, helps to democratize the industry of women and to place the whole relationship of her sex to industry on a truly social plane. The aristocratic notion that it is a dire calamity for a married woman to have to earn money can only be outgrown by having multitudes of married women who do not have to earn money for personal comforts or family well-being do something that the world wants to pay for and take their compensation naturally as men take it for worthy service. Whether or not, however, women earn money in personal labor outside the home during the years when their chief devotion must be to the family needs, they can keep interest and study and acquaintance open toward the free time of their second youth, when they will need and want to do something for and by themselves to round out their own personal lives: whether that something

shall be a paid or an unpaid service. All this presupposes that women shall have had needed care and protection and support in their distinctive function of motherhood and thus have escaped that too common tragedy of overwork and neglect which now leaves so many women helpless and invalid in middle life. The majority of housemothers among the wage-earning class are now overworked and underfed; overburdened with care and denied all the diversions and rest that enable women to keep well and happy and able to enter upon their third stage of life fitted for its opportunities and its joys.

It must be pressed home to the public mind and conscience that the waste of womanhood in its later life has been throughout the ages, and now is, the result of a still more ignorant and careless treatment of girlhood. The same scientific inquiry which proves the eligibility of womanhood to a ripe and useful, a vital and youthful-hearted old age, demonstrates beyond cavil the social crime of ignoring the special danger-point in the physical life of woman. We learn from every quarter of science that the weak point in womanhood is between the ages of thirteen or fourteen, and nineteen or twenty years. At that time and that alone death and disease stand nearer and more threatening to the girl than to the boy. At that time and at no other, save during actual child-bearing, the womanhood of the race stands in greater need of special protection and help from society and from parenthood than does the potential manhood of the race. Mature women may always need social protection against long-continued, monotonous and uninterrupted labor. They may always be less able than men to survive shocks of accident or to sustain hardest trials of muscular effort without permanent harm. As Professor Thompson says: "Men are stronger in relation to spasmodic efforts and isolated feats." Hence the rule of the sea in shipwreck, or of the land in any terrible disaster, the rule of "women first to be saved" has a reason in the nature of things, since men can summon so much more special power for the special demand. The greater tenacity of life among women, however, their greater resistance to disease, their larger capacity for continual, sustained effort if that is varied in form and not too severe, are ample proofs that women need not be invalids

or "weak," and that it is a social mistake or a social crime, or both, if they are so in any prevailing numbers at any period of life. The reason that the old age of women is so often pathological in condition, the reason that marriage and maternity mean so often extreme suffering and disease, the reason that so many women fail of the second youth that is their birthright and have instead a long decay of life in depressing helplessness and futile longing, is more than all else because the first youth of women is so generally misused. Those years between fourteen and twenty when death and disease stand nearest to womanhood are the very years when in many civilizations marriage and child-bearing have made their heaviest demands upon the young life. The physical weakness of both men and women in India, their lack of stamina, their easy yielding to all manner of diseases, their quick fading at the touch of hardship, this is the price India has paid for her child marriages. And not this alone, although this is so obvious that all mark its terrible consequences of social mistake. There is another price paid, the very life-portion of nature's dower to the women of India, nature's dower of health and happiness. Nowhere do women so age in mid-life, so suffer with all manner of maladjustments of physical, mental and moral condition, as in countries where girlhood is thus sacrificed, and the time of all others when womanhood most needs care for the upbuilding of the individual life is misused for a premature devotion to other lives. The sadness of the women of India, who have become conscious of their lot and its contrast with happier lives, is only understood when we see clearly what an outrage upon nature's laws is this marriage of unformed girlhood. We trace in every civilization that has thus ignored the danger-point in womanhood's physical development the same weakness in the race, the same unutterable sadness of premature old age and of widespread disease among the women.

We are not to take credit to ourselves, however, as a civilization humane and wise in this matter. We are doing almost as wicked and wasteful a thing as respects the girlhood of the poorer classes in these United States in the morning of the twentieth century. Read again what we do to our young girls between the ages of fourteen and twenty, when of all the periods

of life for women there is most danger of premature death and of wasting and disabling disease. Concerning the two hundred and ninety-five separate employments in which women earn wages and salary, as recorded in the census of 1900, two facts stand out prominently,—namely, the youth of the women and girls, and the low quality and poor pay of the work of the majority among them. Other facts are coming clearly into light, baleful in their significance, as we more closely study conditions. In the canning factories 2,400 rapid and regular motions a day in tin-cutting for the girls employed; girls sixteen to twenty years of age, and speeded to the limit of supreme exhaustion in this race to keep ahead of the other workers. In the confectionery business, 3,000 chocolates “dipped” every day at fever heat of energy. In the cracker-making trade, the girls standing or walking not six feet from the ovens show a white faintness from heat and hurry as they handle a hundred dozen a day; and “can’t stand the work long,” as even the strongest confess. In the cigar-making industry 1,400 “stogies” a day worked over by girls seventeen to twenty years of age; and not only that but children, boys and girls from five to twelve years old, stripping tobacco as helpers and the whole work so exhausting that even the older girls say they “can’t keep the pace more than six years.” In the garment trades the sewing machines speeded to almost incredible limits, the unshaded electric bulbs and the swift motion of the needle giving early “eye-blur” and a nerve-strain that enables the strongest to earn only five to six dollars a week, while the goal of eight dollars won by a ruinous “spurt” only crowds down the average wage by cutting “piecework” prices. And in this trade “custom-work” brings the unsanitary tenement sweat-shop into union with the best factories, to work the children younger and under worse conditions and leave no rest-time for youth even in the home. In the laundries women are operating machines so heavy that their whole bodies tremble with the strain of their work; and the muscular system, drawn upon for this “spasmodic effort for an isolated feat,” repeated as rapidly as the body can be forced to act, under the spur of a never-ceasing pressure, is often that of young girls, many of them under sixteen years of age. In the metal trades 10,000 “cores” a day

turned out after two or three years' apprenticeship, and still the young girl under twenty most in evidence in the bewilderingly rapid process. In the manufacture of "caskets" and other articles where strong lacquer is used, the manufacturer often says he "can't stand it more than two or three minutes in the room" where the fumes of the preparation are worst, but his girls work in it ten hours a day for the pitiful wage of nine dollars a week, called "good pay for women." In the soap-making business the girls must wrap 1,100 cakes of soap a day in the bad air and worse smells of most such places in order to get a decent wage. The "telephone girl" gets many a harsh criticism; it might be better if she got a little more attention as a social factor. Her age is seldom over twenty; seventeen to eighteen years is the average. Physicians tell us that it is ruinous to the nervous system to do this exacting work more than five hours a day even with an hour's rest, complete and in the best possible conditions, between each two and one-half hours of service. But our telephone girls work their five hours in continuous service and if after four or five years of such labor they "break down," what then? In mercantile houses the all-day standing which is the rule injures girls so seriously that physicians continually complain about it. The law that requires seats in department stores is so much a dead letter that the girls laugh bitterly at any question concerning its enforcement. In places where five or six hundred girls are employed nineteen to thirty seats may be provided; but to use even these may cost the girl her position. The hours, from eight to five or from eight to six o'clock, and the low wage which forbids proper clothing and nourishment if wholly depended upon for self-support, add to the peril of the shop-girl's condition. The "moral jeopardy of her position," as Miss Butler calls it,—is also a factor of sinister suggestion, when we remember that with all their hard and continuous labor, three-fifths of the shop-girls earn less than seven dollars a week. The much vaunted "chivalry of men," the proudly assumed "reverence for womanhood" paraded in public addresses on the glory and moral excellence of our present civilization, do not work far down in the social scale. The fact is that because women are the cheapest of laborers and because young women

must all work for pay between their school life and their marriage in the case of the poverty-bound, the poorest-paid and many of the hardest and most health-destroying of employments are given them as almost a monopoly. Nature has warned mankind through unnumbered centuries, since the human intelligence has been able to perceive cause and effect, that if we wanted strong nations we must have strong mothers, and if we wanted strong mothers we must safeguard the girls from overwork and all manner of economic evils: but we still turn deaf ears to the warning.

In circles of society less pressed by economic need we misuse girlhood in many other ways. The pressure upon the early precocity of the girl in school, the strain of "society" functions too elaborate and nerve-wearing for youth, the undercurrent of vulgar and wicked selling of maidenhood in legal but unholy marriage to the highest bidder in rank and money,—all these things despoil the precious and lovely freedom and joy of the potential mother. Some time we must be wiser and shield and protect, as now even the most careful parent finds it almost impossible to do alone and unaided by social customs and ways of living, what nature has asserted by her most solemn commands to be the first right of human beings of the mother-sex, namely, a happy and natural girlhood. Given that for the majority of the sex, given the right use of the period of marriage and maternity not only as related to the duty to the family but also as that may be a preparation for the best use of the later years, then indeed would the second youth of women show such fruitage in personal values and in social service as the world has not yet seen. Then would it be clearer, even to dull perception, why more women than men live to old age and why more women than men "keep the child-like in the larger mind" and hence may have many a belated spring-time of growth.

The moral of all this must be pressed home to the master forces of vocational direction and control. It must of all things be emphasized that not only is "teaching woman's organic office in the world," but that married women and mothers have done most of the teaching of all the younger children in all the past civilizations, and there are the best of reasons why they should

continue to do so. Instead of penalizing the marriage of women teachers the public school management of the United States should offer a premium for the marriage of these women; especially those whose proved fitness for the teacher's office presents the first diploma in the curriculum of successful motherhood. The private schools now utilize such women both as heads of schools and as teachers. The premium that should be offered by the public school system need not and should not be a continuance in the school work under the same exhausting and inexorable demands which are met by the unmarried teacher, who works so well after her many years of experience in "the system" while trying so heroically to change and improve it. The premium given the married woman-teacher, with children or of whom society may expect offspring of a needed kind, should be in freedom of choice of lines of work, in adjustable hours, and in all other details of flexibility of service needed by the housemother. Although compensation should of course be given, the scale of wages of these part-time workers should not disarrange those schedules which secure to unmarried teachers, who give uninterrupted service for a long career and who constitute the permanent staff in every school, their full share of "equal pay for women for equal work with men" in the higher competitions of professional life. Such schedules are a vital need, not only for the sake of justice but for the right use of those exceptional educators among women who, whether married or unmarried, can serve as superintendents and heads of departments in the highest positions. There is nothing more needed in education, however, than a vastly increased teaching force, and a corresponding opportunity to modify and vary the grade system, especially in the elementary schools, to suit the needs of a wider range of child capacity. We ought to have two or three part-time married women teachers to every celibate woman, younger or older, who gives whole service to the public schools. Again, the care-taking of the weak and ignorant and undeveloped, the moral protection of children and youth in recreation and in labor, the succor of the needy, and the general expression of social control and social uplift, these are woman's special functions in the social order and have ever been her peculiar responsibility. The

vital need in these fields to-day is not alone for a minority of trained workers, such as the Schools for Social Workers are turning out each year, but also for a large majority of citizens devoted to the public weal and able and willing intelligently to carry out and perfect, modify and balance the schemes of the experts and "paid workers" who make "scientific philanthropy" a life work. Women will doubtless always take a larger share in this part-time service in the lines indicated than men can do; and older women, those in the third stage of life, are now entering this field with enthusiasm. As volunteers and as helpers, paid and unpaid, they are doing much of the constructive and ameliorative, the reformatory and the preventive work of social reform. When, however, women enter this field late in life, or after a merely amateur and impulsive response in earlier life to the call of social need, they enter by a vocational leap, as it were, from the inner to the outer circle of human interests. This gives, at the worst, an awkward meddling with established rules of procedure; and at best fails to give highest effectiveness. Women who have had four years of college and two years of special training in a Teacher's College or School of Philanthropy and then, after two to six years of professional work in their chosen field, marry to take charge of an individual home, are too valuable assets of educational opportunity to be left without social pressure and financial incentive to continue that work with the necessary modifications. The same is true of the minister, the lawyer and above all the doctor and the nurse, as well as of all other woman specialists in professional labor.

The difficulties of the woman-worker who marries and has children increase as we go down the scale through commercial, clerical and manual employments; but they are not insuperable; and the ingenuity of industrial mechanism needed for the higher utilization of the paid work of women in other than purely private domestic lines waits for development only for a more just perception in the common sense regarding women's work-power. The present pressure upon the wages of men that makes so many housemothers obliged to add to the family income at the worst time of their lives for economic strain, and at any work they can get, however exploited and health-destroying, is no solution of

the problem; it is an aggravation of it dire in social results. Real solutions of social problems are not worked out by people wholly "under" their circumstances.

With, however, a true solution of the problems of womanhood, achieved not by flights of fancy but by patient infinitesimal efforts of daily living in which no inherited or present duty is neglected, and no opportunity for shaping toward future conditions is ignored, we shall gain at last for social culture in all lines, and for industry in many forms, a needed class of slowly-trained, slowly-apprenticed workers in every field where women naturally excel; to rise finally at the third period of their lives to positions of command where women are now most needed. This will mean new ways of conserving hitherto exploited capacities and gifts of the mass of mankind. For women of the right sort and the right training, shielded by men's protection and care from the heaviest economic pressure during early life and developed in personality by the special demands upon them in the home, will see to it when they arrive at their rightful place of control that neither professional demand nor the industrial order shall take such a heavy toll from life itself in the effort to make a living!

"Old men for counsel?" Yes, surely, now as of old; and it is well for humanity that it learned this bit of social wisdom so early. Old women for new work for the race? Yes, surely; and well will it be for human progress when mankind learns this new lesson of social wisdom and makes fitting social use of the post-graduate mother, eager and fresh in her second youth, for a new path-finding for the feet of the coming generations before she draws down the curtain and says Good-night.

HIGH PRICES AND THE GOLD SUPPLY

JAMES S. H. UMSTED

NOTHING more timely—and absolutely related to the scientific method into the bargain—could be imagined than the proposed international commission to inquire into the causes of the high prices of commodities that have ruled for several years past, or, to put it more exactly, into the complaints of the high cost of living and the reasons therefor. As President Taft has asked Congress to make an appropriation for the expenses of our share in the work of such an investigating body,—non-partisan and merely seeking the truth as expert students,—it is to be presumed that the affair will take a definite shape within a reasonable time. Professor Irving Fisher, of Yale University, who probably deserves the credit of initiating—certainly for crystallizing—this movement, has already shown us the evidence of the support he has received from the other side, so that the commission, if the idea is not “turned down” by our over-busy-with-politics Congress, will become official and of world-scope authority. The investigations of such a body of inquiry are bound to develop much information, statistical and otherwise, and to collocate figures intelligently, so that its final report will be exceptionally valuable in every department of economic and social study. Before the results of the inquiry are formulated and published there may occur radical changes in the phenomena which inspired it; nevertheless, even in that event, the practical data that are bound to be gathered in the course of it will add largely to the supply of facts that must ever serve to guide correct financial—we may broaden the term to sociological—principles of thought and action.

Perhaps the commonest explanation of the high prices that have persisted even after there had occurred the natural rally from the “panic” depression of 1893-6, is that the supplies of new gold have been excessive. It has been so widely reiterated by writers on the subject that it has become almost a vulgar superstition, notwithstanding that authorities more recently have

begun to doubt that the influence has been in force to the extent supposed by the majority. Such a scientific investigation as is proposed will not rest on theory or hypothesis: it will seek to hew out the facts, let them fall as they will against popular notions or inconclusive studies. It will not even reject the suggestion that there may have been an actual decrease in the influence of the recent gold output in supporting prices, forcing us to look elsewhere for the causes that brought about their present elevation. It does not follow from this that, ignoring the claims of the defenders of the Quantity Theory of money, we should deny the influence of increasing gold production upon the exchange value of commodities. No more concise and convincing a summarization of orthodoxy on this point can be found than in Mr. Horace White's *Money and Banking* (3rd ed., pp. 54-64), where he says:

"It was the opinion of Cairns and Jevons of England, of Levasseur of France, and of Soetbeer of Germany, eminent economists and statisticians of the last half century, that the great output of gold in the fifties and sixties had caused an average increase of the prices of commodities equal to about 20 per cent. In some cases the increase was greater than the average, in others less, and in still others it counteracted a decline of price which would ordinarily have taken place by reason of new inventions and improved processes of production. The four authorities named, working independently of each other, reached this opinion about thirty years ago, and it may be accepted as one of the established facts of statistical science."

Carrying the study in detail of the various index numbers of prices down to a later date than could be done by the economic leaders mentioned above, Professor Joseph French Johnson, of the New York University (*Money and Currency*, 1907 ed., ch. X, p. 214), makes this graphic summary:

"Thus we find that the movement of prices in the past, as theory would lead us to expect, has been in great cycles—now a period of increasing production of gold and silver and rising prices, and then a period of falling prices consequent upon a diminished output of the precious metals. The nineteenth century furnished four such periods—falling prices from 1810 to

1850 and from 1870 to 1896, and rising prices from 1850 to 1870 and from 1896 to 1900." *

Nevertheless there always has been a complaint by economic students that many of the charts of price movements lacked full value because of the more or less local scope of the statistics upon which they were based. Herein great progress may be made by the international commission proposed, for so authoritative a body will have the coöperation of Governments and interests widely separated geographically, and should be able, in the course of time, either to fuse the various price-data upon some level that will be world-wide in its application, or to divide the groups that may prove to be in conflict, with explanations appropriate to each variation. And doubtless it will develop more thoroughly the relative importance of the numerous "other things" which is the indeterminate modifying clause in Mills' definition of the effect of increasing or decreasing money supplies upon the value of money itself. And should it be found that as a matter of fact the increasing production of gold, in recent years, has been matched by an equal or even superior consumptive demand, these "other things" will receive the greater scrutiny as affecting the phenomena of advancing prices of commodities—such as the matter of labor union domination and restraint of labor competition, the exaction of monopoly profits by modern industrial organizations, excessive means for speculation, the failure of agricultural production to keep pace with the needs of the world's growth in population, the concentration of people in towns and cities (undoubtedly one of the causes of agricultural shortage, should that be demonstrated to exist), the tremendous destruction of capital involved in latter day wars, the elevation of the standard of living to the point of permanent habits of extravagance, and so on. So complicated has become our machinery of industrial production and distribution, so complex are modern social relations, so extensive our system of credit devices, that the operation of economic principles may

* The Hon. George E. Roberts, Director of the United States Mint, in January, 1906, published a computation of standardized index numbers carried down to 1905, showing a remarkable statistical agreement of authorities as to a still further important rise in prices, notwithstanding some reactions between 1900 and 1902.

readily be clouded at times so darkly as to lead to a temporary misinterpretation of surface phenomena.

Probably the correct results of the proposed inquiry will be reached largely through the process of elimination. Therefore one of the first important phases of analysis will relate to the question as to how far the increase in gold production since the Witwatersrand mines were fully developed actually did affect the purchasing power of the metal; to be followed collaterally by the determination of the point as to whether the position of demand and supply has not changed so as reasonably to remove this element from the future price-problem. A study of the available statistics has convinced the writer that there has been a general misconception as to the course of the demand and supply of both gold and silver in recent years; furthermore, that the future holds the possibility of some serious questions arising in connection with the service of the metals as instruments for measuring or effecting exchanges of goods. The *standard* of value remains gold; but silver has far from lost its monetary uses in a great section of the world's population. Its demonetization among the more highly civilized nations in the last half century has put an increased burden upon gold as money, while the industrial consumption of both metals is increasing with rapid strides. The most casual student must realize the close balance, to say the least, between production and absorption. In the facts and figures which the writer purposes to submit, it may be recognized that the situation is more serious than generally supposed.

It is to the yellow metal as the world's ultimate base of credit, that we must address ourselves for the most pressing study. To analyze the position of gold in the world's social and financial organization we must examine: (1) the production—a reasonably definite proposition—and the outlook for future supplies, the latter largely a matter of speculation; (2) the character and extent of the demand for the metal and the reasonable expectations of expansion, and (3) the general relations between the money supply and the potential increase in the demands for currency and reserves. The latter two considerations necessarily somewhat overlap each other. In regarding the degree of fer-

tility of the world's mines excessive stress has been laid upon the mere figures of yearly increment.

For the moment it is advisable not to go too far back in a study of the world's gold production, for it must ultimately be brought into contrast with the world's potency of absorption and it is only within the last two decades that the data of consumption have approached statistical accuracy. The importance of the consumption of gold in the arts was first indicated by the careful investigations and analyses made by Dr. Adolph Soetbeer in the eighties: his painstaking and unprejudiced work resulted in some startling statistics during the period when bi-metallism was a burning international question. The enormous absorption of gold (as well as silver) by the Far East has long been an element of high importance in reaching any economic conclusions with regard to the metal's position in the world's financial scheme: it is to-day a subject of earnest discussion in every London banking parlor. Coinage in all its phases is an essential factor in the statistics for studying any monetary question. The credit-supporting power of the world's gold mines is of vital concern to every banking interest in civilization. On all these points reliable information is yearly becoming more available and the careful studies and inquiries of the United States Mint authorities—recognized for their value more than a quarter of a century ago—have acquired even greater authority in late years. With meagre sources of information to draw upon, Dr. Soetbeer's estimates in 1885-6 of the industrial consumption of gold have been accepted as the most authoritative. But since 1893 our Mint officials, by circularization of all foreign Governments, have added really valuable estimates to the reasonably precise statistics collected annually in this country as to the use of the precious metals in art and manufacture. That year, therefore, seems to be the most desirable one from which to gather the facts justifying this essay; sequentially, to secure fairer comparisons, we should select 1893 as the starting point for an exposition of the data of gold production—always an easier element to approximate than the minutiae of consumption.

The world's production of gold from 1893 to 1910, both years inclusive, aggregated 5,600 millions of dollars. It was

3,400 millions more than the mines yielded in the twenty-year period 1873-92 and 2,800 millions more than from 1851 to 1872. This yield of nearly eleven billions of gold in the last sixty years is staggering when contemplated by itself. But we are concerned primarily with the fact that in the eighteen years from 1893 to 1910 the gold output has, with occasional violent intermediate fluctuations, been tapering down in the ratio of annual enlargement. In 1893 the production was 157½ millions of dollars; in 1910 it was 454¾ millions (with a preliminary estimate for 1911 of nearly 467 millions). But this great increase was due to an unusual combination of circumstances, to wit, the development of the wonderful Transvaal field and remarkable metallurgical discoveries and improvements. The latter cheapened the miner's costs and therefore spurred him to more activity. But to-day no invention to excel the cyanide process is in sight; neither are there any new fields in view which conservative experts would pretend were suggestive of a rival to the famous Witwatersrand reef. Ignoring South Africa for the time being, let us examine conditions and prospects in the gold regions elsewhere in the world.

The gold production of the United States is virtually stationary. The preliminary figures of the Director of the United States Mint indicate a total domestic yield last year of \$96,233,528, compared with \$96,269,100 in the final estimate for 1910, while in 1909 the output was placed at \$99,673,400. The 1909 figures contrast with \$94,560,000 in 1908, \$90,435,700 in 1907 and \$94,373,800 in 1906. We therefore have a net gain in five years of less than \$2,000,000, or a trifling average of under \$400,000 a year, and are actually down about 3½ millions from the record figures of 1909. Alaska has been a disappointment to those who dreamed of inexhaustible deposits in that region. It actually reported a small loss in 1911, while Colorado, notwithstanding the completion of the Roosevelt Tunnel, which has been draining the Cripple Creek mines of water, declined \$1,372,640 last year because of the exhaustion of the older ore bodies. California's output fluctuates with variations in the "water season," placer mining suffering when the Sierras are scant of snow. The State's output has varied but little in the

last three years, notwithstanding the increased use of dredging operations at the placer deposits. The occasional new "finds" reported from our Arctic territory offer no promise of any change from an even gait in the output of our country.

Our northern neighbor—the Dominion—is hoping to uncover considerable auriferous wealth in the new Porcupine district of Ontario. As yet that district is not much more than a good "prospect," and its development—if it proves fertile in gold profitable to mine—will be a matter of several years. Canada's gold output reached its maximum in 1900, when the Dominion Bureau of Mines placed the total at \$27,908,153. The yield fell to \$8,382,780 in 1907, but rose to \$10,205,835 in 1910. Mr. John McLeish, Statistician of the Department of Mines of Canada, reports to *The Financial Chronicle* of this city (a journal that keeps an excellent series of statistics of gold production) that the output for 1911 will probably show a slight increase over 1910, when the out-turn was valued at \$10,205,835. The Yukon was responsible for the maximum of Canada's yield, which, as shown by these figures, has fallen over 60 per cent.

Australia has passed her apogee as a contributor to the world's golden supplies. According to a recent British Blue Book, the Commonwealth produced gold to the value of £11,556,996 in 1910. This is a decline (29 per cent.) from £16,294,684 in 1903, when Australia produced 3,836,095 ounces out of a world's total output of not quite 16,000,000 ounces. The decline has been continuous and in every one of the States of the Commonwealth. A decrease of 7 per cent. from 1910 is the estimate for last year.* Poorer ores account partly for the gradual retirement of the importance of Australia as a gold pro-

* Since preparing this article the writer has seen a letter in the London *Economist*, from its Melbourne correspondent, which gives what are evidently official figures (except for the small outputs of South Australia and Tasmania) of the production for 1911. The amount is placed at 2,488,069 ounces, valued at £10,567,665, a decrease from 1910 of £989,331, or 8.56 per cent. There is also a slight decrease in the output of New Zealand, which in 1911 produced £1,817,316, compared with £2,270,904 in 1906, its maximum year, a decrease of £453,588, or almost exactly 20 per cent. The correspondent notes that the industry is not very profitable, the calls (assessments) in some districts (such as Bendigo, in Victoria) greatly exceeding the dividends. He also points out a recent wage advance to all classes of workers, ordered by the Government authorities, which is likely to discourage still further gold-mining in Victoria.

ducer. But it has been claimed by some Australian authorities that other causes also operated, "including the superior attractions in some States to other forms of mining, the discouragement occasioned by higher costs, and the facility with which other kinds of employment can be obtained in consequence of the general prosperity."

The gold output of Russia's dominions in recent years has expanded at an annual rate within 10 per cent. For 1911 a shrinkage from 1910 of about 5 per cent. is expected by most authorities because of the prolonged drouth in Siberia during a large part of the year, hampering the working of the placer mines. Even the increase in the empire's output previous to 1911 was not of full encouragement, for some observers opine that, considering the extent of the area worked, the production on the average has been decreasing. A long-distance look may discover Russia as an influential gold producer: for some time to come her development in this regard will be under the limitations of lack of adequate capital to secure the most efficient mining equipment; deficient means of transportation, and political uncertainties. India's gold mines can be ignored: even her output, which was 630,618 ounces in 1905, was estimated by the imperial authorities at 572,120 ounces in 1910 and the forecast for the 1911 returns is substantially for the same results as in the previous year.

A little more than 5 per cent. of the world's yield of gold is derived from Mexico's mines. From 1909 to 1910 the value of this output increased about \$1,100,000. The disturbed political and social conditions in the republic must have tended to reduce the 1911 output. A semi-official estimate places the silver production of Mexico last year at 4,000,000 ounces less than that of 1910, or 5.6 per cent. An approximate ratio of loss in the gold output of 1911 would equal about \$1,300,000. These various shrinkages furnish in the aggregate an appreciable offset to the increase still under way in the one-time Dark Continent.

Let us now turn to the South African gold fields—the backbone of the world's reliance on sustaining the output. The Transvaal alone yields more than a third of the world's production of the yellow metal. It would be unwise to belittle the

possibilities of Southern Rhodesia: yet the yield for the last half dozen years has been virtually at a standstill. The British South African Company has announced the output of 1911 as having a value of £2,647,894, compared with £2,178,885 in 1907, an increase of 21.52 per cent. But consider the declining ratio of increase. From 1907 to 1908 the gain in output was 16 per cent.; from 1908 to 1909 the increase was only 3.87 per cent.; in 1910 there was a decline of 2.12 per cent. compared with 1909, and while in 1911 the output again rose, the increase was but 3.10 per cent. To digress to West Africa: the output here is growing. The Chamber of Mines reports the 1911 yield at £1,069,442, contrasted with £755,985 in 1910 and £955,635 in 1909. But the 1911 increase over 1909 was only £114,000; a negligible addition when we are dealing with a world production approximating \$470,000,000.

The significance of the Transvaal mines is vital. In 1910 (the latest year for which definite world estimates are available) the total production of gold increased from 1909 only 281,000 fine ounces. As the output from the Transvaal increased 702,695 fine ounces, it is evident that without the increment from that field there would have been a decline in the world's output of 421,695 ounces, or over \$8,700,000 in value. According to a statement given out by the Director of the United States Mint the first of this year, the value of the 1911 gold output of the world increased about \$12,000,000 over 1910. As he estimated the increase in all Africa at about \$14,000,000, the world's new supplies, except for the African gain, would have shown a loss of \$2,000,000. The writer would not venture to join any controversy as to the probable duration of the life of the Rand mines. Predictions in the past of the culmination of its output have not been verified: even so careful and eminent an authority as Professor W. Lexis once erred on this point. But Mr. Roberts' standing carries respect for his own expressed opinion that the Witwatersrand field is probably nearing its maximum. It was the cheapening of dynamite when the monopoly of that explosive was wiped out with the independent Boer Republic, and the erection of cyanide plants, that stimulated the great output of these mines in the last decade. To

adopt the statistics of the British Blue Book, aforementioned, let us review the Transvaal's history for a moment, and it will be seen that even this El Dorado has been losing on the *ratio* of its annual increase in yield. Starting with 1897, when the Transvaal had a gold production valued at £11,653,725, we shall find in 1898 a jump to £16,240,630, an increase of over 40 per cent. The war that began in 1899 cut the output down to £1,096,051 by 1901. In May, 1901, however, mine operations were resumed and by 1904 all the effects of the war were over and mining was running riot. From that year on the course of the Transvaal's output was as follows:

Year	Value	Previous year	P. c. inc.
			over prev. yr.
1904	£16,028,883	£12,628,057	26.93
1905	20,854,440	16,028,883	30.10
1906	24,606,336	20,854,440	18.00
1907	27,400,992	24,606,336	11.36
1908	29,973,115	27,400,992	9.39
1909	30,987,650	29,973,115	3.38
1910	31,973,123	30,987,650	3.18
1911 (est.)*	34,988,343	31,973,123	9.43

There is no doubt as to the brilliancy of the Transvaal's performance in 1911. That it can be sustained for a considerable period of years may be questioned. It may be doubted, also, whether the estimates for 1911 can be relied upon fully as representing actual new production. Some of the large companies have frequently been accused by the London press of manipulating the returns, at times by holding back ore as "reserves" and at other times turning in "reserves" to swell the figures of current production. Beginning with this year the Transvaal Chamber of Mines decided to report the amount of the ore taken from the reserves at the mines and included in the monthly returns of output. These reserves in January were 19,764 fine ounces and in March 70,143 ounces, a total of 89,907 ounces to be deducted

* Multiplying number of ounces reported by Transvaal Chamber of Mines by 4.2478, which is the quotient of the value in U.S. money of an ounce of gold divided by the U. S. equivalent of a £ sterling.

from face returns of 3,009,309 ounces for the first four months of 1912, reducing the actual new output to 2,919,402 ounces. Allowing for the mine reserves included in the March output, April's production was 737,660 ounces compared with 760,580 (net) ounces in the previous month, a decrease of 22,920 ounces. It is true, however, that the Rand supply so far this year is in excess of the corresponding period of 1911. But the labor problem is not yet settled sufficiently in the district; in fact, complaints as to the scarcity of native labor were frequent at times last year. The Kaffir "boys," as they are technically called, also often prove as unreliable as negro labor in some parts of America's cotton fields. Contract coolie labor was sought to be established in the Transvaal a few years ago; it proved most efficient, but English humanitarian sentiment (and perhaps some doubt as to the wisdom of encouraging an influx of the yellow race) compelled the big mining magnates to abandon labor-recruiting from the East.

But there is another question—that of increased costs at greater depth—which has already led to some expression of anxiety in England as to whether this great gold field can sustain its high production indefinitely,—or, rather, whether the time is not near when, to support the volume of output, there will not have to be improved mining methods and better management. The dividends declared in 1911 for all the mines of the Transvaal amounted to £8,066,436, against £9,130,958 in 1910, a decrease of £1,064,522. Dividends outside of the Rand increased £59,578; those from the Rand fell off £1,124,100. The South African correspondent of the London *Economist*, recently commenting on this showing, noted the uniformity of lower dividend declarations even among the best producers, but disputed the suggestion that the average value of ore milled must necessarily diminish with deeper mining. On the latter point he said:

"The decline cannot in all cases be said to be due to a universal decline in value with depth. It is time, however, that the impression which has so long existed that the Rand banket beds are wonderfully uniform in mode of occurrence and value was once and forever removed, because in neither can they be said

to be uniform. . . . There can be no doubt that the prospects of gold mining on the Rand would seem to indicate that yields in the future are more likely to decline per ton of ore milled than otherwise."

Now, admitting the wonderful wealth still lying in the rocks of this great district, it is of much significance that in the first four years covered by the table given above the average annual rate of increase was 21.60 per cent., while in the following four years it was only 6.34 per cent. Such a tendency toward a diminishing rate of new output is the usual preliminary to the maximum attainment of a mining district, and so sure as history repeats itself we may expect in time to see the exhaustion of the greater part of the Rand's supply and a final slow decline, such as took place in the South American and our own Pacific gold fields and is now taking place in Australia. And if there shall develop much more gluttony for the rapid exploitation of the Transvaal's golden deposits, the sooner shall we see the depletion of this mineral store house of Kaffirland.

But, to abandon analysis of particular districts, let us examine the showing presented by the world's total production since 1893. From 1873 to 1892 inclusive, the annual output averaged about \$110,000,000. From 1891 there began that rise in output which has continued almost unbrokenly to 1911 and which has served as the basis of economic alarm over the decline in the purchasing power of the yellow metal and the concomitant advance in the exchange value of commodities. Our Mint estimates place the world's yield in 1893 at \$157,500,000 (in round numbers), an increase of 7.39 per cent. over that of 1892. The rapid expansion of new supplies is best shown in tabular form, the following figures (in fine ounces) giving the output by calendar years up to 1899, when interruption to the working of the Rand mines was the sequel to the struggle between Boer and Briton that was inevitable after the Jameson raid:

Date	Production	Previous year	P. c. inc.
			from prev. yr.
1893	\$157,494,800	\$146,651,500	7.39
1894	181,175,600	157,494,800	15.04

Date	Production	Previous year	P. c. inc.
			from prev. yr.
1895	198,763,600	181,175,600	9.69
1896	202,251,600	198,763,600	1.75 *
1897	236,073,700	202,251,600	16.72
1898	286,879,700	236,073,700	21.52
Average yearly increase			12.01

In 1899 came the Boer War, the production of the Rand falling almost to *nil*. Activity at the South African mines was resumed in 1901, but in 1904 the Australian yield began its rather rapid decline, offsetting to some degree the tremendous development of the Kaffir producers. Appended is the production of the world, together with the percentages of increase, in the period from 1899 to 1905, both years inclusive:

Date	Production	Previous year	P. c. inc.
			from prev. yr.
1899	\$306,724,100	\$286,879,700	6.92
1900	254,576,300	306,724,100	17.00 †
1901	260,992,900	254,576,300	2.52
1902	296,737,600	260,992,900	13.69
1903	327,702,700	296,737,600	10.43
1904	347,377,200	327,702,700	6.00
1905	380,288,700	347,377,200	9.47
Average yearly increase			4.58

We come now to the figures of the last six years, during which the index number of commodity prices (by whichever authority you take it) was rising almost without interruption and by large percentages. And yet we find that in these recent years the percentage of increase in gold production was falling—not steadily, but still shrinking in the main. For 1911 the estimate of Mr. Roberts is taken, subject, as before noted, to possible

* This small percentage of increase from 1895 was due to considerable decrease in Russia's output; also a comparatively large falling off in Germany. In 1896 the Witwatersrand output began to rise rapidly, the Transvaal by 1898 having doubled the \$40,000,000 output of 1896.

† Decrease.

considerable revision before the final Mint estimates are made up late this year. The world's gold production from 1906 to date is shown below:

Date	Production	Previous year	P. c. inc. from
			prev. yr.
1906	\$402,503,000	\$380,288,700	5.84
1907	412,966,600	402,503,000	2.60
1908	443,006,200	412,966,600	7.27
1909	454,422,900	443,006,200	2.60
1910	454,703,900	454,422,900	0.62
1911 (pr'l. est.)	466,700,000	454,703,900	2.64
Average yearly increase			3.59

It is worth emphasis that in this last given six-year period the average annual increase is less than that of the preceding seven-year period, which included the hiatus in Africa's output. A clearer visualization of the marked decline in the ratio of increase of the world's output would be obtained if we should throw out of consideration entirely the two years (1900 and 1901) when the Transvaal was barely a factor in the total supply, its output amounting to less than \$12,000,000. Two periods, divided as nearly as may be, would then present themselves as follows, the years and the consecutive percentage of increase following:

From 1895 to 1902: 7.39—15.04—9.69—1.75—16.72—21.52—6.92—13.69 per cent.; annual average for eight years, 11.59 per cent.

From 1903 to 1911: 10.43—6—9.47—5.84—2.60—7.27—2.60—0.62—2.64 per cent.; annual average for nine years, 5.27 per cent.

Despite the heavy African output in the last three years, that period shows an average annual increase of the out-turn of the world's mines of less than 2 per cent. Compared with the enormous expansion of the world's commerce and the rapid opening of new territory on all the continents to settlement or development or civilization,—even with the mere accretion of popu-

lation,—this rate of expansion is far from suggesting a sustained golden flood. On the contrary, the world's gold mines—flogged as they have been to give up their wealth—are surrendering their values at a diminishing ratio suggestive of the possibility that we are approaching an era (to borrow an agricultural phrase) of *short crops*.

Without considering the question of the consumption of the precious metal by the mints and by the arts (a phase which will be treated by the writer in a second article), and without digressing too far from the simple consideration of tendency in production, it may be urged that the relation of gold supplies to the need of the metal as a part of our commercial and financial machinery should be considered whenever the arbitrary figures of output are scanned. It is a matter of dispute among economists as to how much more gold is required, when the wealth and business activities of a nation are growing rapidly, to meet the purposes of banking reserves and circulation. Professor J. Laurence Laughlin goes almost so far as to contend that a country advanced in its commercial and financial development (i. e. with extensive banking facilities and clearing house agencies) demands “no very great quantity of gold.” The reverse theory, however, is held by most economists and certainly by practical bankers. It has been the wonder of students that Great Britain has been able to demonstrate that a very small percentage of reserve will carry the enormous credits used to conduct that empire's marvellous activities. Mr. Horace White (*Money and Banking*, Ch. XVI, 1908 Ed.), discussing the peculiarity by which the Bank of England holds “the reserves of the other London banks and practically those of the whole United Kingdom,” estimates that the ultimate reserve of these institutions is less than 6 per cent. of their liabilities, the remaining 94 per cent. being credit, and adds: “The system under which this bank (the central concern) among many has become the keeper of the ultimate reserve of all . . . is the growth of centuries. It was never invented by anybody, and if it did not now exist would be pronounced impossible.”

Yet there is to-day a growing agitation in England directed toward inducing the joint stock banks themselves to keep larger

reserves of gold. The general view—and one which appeals *a priori* to a practical man—is that with the expansion of the population, commerce and wealth of the world, there must be a larger necessity for greater supplies of the precious metal as a base for credit, as material for hand-to-hand exchanges and as the ultimate medium of international settlements. Where such a situation exists, for instance, as is represented by the growth in the London Bankers' Clearing House from clearings of £6,478,013,000 in 1893 and £10,119,825,000 in 1903 to £14,613,877,000 in 1911, it seems reasonable to ask for more gold in some ultimate storehouse for safety's sake. So, too, it seems natural to believe that more gold is needed in the foundations of credit when the world's commerce (as indicated by total merchandise imports and exports) is 30,000 millions, than when it was only 17,000 millions. Juraschek's *Geographisch-Statistische Tabellen* give the figures for the world in 1895 at the equivalent of \$16,923,299,000 and for 1909 at \$31,315,993,000, an increase of 85.05 per cent. The average annual increase in this commerce was 6.07 per cent., whereas, as has been shown, the average annual rate of gain in the world's output in the last three years was not quite 2 per cent. If we take the compilations of the Hon. O. P. Austin, Chief of the Bureau of Statistics, at Washington, for the 1911 Statistical Abstract of the United States, we shall find that the world's commerce in 1910 was \$34,616,773,000, showing an increase from 1895 of 104.55 per cent., or an annual average of 6.97 per cent. Even if we allow for duplications in the available data (for the exports of one nation may be the imports of another and *vice versa*) we shall find the same ratio of growth in excess of the late rate of gold expansion. Taking imports alone, the values in 1895 were \$9,045,261,000 and in 1909 they were \$16,671,234,000 and in 1910, \$17,636,503,000. So the last two years given indicate a total increase of 84.30 and 94.98 per cent. respectively, or average annual gains of 6.02 and 6.33 per cent. From 1905 to 1910 the total commerce has recorded an annual average of 6.08 per cent.; in the case of imports alone, it is 5.35 per cent. There surely is need of more security in the possession of a greater supply of gold to-day than when these great interna-

tional exchanges were 30 to 100 per cent. less in value. Moreover, in estimating the world's business we must consider not alone the trade between different countries, but the tremendous internal activity represented by domestic transactions in every form of barter. It would be largely a matter of guesswork to try to fix upon a percentage of annual increase in the world's commerce, regarded in the largest definition; but few statistical students, I venture to say, would fail to place it at a figure far beyond the present rate of increase in new gold production.

But it is not the purpose of the writer to press this phase of the discussion further or to enter into any controversy as to how much money a country needs to transact trade on a widening scale, or as to the safe percentage of gold reserve to a country's mass of credit instruments. It is proposed, in the sequel to this study, to take up an analysis of the actual existing consumptive demands for the precious metal and measure their extent with the volume of output. The writer hopes to suggest, if not to demonstrate to the satisfaction of critics, that there is no over-production of gold; that unless production should increase much more rapidly than in recent years, there will be an awakening to the fact that coinage and industrial requirements are out-running the supply of material and that we shall within a reasonable time be face to face with such an appreciation in the purchasing power of gold, that the use of it in the arts may become impracticable by reason of its costliness, if it is to remain money as well as the standard of value.*

* A complementary article, *Is Gold Redundant?* will be published in the next number.

TOXEMIA AS A STIMULUS IN LITERATURE

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IT may sound paradoxical to claim that the presence of a poison in the circulation could result in anything but unhappiness and poverty, yet there is much evidence that such a condition, whether wittingly or unconsciously acquired, may give a strong impetus to literary production.

To establish the thesis it is necessary to show that poisons (toxins) and similar morbidic agents may and do exercise a definite and inspiring influence upon the imaginative and creative faculties and that such toxins at appropriate times are present in the blood.

As a preliminary, let us consider one of the simpler intellectual processes. To secure the greatest satisfaction, not alone in operation, but especially in results, the brain should work harmoniously—all the faculties should functionate in close correspondence if not in actual unison.

This power of concentration is innate in some individuals, and may be acquired by others with considerable effort, while to others indeed it is not only unattainable but entirely unknown. The first possibility is the most desirable and rare, and the last, while common, is valueless. The intermediate form concerns us here, for the acquisition of this power is attended by many interesting circumstances and not a few failures.

The most human and effective degree of the accomplishment is characterized by Murisier as the "systemization of the personality." Systemization may be acquired in many ways. For instance, in the course of growth an irresponsible boy, whose thoughts, ideas and feelings, like a weathercock, respond to external stimuli through the senses, is suddenly thrown upon his own resources. He accepts the challenge, and in consequence develops a self-reliance and a decision of character that put all his actions under the dominion of his coördinated faculties. He assumes control of his personality by systemizing his divergent impulses. He correlates his subjective ideals or feelings with objective conditions and has a working hypothesis. A similar

but more dramatic transformation may follow a physical injury, as the experiences of Cervantes and Loyola so excellently illustrate.

The most numerous and probably the best examples of the condition are to be found among the reactions to emotion. Strong deep feeling systemizes the personality and gives it stability, intensity and tenacity. Such factors are love, hatred, ambition, greed, religion and transiently profound anger. During periods of unusual stress or tension, as from war, national expansion or disaster, from private grief or great love, many minds are emotionally exalted. In consequence, as history shows, the literary product is increased and improved as compared with times of mental peace and commercial prosperity.

Without overlooking the almost universal sway of love in this relation, it is probable that among the Christian nations, both in war and peace, the most effective systemizing emotion is religion. Its influence is as widespread as love and far more lasting. Moreover, in this abundant field of emotional experiences it is easy to find one that exhibits the significance and mode of action of systemization. Conversion is a conspicuous instance. An individual who has given little or no attention to religious matters or whose thoughts have been confused by conflict of the sects or the claims of antagonistic zealots may meet with a crisis or an experience that stirs his feelings or awakens his mind to some new and appealing aspect of the subject. He ponders over this, and all at once it becomes convincing—he accepts it as a truth and immediately his faculties marshal themselves into harmonious ranks, permanently obedient to the dominant emotion. Henceforth all acts, thoughts and feelings are regulated and governed by this polarized state of the personality. Among its happiest phases is an increased sense of power and the recognition of an inner feeling of harmony that the initiate technically terms peace. The individual is happy, not like the gourmand or the voluptuary who has satisfied his appetite, but like him who hears tidings of great joy, the gambler successful in play or the ambitious man whose hopes are realized.

The same result is achieved, at least temporarily, by prayer. The individual abandons or compels himself to a period of

undisturbed meditation—solitary concentration. The tense feelings relax, the faculties align themselves harmoniously, the distractions are composed and a feeling of peace and comfort ensues. Out of this peaceful mood, out of this orderly activity of the faculties, there comes frequently a solution of difficulties so clear, so rational and so sudden withal that it may well be regarded as divine in origin.

Having once experienced the joy and satisfaction of mental harmony, the individual next strives by propagandism to bring his human environment into a close and sympathetic relationship and to adjust his material surroundings so as to protect his inner happiness from hostile intrusions. In old communities and faiths, or among men of settled habits and convictions, the irritation and resentment felt at the appearance of new ideals and methods is due to the disturbance of this painfully acquired unity of thought and feeling or to the fear that it will be disturbed.

In a state of unification, when every faculty is contributing to the general good, the work is done so easily and pleasurably that the most as well as the best is accomplished. It happens, however, that some personalities, from the very first, are "badly cemented," like the so-called "artistic temperament," and even in the presence of joy, grief, or such major emotions as religion or intense interest in one's vocation, there exists a strong tendency to relapse into the unsystemized habit. In these cases the faculties work inharmoniously, there is much jar of the mental machinery. Discomfort, unhappiness, waste, neurasthenia and various functional disorders develop which formerly were attributed to the Evil One. When, therefore, a dominating idea, personality or influence produces systemization under such conditions, it is easy to realize how those miraculous cures are wrought which forever, among the ignorant, form the basis and support of quackery, both in medicine and in religion.

It is not necessary to follow this part of the subject further. Its importance is manifest, and to one who feels or appreciates these mental differences any effort or any sacrifice seems demanded if thereby the anxieties, the vagrant and shapeless longings of an unfocussed mind can be replaced by the blessings of systemization. In the absence of a compelling emotion or in-

terest, the individual endeavors to reproduce the condition by artificial and external means. With so docile an organ as the brain this can be accomplished in several ways, but the simplest, the quickest and readiest at hand is by drugs.

It is a physiologic law that all substances which tend to depress and destroy the functions of the nervous system begin by acting as stimulants. By virtue of this, certain poisons—toxins—which may be in reality only variable forms of food-stuffs, have the power to create a harmony of the faculties with the same sense of peace and well-being that one derives from prayer, but the effect is no more permanent. The drug also requires frequent repetition and, like all artificialities, may in time lose its effect. Among literary workers such experiences are especially common, but for clearness it is desirable to cite some extreme instances.

Coffee may be taken as the type of these substances, for its essential qualities are so well defined that one critic has claimed the ability to trace throughout the works of Voltaire those portions which came from coffee inspiration. Balzac also is known to have been devoted to this stimulant and frequently used it for fifteen or twenty consecutive hours of toil. Moreover, its harmonizing effect is by no means restricted to the solitary. Friends celebrate their happiness and enemies compose their differences under its genial influence, while whole communities have been systemized in the banquet hall or the coffee-house.

Tea acts similarly and suggests De Quincey, who drank it from eight o'clock at night till four in the morning when engaged in his literary work. He called it "the beverage of the intellectual." Dr. Johnson also produced his dictionary with the support supplied by its excessive use. The knowledge of its power is not new, for a learned Chinese philosopher declared over a thousand years ago that "tea tempers the spirits, harmonizes the mind, dispels lassitude and relieves fatigue." Similar praises sung by the votaries of tea and coffee are not exceeded by the hymns to the saints among the old religionists.

Tobacco is another of the milder aids whose use is well-nigh universal. Maeterlinck is a recent and conspicuous example of the literary man who confesses that for years he was unable

to write his best without smoking. He indulged himself with increasing amounts until he found that, instead of rousing the brain to activity as before, the enormous dosage was acting as a depressant, so he replaced it with a de-nicotinized leaf that satisfied in a measure the irresistible mechanical craving.

The choice of a systemizer is largely a question of taste. Balzac, content with his coffee, spoke of tobacco with horror, and Victor Hugo rejected it from a conviction that smoking converted thought into reverie.

In many instances, however, the trifling assistance afforded by these toxins is insufficient or they lose their effect in time, even when used in enormous quantities, and then stronger agents are required.

De Quincey for many years cemented his personality with opium, which he preferred to wine. He says: "Opium introduces among the faculties the most exquisite order, legislation and harmony, sustains and reinforces the self-possession and communicates serenity and equipoise." Again he states: "If in early days I had understood the subtle powers of opium to tranquillize all irritations of the nervous system, to stimulate the capacities for enjoyment, and to sustain for twenty-four consecutive hours the else drooping animal energies—most certainly knowing or suspecting this I should have inaugurated my opium career in the character of one seeking extra power and enjoyment rather than one shrinking from extra torment."

Coleridge and many others whose histories may or may not be known relied on opium, while still others have resorted to more insidious or intensive poisons like strychnine, arsenic, cocaine, chloral or hashish. De Maupassant relates that every line of *Pierre et Jean* was written under the influence of ether intoxication. It is probable, however, that the greater number of brain workers have organized their personalities like Poe, Burns, de Musset and Glück on some form of alcohol.

The action of this drug on the nervous system resembles physiologically that of the rest of the group. The effect is best described by James, who says: "The sway of alcohol over mankind is unquestionably due to its power to stimulate the mystical faculties of human nature, usually crushed to earth by cold facts

and dry criticism of the sober hour. Sobriety diminishes, discriminates and says *no*; drunkenness expands and says *yes*. It is, in fact, the great *yes* function in man. It brings its votary from the chill periphery of things to the radiant core. It makes him for the moment one with truth. Not through mere perversity do men run after it. To the poor and unlettered it stands in the place of symphony concerts and literature; and it is part of the deeper mystery and tragedy of life that whiffs and gleams of something that we immediately recognize as excellent should be vouchsafed to many of us only in the fleeting earlier phases of what in its totality is so degrading a poisoning."

In *The Right of Way* also we may recall Charley Steele, cold and cynical, where he soliloquizes after his wonderful speech: "What a discovery I have made! I was dull, blank, all iron and ice; the judge, the jury, the public, even Kathleen against me; and then that bottle there—and I saw things like crystal, I had a glow in my brain, I had a tinge in my fingers; and I had success." Thus he rose above his environment, he secured control of his personality and all the stiff, inactive, inhibited faculties fell into harmonious relation and began to work.

II

Hitherto we have limited our inquiry to one point, the natural or artificial systemization of the personality as a means of promoting intellectual effort; and to the writer no proposition could be more evidently true, for this is the state wherein the masterpieces of the world have been executed. That this condition can be and is produced by certain toxins I think would be admitted by the most sceptical reader. It remains then to correlate these findings with our theory. First, however, let us pursue our examination a little further and discover, if possible, a physical source for the toxins and make the connection quite clear before we reach the application.

It is well established that toxins are formed in the body as a product of tissue change and under ordinary conditions they are excreted or absorbed without attracting much attention. Whether toxins are potential food stuffs, or reagents simply,

cannot be stated, but that they are powerful factors in the bodily welfare is not to be denied. For instance, we may mention carbon dioxide as not merely a poison, but one that is really essential to life.

If one should inquire why you breathe, you would probably make the obvious but incorrect reply that the body needs oxygen. Oxygen indeed is necessary, but however great the necessity it would never be satisfied if the chemical processes of the body did not elaborate an excess of carbon dioxide. This toxin circulates in the blood, stimulates the respiratory centre and compels respiration, with the result that oxygen is taken in.

Getting one's "second wind" is another remarkable transformation through toxemia. "In this surprising phenomenon," says James, "the fatigue gets worse up to a certain point, when gradually or suddenly it passes away and one is fresher than before. We have evidently tapped a level of new energy masked until then by the fatigue obstacle usually obeyed. A third or fourth wind may supervene." It is an interesting physiological fact that among paired organs one functionates better than its twin, and therefore assumes the leadership and does a larger share of the work. This is as true of the cerebral hemispheres as of the ears and kidneys, while the so-called "master eye" is a familiar example that has long been recognized. The explanation of "second wind" still further illustrates the physiologic advantages of toxins.

From tissue activity the various waste products in the form of toxins are squeezed out of the cells into the intercellular spaces and are taken up by the circulation. The quantity increases until the system is saturated and fatigue ensues. With a continuance of exertion the toxins accumulate until they set in action a new process whereby an anti-toxin is formed. The fatigue toxin is neutralized, the balance restored and the functioning tissue, indeed the entire organism, is lifted to that higher level of performance commonly called the "second wind," while in the case of pairs the associated organ is brought into powerful and harmonious activity with its fellow. Physical systemization has been effected. Although not entirely germane, it may not be uninteresting to mention that natural sleep is nothing

more than a stuporous form of unconsciousness resulting from an accumulation of toxins. It is immaterial whether toxins develop from ordinary tissue change like fatigue or from over-eating, from under-excretion or over-production.

An entirely different class of toxemias results from germ invasions. In these cases, however, the product is a foreign body, and when taken up by the circulation it must be and is oxidized or burnt in an intricate chemical process accompanied by a liberation of heat which is called fever.

None of the phenomena hitherto reviewed is pathological, and none is necessarily attended by fever unless exhaustion supervenes. Even in disease the elaboration of toxins may or may not be followed by a rise of temperature, since this depends upon the character of the toxin as well as the ability of the body to dispose of it. In certain cases the physiologic effect of a toxin may be quite easily observed or predicted. Such a substance, more or less diluted with blood, flows over the sensitive cerebral surfaces; the rapidity of the associative functions is slightly increased, the person feels extremely well and his conversation is coherent and brilliant. If the stimulation is pushed up to the point of systemic supersaturation, then coma, delirium or some intense and uncontrollable excitement may ensue in which the ideas tumble over one another in rapid confusion. There are authentic instances of coherent poetic composition during delirium; but usually when stimulation is carried to excess, wreckage of the machine will follow. The disorder generally presents one of the forms of insanity of which the psychosis of exhaustion is the type. It is not difficult, therefore, to see that the two varieties of delirium described by Plato may differ only in degree and in the amount of toxin thrown out or absorbed.

To carry the argument to its logical end would lead us into the enticing realms of ecstasy, possession, pythonism and other forms of divination that are closely related to the fixed idea. Here also would belong that spirit of prophecy so frequently present just before death, as in Shakespeare's *Henry VI*, when the intellect is cleared of all distortions and the systemization is untrammelled by a consciousness of external objects. This investigation is beyond the bounds of our inquiry, so we must re-

turn to the question of disease, where the toxic relationship is more apparent. Let us now consider the clinical evidence.

III

Among the non-febrile affections that are under suspicion as stimulants to intellectual activity may be mentioned asthma, which is represented in literature by Macaulay, and in statesmanship by William III. In confirmation, however, we can present no data except the numerous cases that might be quoted.

In this category also is gout, which takes its origin not from micro-organisms, but from disturbances of the bodily metabolism, and is characterized by fever only at the crises. It is fallacious, but interesting, to find that, while this disease formed barely one per cent. of the chronic medical disorders of the past, over five per cent. of its victims were literary workers. The effect observed is similar, as we shall see, to that found in bacterial diseases, but the method of operation is quite different. In place of the optimism and feverish intensity, there is a massive, patient energy; without haste, to be sure, but also without rest.

One writer goes so far as to compare these classes with presumptively normal individuals and asserts that those afflicted with gout, judged by their books, are superior in imagination, style and intellectual power to any equal number of healthy workers who can be chosen. Without attempting to substantiate this predication, the evidence shows that Gibbon was urged onward by a stately but irrepressible momentum for which his literary occupation afforded only a partial outlet.

Bulwer Lytton's irritability and melancholy were widely known, and so, too, was his desperate devotion to work and tobacco. Gibbon and Lytton were great sufferers from gout and thoroughly exemplify the class which included Landor, Campbell, Milton, Steele, Sydney Smith, Dryden, Fielding, De Foe and many others in literature; Rubens and Claude Lorraine among the painters; actors like Charles Kean, and statesmen like the Pitts.

These unhappy owners of creative brains were the victims

of their organizations. They were compelled to work by the toxins they elaborated, and it is not too much to say that the periods of active production probably stood in close relation to the ebb and flow of the toxic tide. Just as the mental state of the diabetic is active and clear in inverse proportion to the amount of sugar secreted, or as the chills and fever of the malarial patient correspond to the successive generations of the malarial organism, so the fluctuations of the artistic temperament may easily correspond to the variations in quantity of an energetic, if unknown, toxin. In these highly sensitized beings every degree of change is temperamentally well marked and varies from gloomy self-reproach and transient melancholia to the exaltation of a conscious inspiration. So, too, when the poison of gout is in the blood the mind is overclouded; when it focusses in the joint the mind is clear and vigorous.

A gouty patient told Wigan (Nisbet) that at times another person seemed to be thinking with his brains and telling him things he knew to be false, and that he had great difficulty in restraining himself from uttering these unworthy sentiments as his own. He got continually worse, until suddenly the gout precipitated in his toe, his brain freed itself from the delusions and his reasoning became extraordinarily acute.

In the non-febrile class must be mentioned the experience of Parkman, since it is pertinent to the general subject, although the nature of his affliction apparently was not determined. His biographer, Farnham, says that his difficulty was not in arousing but in restraining his faculties. His most intimate literary companion, Dr. Ellis, wrote that his maladies intensified his impulses to exertion and mental application, while they limited the hours he could wisely give to reading and writing.

Heine's case was similar. William Sharp says that: "In 1846 the mysterious pains had greatly increased and it had become evident that something more terrible than paralysis had taken possession of the enfeebled frame. But as the body died the mind more gloriously effloresced, like the fantastic flower of Borneo, which displays its richest blooms as the stem rots to the root. New ideas, fresh impulses, creative instincts arose within him; his mental horizon widened, the atmosphere became

rarefied, the perspective more alluring and vast. Yet it was during the last three years of suffering that the genius of the poet reached the climacteric. It was then he produced that wonderful series of poems collectively entitled *Romancero*. Here every phase of Heine's genius is visible; here he is sombre, imaginative, tender, graceful, ironical, exquisitely delicate and grossly cynical, and here moreover the variety and extent of his metrical skill must astonish and delight the critic." During the same period he produced a libretto entitled *Der Doktor Faust*, a prose phantasy called *The Gods in Exile*, *The Confessions*, *The Last Poems*, *The Atta Troll* and *Vermischen Schriften*.

In considering toxemia as a stimulant we must remember that cerebral congestion alone is an excitant to cerebral activity and some writers have resorted to mechanical aids to obtain this favorable condition. Schiller with his feet in ice water and Shelley extended on the floor with his head close to an open fire are convenient examples. It is, of course, impossible to say how much of the effect is due to congestion from fever and how much to the toxin that gives rise to the fever.

It was known to the ancients that a slight fever stimulated cerebration, or as one author says: "Febris modica, idearum fecunditatem et eloquium dat." This opinion was confirmed by Albrecht Haller, the eighteenth century physiologist and poet, who observed several times how much more freely his verse flowed when he was feverish.

Other factors undoubtedly influence the result, for individuals react differently to the same or different toxins, and it is probable that no two diseases or individuals evolve toxins in the same quantity or potency.

IV

It is among the febrile affections that the stimulating qualities of toxins are most clearly exhibited. Pulmonary tuberculosis may be selected as the type. This disease is offered in support of the thesis not alone on account of its bacterial origin and the peculiar suitability of its toxins, but because its frequency and chronicity provide ample opportunities for study.

The general appearance of the individual is quite characteristic. The centres of life are all in an exalted state, the eyes shine with a brilliant but unnatural lustre, and the cheeks burn with the typical hectic flush. The mind acts with clearness and force—with that quick sympathetic responsiveness which makes the carrier of this disease so entertaining and companionable. The world looks as bright and the prospect of recovery as certain to these optimists as Heaven to the religious enthusiast. The nervous system is keyed up, the blood pressure high, the sexual centres are strongly stimulated and all the tottering functions of the body are driven relentlessly forward.

In exemplification of these effects extracts from the letters and biography of J. Addington Symonds may be presented. These interesting observations on his physical condition and emotional states begin in 1869 and last for seventeen years. Only a few of them need to be quoted, prefaced by some external evidence. A pupil of Symonds says: "We had before us the example of a man continually struggling with ill health, grievously handicapped in the career of life, yet never complaining, but rather rejoicing and dedicating himself heart and soul, mind and body to the achievement of the work." This one sentence describes perfectly the impression which such a patient usually produces among his associates. What a picture of Stevenson!

Symonds himself says: "At present I am plagued by a constant desire to use my brains for work, to store up knowledge for future use." In 1870, shortly before his own death, Dr. Symonds said to his son: "You have just enough nervous strength for the common requirements of life. You cannot draw upon the fund of energy without peril to your health." "In fact," says the son, "he had resigned all expectation of my making a mark in the world, for I had now reached my 31st year. Yet what I still contained of slumbering force was now on the point of bursting into sudden activity." Again in 1874 he says: "These chest colds do not agree with sober work, but they do not exactly disagree with some sorts of irregular intellectual activity—so I have been in a blaze of poetry of late, reading and writing." When we consider that what a tubercular patient

calls a "cold" is in reality an exacerbation of his disease, the statement is significant.

Then in 1876 he speaks of the amount of work accomplished and the conditions as follows: "The summer was spent in hard work upon the third volume of *The Renaissance*. My physical vigor considerably abated. I took severe colds, which left me exhausted. . . . We went to Riederlap, and there, in the midst of damp fogs that crept into our rooms through the chinks in the log-built walls, *The Renaissance* advanced rapidly—at a feverish speed which told of diminishing energy. My father's dying prediction had been fulfilled. The tax upon my nervous strength during four years of intense and feverish industry exhausted my constitution."

The next year he observes: "Chronic fever was upon me and I had the recklessness of the disease—the curious fretful energy of one tormented by a persistent drain on his vitality." A little later, while recovering from a dangerous hæmorrhage and arranging his affairs for the end which he thought was impending, he remarks: "For the rest I exercised my literary faculty in such light work as I could do—translating the sonnets of Michael Angelo and Tommaso Campanella. Never have I felt happier in the soul than during the weeks when my life was hanging by a thread and when the sensuous faculties remained in abeyance—the real man, the self that is immortal, being left open only to intellectual influences."

Three years afterwards he adds the following testimony: "I think an exaggerated report of my illness has got abroad. On the whole the doctor believes my lung better than it was last spring, but I have had six weeks of very bad health. In the last eight months I have written two volumes of *The Renaissance in Italy* (except three chapters). I have prepared the American edition of my studies of the Greek poets and all my Italian sketches. To the new English edition of *The Age of Despots* I have added one hundred pages, as well as a great amount of minute alterations. So you see my hands are full. If I did not work with almost abnormal facility I should not have got through with the mere grind. But I am afraid that this facility

does not mean less but more rapid and instinctive cerebration than in the case of slower workers."

In 1882 he writes from Davos to H. F. Brown a little summary of his condition in which this occurs: "If I am doomed to decline now I can at least say that in the five years since I came here dying I have had a very wonderful Indian summer of experience. The colors of life have been even richer, my personal emotions even more glowing, my perception of intellectual points more vivid, my power over style more masterly than when I was comparatively vigorous. It seems a phase of my disease that I should grow in youth and spiritual intensity inversely to my physical decay. It is almost pain to grasp the loveliness of the world with so much intensity when the body is so dragging."

During the year 1886, five years before his death from tuberculosis, he completed Volumes VI and VII of *The Renaissance in Italy*, wrote a biography of Sidney for the *English Men of Letters*, a *Life of Ben Jonson* for the series of *English Worthies*, prepared a volume of selections from Johnson, an edition of Sir Thomas Brown, an article on Tasso for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and began and finished the translation of Cellini.

Without offering it as an apology, Symonds mentions that during the latter part of this time he was troubled by an inflammation of the eyes which prohibited their use and made his work on the Cellini extremely difficult. In concluding the extracts, it is proper to add that during the period to which these references apply two of his four children were born. Symonds' letters most happily support our argument, because his habit of introspection supplied him, and therefore us, with much personal psychology and many subjective reactions that others either have not discovered or have not published. Novalis, Keats, Sterne, the Brontë sisters, and especially Sidney Lanier and R. L. Stevenson, would furnish many contributory facts if space permitted.

Two or three striking testimonials from Stevenson, however, must be included. For instance, while prostrated by a pulmonary hæmorrhage he wrote out in three days the first drafts of *Jekyll and Hyde*. During this period his toxic stimulation was so great and his mental systemization so complete that he neglected

for hours at a time to remove the thermometer that had been placed in his mouth. To this should be added his wife's observation from Hyères. She says: "After a terrible hæmorrhage he fell a victim to sciatica and was temporarily blind from ophthalmia. All light was excluded on account of his eyes and his right arm was bandaged to his side on account of the hæmorrhage. To circumvent fate he had a large board covered with paper laid across his bed and on this or on a large slate he wrote out, with his left hand, most of the poems in the *Child's Garden of Verses*."

The positive value of these citations is emphasized by evidence from Vailima that is highly important, since it exhibits the mental conditions prevailing in the absence of the stimulation upon which he had learned to depend. Under the influence of a favorable climate and life out of doors Stevenson's lungs improved greatly and "his bodily health and vigor," as Colvin says, "kept at a higher level than during the previous year." The tubercular process was apparently arrested. What was the result? Necessarily the quantity of toxins thrown out was diminished, or at least did not exceed the dosage to which he was accustomed and he keenly felt the deprivation. Colvin says that during this year (1894) Stevenson found himself unfit for serious imaginative writing, and the consciousness of the loss caused him many misgivings. On January first Stevenson wrote Charles Baxter about this new and, to him, distressing development in the following words: "I am come to a dead stop. I never can remember how bad I have been before, but at any rate I am bad enough just now, I mean as to literature; in health I am well and strong. I take it I shall be six months before I shall be heard of again." Unhappily his death from apoplexy eleven months later interfered with the further development of our theory, but the writer does not doubt that a subsequent exacerbation of the tubercular infection would have been accompanied by a period of unusual literary activity.

Even in childhood Stevenson was peculiarly liable to dream during sleep. This phenomenon which, like Symonds, Hearn and other "sensitives," he possessed in an exaggerated form, is now recognized as a frequent expression of toxemia. Is it

illogical, then, to assert that the exuberant fancies which throng such easily systemized brains during waking hours are largely toxic in origin?

In addition to the suggestive symptoms hitherto mentioned, Symonds frankly confesses that he was compelled to labor unremittingly except when complete exhaustion supervened. Whether this exhaustion signified a toxic supersaturation or one of the lethargies that the disease sometimes exhibits cannot be stated, but on such occasions he secured the only respite possible this side of death. The restless intellect conceived new schemes with unceasing profusion and the result in regard to time expended is a literary output of exceptional quantity. The quality, too, was greatly improved since it represented the best the brain could be incited to produce—it was the very essence, subtly refined, of all that high courage, vivacity and spirit intense and rare.

Among the members of this extensive class we may mention as types the actress Rachel, the artist Albrecht Dürer, and Chopin, the musician.

V

Other forms of microbic disease with or without suppuration and other toxic fevers may produce similar conditions. In these as well as in non-bacterial disturbances the effect is not infrequently associated with depression of the feelings rather than exaltation. This variation in no way controverts the theory, but rather conforms to the recognized course of what may be termed inspirational composition. It would appear that the results of functional performance, especially in artistic fields, are definitely tinged by the optimism or pessimism that characterizes the action of the toxin.

In mild intoxication, using the word in its proper sense, the fancy may be floridly stimulated or a somewhat different quantity or variety of toxin reveals its physiologic effect in a true, poetic melancholy, while if the coefficient be still further increased the individual will exhibit the subjective and objective signs of disease.

Unfortunately the identity of the toxins is entirely unknown, and yet from a literary standpoint it must be important, since many toxins produce a sense of exhaustion. In this connection an illuminating comparison can be made between the stimulating toxins of tuberculosis and the stupefactive intoxications of an ordinary tonsillitis.

Experiments on cerebral tissue with different poisons and stimuli show that when the sensory centres are predominantly irritated the result is visions, dreams and non-productive reveries that may end in stupor, while the excitation of the motor centres produces a fussy, bustling, purposeless activity. If, however, both respond equally, then coherent effort is initiated, which may find expression in art, literature, philosophy or generalship.

It is hardly necessary, except for emphasis, to call attention again to the salient points in these cases. The mental irritability, the insatiable desire to functionate, the immense amount of work accomplished, the ease and pleasure in its performance and the inevitable unhappiness when the mind reacts from the systemized high pressure—these are significant symptoms of toxemia, whether arising from within or without, from emotion or drugs, from food-stuffs or disease.

It may be urged against the thesis that the examples selected were chosen cunningly, but it is hardly possible on the contrary to choose subjects who are not addicted to artificial systemization in some form or degree. The coincidence of certain diseases with intellectual and artistic achievement is too frequent to be accidental and too potential to be without significance.

It may be urged, too, that the use of drugs for this purpose or the presence of disease is by no means limited to the artistic class, and yet the number of artists is not thereby increased. Many have achieved eminence in the arts without a demonstrable pathology, but it is possible that a larger success might have come earlier, although not so pleasantly, if the normal functions had been intensified by a toxemia. In the case of Wordsworth it is not wholly inconceivable that a stimulating toxin or an addiction to alcohol might not have caused an uprush from the subliminal consciousness that would have added the vital spark to much that seems prosaic and uninspired.

We delight in the picture of a man fighting gallantly against desperate odds, and is it not comforting to believe that out of that fierce *mêlée* the work of his life may emerge chastened and elevated, a work stronger and clearer in text, a message enhanced and supremely refined?

We are not prepared at present to insist that toxins are essential to achievement, nor that an obscure toxin will convert mediocrity into genius, but rather to suggest that the presence of such a substance in the circulation may, and does in many instances, accelerate and intensify the expression of existent intellectual tendencies. It is proposed that the artistic unit has not attained his eminence in spite of a serious toxemia, but possibly on account of it.

In estimating the importance of the tubercular toxin we must remember that this disease is rarely found alone and unmixed with other infections. This would suggest the possibility that other agents might be, if not leading, at least accessory factors in the result. It happens, however, that the tubercular toxin has been isolated and is employed daily in the management of tuberculosis. Its physiologic action has been repeatedly observed and its stimulating property is incontestable.

In conclusion we must acknowledge that many of us feel deep regret for our favorite author when he has been swept by a ruthless malady into an untimely grave. We lament the loss of those possibly productive years, and yet while de Musset lived to the age of forty-seven, he produced nothing of consequence after the age of thirty, despite every kind of stimulation. Is it not plausible that other authors may have completed their careers, or nearly so, at the time of death? May not the sum of literary activity be practically the same as if the author lived longer, except that it was crowded into a briefer time?

Besides the sense of personal deprivation, is there not some ground for satisfaction? Instead of mourning the loss of what might have been, may we not rather congratulate ourselves and the author that under the stimulating influence of a chronic and ultimately fatal disease he has accomplished a work probably larger in quantity and certainly better in quality than under the leisurely conditions of health if he had outlived his expectancy?

AMIEL

VAN WYCK BROOKS

AMIEL was a true child of Geneva, and he had in him the inheritance of those three greatest of Genevese, Calvin, Rousseau, and Madame de Stäel. Like them he was Teutonic in soul, French in everything but soul. It was this racial conflict, peculiarly Genevese, which in him reached its tragical climax.

The Teutonic element appears in Calvin as an immense, brooding, fatalistic sense of destiny and sin; in Rousseau as an all-dissolving sentimentality; in Madame de Stäel as a type of Hegelian pantheism, half-sibylline. These are qualities of the inner disposition; they proclaim fundamental origins which the French tongue and tradition have only succeeded in rendering paradoxical. And accordingly we see in Calvin the clear and skilful dialectician, in Rousseau and Madame de Stäel the social and political reformer. All these qualities meet in Amiel, but without an external cause, without an object of devotion. In him the French and German influences sterilize one another. His whole existence is a state of mind, too lacking in passion, in development, in one-sidedness to result in any *fait accompli*. Nowhere shall we find a more tangible illustration of the familiar conflict between the soul and its embodiment,—for in him the conflict is biological and springs from a fatal mixture of blood.

II

After passing through every phase of culture, after generating in himself by an almost universal sympathy the mood of the poet, the priest, the martyr, the invalid, the savant, the courtier, the soufi, the little child, the virtuoso, the mother—he remains through all and to the end, intellectually and spiritually, the orthodox Calvinistic Protestant. Everything reduces itself, he says, to the question of sin. That is what baffles his French critics, who expect a man of his intellectual experience to stand

out finally with a positive rather than a negative doctrine. Well, clearly as we may and must more and more come to see the truth of Calvinism as an explanation of how things actually are in this world of election or damnation by heredity,—as a kind of *sociological programme*, that is,—on the spiritual plane it springs from an unfruitful egoism: the personal despair of a personal salvation, which presupposes an unnatural friction between the laws of human life and the laws of the universe. Surely no conception was ever so perfectly adapted to be the philosophy of men of action. All great men of action have been fatalists. Fatalism has provided them with so much the more grist for opposition, for conquest, for a dramatic purgation on the human stage. Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon would not have risen to such magnificent heights if they had conceived their struggle to be with a mere world of men. Humanity alone, to them so contemptible, could never have produced in them such a grand fury. They felt themselves battling with the elements, they concentrated in the single-handed struggle of an individual against a species all the mad aspiration of nature to outdo itself, to suppress the weak, and then to suppress the strong, and the stronger, and the strongest. They felt themselves battling with destiny. But what is the spiritual mood of these supermen of action? Contempt for others, ennui in themselves. Napoleon was full of it. Cromwell was full of it,—Cromwell most of all, because with him it represented a reasoned programme, illustrated a philosophy, that of Calvin. But in the world of art and religion this philosophy and all its children fail. Because art and religion spring, not from opposition, but from acceptance,—they represent the delight of the spirit in free contact with the infinite.

For that reason Amiel's pursuit of the ideal, of the perfect universal freedom had something pathological about it. It was the Calvinistic negation, raised from the social to the spiritual plane, which prevented him from seeing that certain of the simplest and most elemental functions of life are in themselves ideal, free because they spring from a glad acceptance of the laws of nature. Amiel felt that not only the expressions of being were limited, but being itself, because he conceived by hereditary instinct that some worm was at the core of things,

that the ideal itself was tainted. Who does not know how the Puritan mind, even when most emancipated by study, by sympathy, by divination, by the purest and most spontaneous delight in things, can return to itself with a kind of cantankerous obstinacy! And Amiel was sufficiently a poet to take his color, not from reason or from experience, but from the instinctive life of the heart which makes every poet the spokesman of an inherited mood.

Whether as a man, a poet, or a philosopher, Amiel was incomplete. One thing he chose wisely—solitude: his relations with the outside world were purely conventional, no task upon his energy. The solitude of Amiel had all the beauty of the truly contemplative life, a *feeding* solitude, active and responsive, where the world of nature and man were all the more imminent and suggestive, a solitude accessible to a thousand objects of intimate study, in which a special nature collects and matures its forces in the most abundant harmony with its own laws. But even then, after giving up the world, how much a man has to give up! What are the laws of any nature? Alas! they are ill-defined and everyone has in him the beginnings of almost every type. And having given up the world, Amiel was unable to give up anything else. If great works, whether of intellect or character, spring from the passionate, single-minded cultivation of one grand, preponderant aim, if they are fed with emotion and have in them the ripeness and richness of a whole rounded and devoted nature, there has to be something monumental about the life they spring from, a gradual building and piling of one stone upon another, a proportion, a subordination. There has to be a point where one's division of interests, the scattering tendency of life, is brought up sharply by something inflexible, narrow, concrete. How few natures can, like Goethe's, build on many foundations and link them all together in a gigantic whole! How much intensity, how much character, what happy auspices, are necessary in this free, this unresisting universe, for the production of one small, worthy work! For Amiel, who believed he possessed the power to widen his ego until it became identical with the universe, who believed that he could identify himself with any fragment of the objective world

—for Amiel, in reality, only the ego and the subjective existed. For him those numberless unfulfilled existences that make up the poet's life clamored for actual embodiment. Unable to live disinterestedly as poets live in the lives of their creations, he desired, like Faust, to possess flesh and blood reality in a hundred different forms. Totally unable to submerge himself in conceptions, he sat like a spider in a kind of cosmic web spun from his own body, unable to find himself because he could not lose himself. He illustrates better than any other Hegel's description of the position of the artist in the modern world:

“The whole spiritual culture of the times is so embracing that he stands within this reflecting world and its relations, and cannot by any act or resolution withdraw from it.”

How simple, how natural, how childlike beside this is the poet's gift, the poet's function! Simple, natural, childlike because it springs from a freedom that shares the life of men only and to the same degree as it shares the universal life, gathering not reflections, but emotional intensity. Burns describes it in—

“The simple bard, rough at the rustic plough;
Learning his tuneful trade from every bough.”

And I know nothing more suggestive of it than Bede's description of the poet Cædmon, listening day after day to the reading of the Scriptures, and how, “ruminating over them like a pure animal, he turned them into most sweet verse.”

III

But Calvinism was not the only paralyzing element. A second equally severe was his French tongue and his affiliations and to him unfortunate sympathies with the French.

During those long, gray, solitary years in Geneva the memory of his brilliant youth stood up, the student years in Germany, full of intellectual passion, the excitement of ideas, the thrill of an opening genius. They were the years during which a healthy talent, in any case, would have given itself over to acquisition. To him they represented—as no subsequent period could repre-

sent—an entire going-out from self. In Hegel, Schelling and the whole intuitive philosophy he saw a kind of refuge, too soon lost. He was born for that *milieu*, he recognized in it, then by enthusiasm and afterward through regret, the opportunity of a healthy growth, a healthy production.

Born without question for philosophy of a special kind, he suddenly found himself bound to justify this tendency before his French public and his French friends. Read the judgments passed upon him by the latter, and by the aged Matthew Arnold, and you will see them all unite upon one point—that he should have made of himself a literary critic. Amiel knew that his true work was more fundamental, more synthetic than this. He felt, vaguely stirring within, a profound attitude toward life. He could not give himself to the creation of essays, the study of single works, single characters. To him the critic's function of appraisal appeared both fragmentary and presumptuous,—the literary formula too local, too limited, however illusive might be the universal formula of which he had fluctuating glimpses. No, much as he admired the French criticism, his heart was in philosophy. Cut off by language and environment from the immense reaches of German thought, he attempted a self-development in harmony with the French tradition.

He had before him the example of Renan. And of Renan I can fancy him saying: Is that the best France can do in philosophy?—a man of immense learning, derived from Germany, who believes nothing in order that he may never be found in the wrong, who desires nothing but intellectual safety? If only Amiel himself had never felt the need of intellectual safety! If he could have trusted himself to be German, to be foolhardy to his heart's content! If only he had not tried to justify himself before the French! Of Renan he says:

“Renan has a keen love for science, but he has a still keener love for good writing . . . and on this point I am very much with him, for a beautiful piece of writing is beautiful by virtue of a kind of truth which is truer than any mere record of authentic facts.” That is a sufficiently fair and reasonable judgment for a literary artist, a critic, an essayist. But considering its implications in the case of Amiel, it seems to me a quibble, a

piece of self-trickery. For is he prepared to follow Renan when the latter consistently preserves the same tone in the region of spiritual truth? Is he prepared to say, as Renan would have said, that beautiful writing here too is beautiful by virtue of a kind of truth which is truer than any mere record of authentic *sentiments*? I think he would have said, at this point, that truth does not require so many words to describe it.

Disillusion with Amiel does not, in fact, reach its logical extreme: style in this writer does not become the dominant note. That is because, in the presence of spiritual truth, human nature, the instinct toward happiness, his preoccupation ceases to be a purely intellectual one—at heart he is a poet. Human nature has, in short, its defence against the disillusioned intelligence which perceives everywhere futility, emptiness, and vain pretension. Writers like Renan, and more especially Anatole France, who have reached the final sophistication, sterilize all purely intellectual opposition and reply. But it can still be said of them, as Pascal said: “They have not risen from the order of thought to the order of charity.” And Amiel says of himself:

“Deep within this ironical and disappointed being of mine there is a child hidden,—a frank, sad, simple creature, who believes in the ideal, in love, in holiness and all the angelic superstitions.”

What is the distinction in tone? Like Renan, like Anatole France, Amiel says that he “contemplates the finite from the angle of the infinite.” Yet he does so without a touch of levity. The individual soul still has its weight, still asserts in the face of the universe that nothing is greater than a conscious atom.

IV

Amiel speaks continually of the illusion of his life. He says that men pursue illusion rather than truth, and he adds:

“A little blindness is necessary if life is to be carried on, and illusion is the universal spring of movement. Complete disillusion would mean absolute immobility. He who has deciphered the secret and read the riddle of finite life escapes from the

great wheel of existence; he has left the world of the living—he is already dead. . . . What saves us from the sorceries of Maia is conscience. . . . In these Brahmanic aspirations what becomes of the subordination of the individual to duty? Pleasure may lie in ceasing to be individual, but duty lies in performing the microscopic tasks allotted to us.”

It was this idea of duty which provided Amiel with an excuse for cheating his destiny, which kept him to his microscopic tasks, gave over this poet, born for sublime works, to the intricate and trifling virtuositities of translation. If the profession of teaching had been his true rôle, capable of involving his true energies, we should not have cause to regret that duty ruled the grand as well as the small issues of his life. Only in his last few weeks did Amiel rise above the compunction-philosophy, and only then, too late! was he prepared to accept illusion and to live, not in the universal reality, but in ideas and in affections.

If, too late for poetry, he had still released himself from the negative idea of duty in time to survive the release, it seems that he would have given himself over wholly to contemplation. He would have passed beyond the incessant compromise with literature and literary expression—which he always regarded as a weakness, having radically unfitted himself for it—and would have discovered in a state of entire passiveness, of entire silence, something like completeness. Who could have regretted this? We should have lost the *Journal*, it is true, and Amiel would probably never have existed for us. But it seems to me that, in considering books and men, there is always one great lesson a generous criticism wishes to derive: how far do they enlarge our conception of human destiny, how far do they increase the human scale, add to the number of ways in which personality can achieve itself? Criticism and history, have, like tragedy, their *katharsis*. They present, the one as regards individuals, the other as regards the race, the purgation of human life from its alloy, its obstructions. In history we see the whole species rising *en masse* from nature, asserting itself, winnowing itself, moulding itself ever more and more closely to the scheme of its own special aspirations. Criticism does the same *à propos* of special men, special works. Looking toward a final assimilation

of all the perfections it watches for each individual perfection.

Why is it so immensely satisfactory that such men as Plato, or Dante, or Goethe have lived? Because in their complete self-realization they are, so to speak, an earnest of the human faculty. Nevertheless they do not comprise the whole gallery, so full of unfinished pictures. They show us that the complete is possible—that is all. And just so far as any personality tends toward this completeness the range and the ideal of life are broadened. Life, we feel, ought to be of such a character that every personality can be free to realize itself. And it is only by the study of personality that we can understand the obstructions that exist in the world and the methods of removing them. The records of incomplete personalities are thus, in a sense, valuable—they are valuable as precepts. But more valuable than precepts are examples, and only the complete life is a true example. Literary expression is only one of the hundred ways by which personality projects itself beyond finite conditions and completes itself, so to speak, in the space that surrounds things. It lays the infinite under contribution, makes it complementary to the finite and gives personality the shadowy completeness through imagination which it would lack in subjective reality. The soul completes itself in many ways, but always through some such union of itself with the infinite. Just as Dante and Goethe are complete through poetry, so the seer is complete through contemplation. In both cases the infinite, as it were, comes to meet the finite, joins issue with it, and erases its limitations. That is why, in the case of Amiel, we resent the obstruction, the double obstruction,—a creed that prevented him from becoming a poet, a race that prevented him from becoming a seer.

M

If—since everyone has chosen to use this word in relation to Amiel—if he had remained in Germany! He was not, as I think, one of those diffusive souls requiring limitation, who could have been, so to speak, trimmed into shape by the French atmosphere. He was, on the contrary, one of those diffusive souls who require only that their diffusiveness may be complete and

may be justified. I see him, in later years, walking, as he often walked, in holiday tours, along the misty beaches of the North Sea, under the gray sky, listening to the slow lapping of the waves. It is an exile walking there! a drifting fragment of the Germanic soul dragged back year after year into the chattering Latin world. Yes, I do not doubt that if he had remained in Germany he would have found salvation after the manner of the Germans. That essentially fluid mind of his would have found a way, in the German tongue, to crystallize itself. Perhaps he would have produced a synthetic philosophy, based upon intuition,—in other words, the philosophy of a poet.

THE FORUM

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THE UNPRAGMATIC TRUTH

THOMAS PERCIVAL BEYER

THREE hundred years ago Lord Bacon wrote a popular little essay on TRUTH, with no restrictions. Since then few human creatures, excepting the high-school orator and the academic philosopher, have shown the hardihood to approach the subject directly. But, unfortunately, these two prophets are equally abstruse. When the valedictorian gets old enough to interpret his meaning simply to simple people, he has forgotten about Truth, or lost interest; and by the time Smiglicius has been dead long enough to be understood by his disciples, Truth has changed her attire and his identification will not fit.

Aside from these transcendental expeditions some few human documents do skirt timidly the borders of Truth. Stray drippings came out of the straw Oliver Wendell Holmes got into the bung-hole of the Universe; Mark Twain juggled more or less seriously with the question, "Is a lie ever justifiable?"; Zola wrote an essay with some skeleton characters, on the problem of Church and State in France, and called it *La Vérité*; Augustine Birrell in some pococurantie remarks on *Truth-Hunting* appears to imply that, because certain "good" souls like Cardinal Newman missed Truth in their search for her, therefore the search is always unavailing, and the anxious Truth-Seekers are the most obtuse in moral discriminations; while other recent writers, especially the Pragmatists, perform various and intricate acts of prestidigitation with the matter.

Even these gentlemen approach the subject delicately with very long tongs. Now Truth is the one thing above all others

that should not be dealt with conventionally or on ceremony. Yet to it we bow with greatest unction and say the most pretty nothings to and of. For instance, we rejoice: "Truth is mighty and will prevail"; whereas we know in calm certainty that, unless we all fight viciously on her side, she will be "crushed to earth." The earliest and most transparent of the white lies concerning Truth is that Truth is simple. In the first twilight of reason somebody hazarded that Truth was simple and straight; and ever since, men have been remarking that Truth is simple and straight. Now it may be that in the days when "Adam and Eve ate apples unroasted," Truth was a simple and unsophisticated damsel. Morality, at all events, was not the complicated thing it is now. Still no one who has ever agonized over noumena and phenomena, things as they are and things as they seem, can doubt that to-day Truth is crooked and complex.

There is a vast difference between a truth in the case and the Truth of the case.

Even a truth in the case is not so easy to come at. "Two and two make four, not some of the time, but all of the time." Yes, but do we know what two is, or what things are two? And if that could be settled, do we know that nothing besides two and two is entering the sum we happen to be computing? Ten years ago, if a man openly opposed great corporate interests, we believed him the servant of his convictions. To-day we are not so sure. The name of public virtue has become popular and the motives and methods of the man who damns the trusts may be as damnable as they. It is because "facts are facts" that truths are so hard to come at, for some fact that escapes a Bausch and Lomb investigation may unhinge a syllogism.

But granted the possibility of getting by means of more or less perfect, more or less imperfect induction, some truths in the case: these truths in the case may, indeed, be straight—that is, there is a theoretical possibility of perfection in them. But the Truth of the case is the circle made up of all these numberless straight truths, each of which is barely more than a point in the circumference of the circle. Now, as there is an infinite number of truths in the case, each a straight line in the periphery of the Truth of the Case, it follows from plane geometry that there

must be an infinite number of angles,—of intersections before these straight lines meet. Each truth in the case, or the plane of each truth in the case, crosses the planes of two other truths, one on each side; contradicts in a sense every other truth in the case,—at least, if prolonged indefinitely in an undeviating line, departs further and further from the direction of all other truths in the case;—and the rounded whole, the infinite-sided perimeter, the Truth of the case, is—a perfect circle, the crookedest thing in the universe.

II

The Straight Way

Every man or woman who can look back upon a proper apprenticeship remembers the chart illustrations of the “strait and narrow way”—a footpath as straight as a section road in Kansas, going up the Hill of Life to the Pearly Gates, while on both sides funny little tortuous trails led off to sins of one sort or another. The commentators and illustrators made a sad error in confusing “strait” and “straight.” ’Tis no hard matter to keep to a “straight” path; indeed inertia will do that for you. No one would ever be tempted to wander into those crooked, spooky-looking, Sunday-school chart paths. The straight, light one is so much easier. For the sake of argument the road of righteousness might be conceded “strait,” though I incline to regard it more as a highway, where many walkers, many riders and many drivers may pass with little danger of collision. Still, granted it may be narrow, can it be undeviating?

A man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves by the way, who beat, robbed, stripped, and cast him into the ditch. Two priests came that way and, seeing the poor fellow festering in the flies, went straight on—for they had prescribed and unquestioned ceremonial duties to perform, and could spare no time to a victim of common thuggery. Their path was so rectilinear and their interests so ecclesiastical that, had the Jericho road been flanked with such poor devils, they could have gone on to the Holy City as undeviatingly as they did.

Then there came a Gentile, one of the Not-Chosen. This Samaritan must have walked on both sides of the road and been peering curiously about him, alert for what the good fortune of the day would bring. Seeing the dying Jew, one who might have spat upon him the day before, he forgot temporarily his immediate purpose, and clambered down into the ditch. His path was not straight. The business of the day had to yield; other business had intervened. No Levitical canon restrained him from following the instinct of the Most High within him.

Three wise men followed the star, nor turned aside for any mundane thing. They reached Bethlehem, we are told, and fulfilled their mission, a service of Worship,—and they have their reward. “The Other Wise Man” started on the same quest, but his path was not straight. Humanity entreated him here and commanded him there and he never reached Bethlehem. But he reached Jesus; performed the worship of Service,—and he has his reward.

Martha and “the Sons of Martha” have been coming to their own in the eyes of to-day. The path of religion and morality may once have been comparatively straight; in this second decade of the twentieth century, for the man who is moral as well as religious, that path is as variable as the demands of life. He is called hither and thither and if he respects God and his own soul, he must not disregard any call. The spiritually deaf hear no Macedonian cry except that of the missionary agent of their church. The spiritual cripples need the clear, straight, unobstructed road before them; and with eyes fixed on the dust at their feet, trodden by the myriads gone that way, they pursue the same purpose of saving their crippled souls while the rest of the world is going to the devil. Your real agnostic will not inquire further than his charted duty. Your real sceptic will not trust one foot from the revealed faith, for he doubts that God made the whole world and fears that he would lose Eternity if he should stumble into the Godless part of it.

According to the doctrine of one great branch of the Christian Church, baptism is *essential to salvation*. Still it “hopes” for the heathen who die in their heathenness. The same sort of hopeless hope may be extended to those who, fixing once for

all their little tracks of righteousness, get into the car, adjust the trolley of faith and steer straight for Paradise. They may get there, who can say? But if they do, they won't know how to act. They will have had their happiness in this world through abdicating moral responsibility and laying their burdens upon the Lord. They will be shamed by the stirring tales of saints who had dared to lose their lives, had forsaken creed at a brother's call of distress, forgotten their own salvation to follow a vagary of love. They will be astounded to hear again and again how the City of God had burst upon the adventurer just as he struggled out of the darkest wood or came up dripping from the deepest flood. With no romance to match these pioneers, our trolley travellers may well wish themselves back on their pleasant track, listening to ecclesiastical jargon and viewing the pleasant remoteness of sinners and their sins.

III

The Riddle

"What is Truth?" said jesting Pilate, and would not wait for an answer. Bacon condemned Pilate on the ground that he had no sincere desire to know Truth. But perhaps he was ungenerous to the procurator. It may easily be that Pilate had despaired of ever coming on absolute Truth, pure, unadulterated, limelight Truth,—and so when he heard this Jewish prophet audaciously ask if he would know Truth, the question had a humorous turn, as though a learned man should inquire if we would listen to his theory of "der Allerleiwissenschaft."

What is the most stupendous fact in the intellectual universe? Try to consider what in all this mighty world of sight and sound, of experience and thought, what of all the complex apperceptions, what of all the lightning flashes of insight and prescience that come to a sentient and rational creature, is the most overwhelming in its magnitude, most destructive in its constructiveness, most awful in its iconoclasm. What is the irony of intellectual inquiry?

Perhaps I am utterly wrong and misread the book of life, but to me here lies the terrific Enigma:

Truth, a perfect circle, the goal toward which strain all science and philosophy and poetry, must be shaven and shorn in the interest of practical morality and religion. Truth is the greatest menace to immediate and worthy ends of established systems of politics, society, science and religion. The honest thinker must ever seek Truth, but he must ever be met by the grinning gibe that he has had his labor for his pains, for he dare not unveil Her to the millions. . . . In the darkness of which facts he must continue to mix some carbon of Falsehood in his ozone of Truth. Truth has been the symbol of the Father; He is Truth before He is Love, for He must be just before He is generous. Yet the best people in the world find it necessary to apologize for Truth, and even avoid it under the deadly fear of losing their influence for good.

IV

Some of the Puzzles

First, one or two words of clarification.

The difficulty of getting at the truth has already been hinted at, but let us suppose that the prophet has found the truth of the matter. Now to give body and form by imperfect language, through imperfect ears, to imperfect brains, to that conviction which may even have been a revelation from God, makes it of necessity false—makes it only a half-truth, which is the falsest lie. Thus in the statement of any truth error is inevitable. No man in six thousand nor in fifty thousand years has said an absolutely true word. In his own mind it may be true, but when given to the ear or eye of others in congealed language, the imperfections of a million varying apperceptions tell the lie in a million different forms to a million unfortunate minds. Truth can never be superimposed; it must be endogenous. So every creed that was ever formulated is slightly false; no creed can be entirely true except that of personal individual consciousness.

In like manner, it may as well be added, no statement is so utterly false but some one will read truth into it.

For the purposes of this practical discussion, however, we may with all practical people regard that as true, that is, correspondent to reality, which comes nearest to the truth; and that as false which merely has some truth in it. With this use of the terms in mind, what follows will not appear so inconsistent as it otherwise might.

Several years ago, in the New York *Independent*, appeared an article, written by "An Undistinguished Heretic," that occasioned considerable comment. It was in the nature of a confession by a minister in one of the conservative branches of the Christian Church. He frankly admitted that for a number of years his thinking had been far in advance of his preaching; that he held many views not in accordance with the stated doctrines of his church, particularly with regard to the Apostles' Creed and the Blood Atonement; and he offered in excuse of his equivocal position the conviction that the time was not ripe for proclaiming in the pulpit the furthest meditation of the study, and that, if he did make clear his intellectual conclusions, he would, in all probability, be asked to leave his pulpit and church and would lose the real influence for good which he felt he wielded. Well, the natural storm broke on him from all sides. Hardly a friendly or a charitable voice was raised. The orthodox called him a monster of hypocrisy and would presumably have liked to follow De Foe's "Shortest Way with Dissenters" in his committal; while the liberal and heterodox spewed him out of their fraternity for a coward, a sprag in the wheel of progress.

"Undistinguished"? Not so, indeed,—merely modest. His honesty distinguishes him from thousands of his brothers who to-day find themselves in identical or closely similar dilemmas. Some admit it only to their dearest friends, some only to themselves, and others as yet shut their eyes, vainly hoping the "bogie" will vanish in the glare of revelation,—but it is no phantom. These are not hypocrites, nor are they cowards; as a class they are wise men and good men, with highly developed

morality as well as religiousness, for only such are harassed by the titanic irony of Truth.

There is no defence possible that will appeal to those who regard religion as a seamless robe let down from heaven. To those who believe that revelation ceased on Patmos, and that God was not willing to trust the advancing intelligence of His highest creation, man, and so saw fit to condemn him to live a dual life, now topping cloud-capped heights of ecstasy, and now grovelling in the Slough of Despond, according as religion or reason prevails,—there is no word; for we have no common denominator. But that great body of sensible and enlightened people who maintain progress in religion, and believe in a dignified and really omnipotent God, whose processes are constant and eternal,—they must admit that, as man's vision gains sweep and the laws of God come more clearly into his ken, the old shore-lines of religious belief must move higher up with the tide or be submerged with their adherents beneath the advancing flood of Truth. They will admit that Truth, the character of God, should be made welcome by the minister of Him, who must either lead his people or be a dead lump around their necks, must either be a true shepherd or one of those—

“Blind mouths that scarce know how to hold a sheep-hook.”

Among churchmen, only those who are hermetically sealed in a past revelation can object to the heresies of the study.

But I suspect that the biggest shot must be fired at the other camp—the Liberals. These keen and honest gentlemen are incensed only that the heretic does not *preach* his new heresies. Let the people learn to swim by swimming. No good can come from concealment; let us have Truth at any cost. . . . Ah, but, dear friends, the Liberals, what is Truth? Is that which I hold to be eternally true going to be true for the college freshman when he interprets it by the ten candle-power of his experience struggling with the immense blackness of his inexperience? And what kind of hash will Smith, the blacksmith, make of the highest criticism when he gets it between naps at church? What vitiates all this high philosophy of the elect, the cultured and fa-

vored classes, is that the people are not thinkers. Ninety per cent. of them have never had an abstract conception, and are incapable of following through a line of pure reasoning. This, to my mind, is not more derogative to them than, to the professional scholar, is the fact that he cannot build a house or shoe a horse; but it is nevertheless a disturbing element in preaching truth. *Noblesse oblige* has a new meaning to-day. Thoughtful people must be tender and considerate and tolerant toward their brothers whose convolutions have never been disturbed by a real thought. There is as little justification for "brain-right" as there was formerly for "fist-right." Because your head works better than another's is no more valid excuse for taking advantage of his mental muddiness than a heavier fist for striking him. So intellectual leaders must take care. The pastor ahead of his flock? Yes. But not out of sight over the mountain or around the corner, however fair flit the form of Truth before him.

But a more pertinent answer: "No good can come of concealing Truth?" Let us see. The only test of a general proposition like this is the past. If no good can come, no good has ever come, and all the beneficial beliefs of man have been true.* Consider, then, first, one of the questions that have long troubled conscientious heretics in the church,—the theory of the Atonement.

I believe I am temperate in saying that the belief that the blood of Jesus, vicariously applied for the blood of sheep and goats, *atones* for the sins of the world is regarded by practically all advanced thinking as primitive and gratuitous. This creed as it stands on record in the Plan of Salvation is scarcely conceivable to a modern mind working independently outside the revolving cage of sacerdotalism. It is unethical and, in a sense, un-

* This, it will be observed, is exactly the assertion of pragmatism, put inversely. "The true," says Professor James, "is whatever proves itself good in the way of belief"; Dewey says: "The Truth is what works." However, it cannot escape the least critical eye, that the pragmatists attach a new meaning to "true," making it synonymous with "expediential." They strip it of all objective and fixed quality, and thus put themselves completely out of the circuit of common thought. Truth means in this discussion what it means to everyone except professional philosophers of the subjective idealistic and pragmatic types, that is, *accordance with or proximity to objective reality*.

Christian. If this theory of the Atonement is the ultimate conclusion of divine revelation, the best thing God has provided for a people plunged into sin through no fault of their own (for, of course, man's fall in Adam is a complementary piece of the same web), then reason is an empty mock, a bauble for an idle hour to be cast aside when confronted with a tradition that did good service for a simple and childish people who were just learning to spell in the book of Truth.*

Now, granting we may follow the light of progressive revelation, and are nearer the truth than were the early fathers who laid this Sisyphus-load upon us, why should not all honest preachers who are heretics in the study proclaim from the pulpit in unequivocal terms their disbelief in the Blood Atonement? The answer is that, contrary to the pragmatism of Professor Dewey, the truth in this case *does not work*. The Unitarian church is nearer the absolute truth in this matter than the so-called evangelical churches,—and the Unitarians are admittedly not evangelical; they are spiritually sterile. The world is not influenced to right action by its head, but by its heart. The Truth in Unitarianism is merely luminous, not caloric. Through centuries this very Blood Atonement, which seems now like an incrustation on the fair shape of the church, was the most potent regenerating force; and was,—nay, still is,—the fly-wheel of the gospel. Pragmatism says it is still true if it still works; and a more abject begging of a term cannot be imagined. The truth of the case, the real significance of Jesus' life and death, stands on higher ground, but the theory of the Blood Atonement still saves men by its appeal of personal fidelity. "I'll live for him who died for me" now represents inadequately the nobility of the Christian ideal; but for all that, it goes ill with any effort to substitute an accurate proposition for a vital good. The Atonement works upon men's weakness,—not a blameworthy weakness, but a fault in the woof of their making, for which they are in no way responsible,—and offers in return for simple unreflective goodness a simple, unreflective way to salvation. Out of all harmony with a living, evolutionary world it is, but it has the

* There is a real sense in which belief in Christ's life atones for the sins of any man who acts upon his belief—not within my present scope.

unanswerable logic of being concrete and understandable. Here, then, is the stupendous fact—the unavailability of Truth.

Let us turn to a trivial instance, and “carry the war into Africa.”

An evangelist in a recent meeting called for a show of hands on the part of all who intended to begin a better life. He paused a moment and then began counting: “One—two, three—thank God!—four, five—ten—hallelujah!—twelve—fifteen — Praise the Lord for His goodness!” The ministers who sat with him on the rostrum were scandalized, for none of them could see any hands raised. “But, brethren,” he answered to their reproach, “I saw the hands in my faith and I knew they wanted to be raised. We must strengthen the faith of the weak and uncertain. To appear to have no results would show the Word of the Lord of no avail.” This is surely shocking, we think. The method is that of Eusapia Paladino, who, when she could not get her customary materializations, “faked” them. But hold a moment. Was this innocent little lie of the revivalist any worse than the tacit assent to doctrines we believe false, which we justify on the ground that by voicing our real convictions we might injure the faith of a brother not so far advanced in thinking as we? Thousands in the Baptist, Presbyterian, Methodist churches to-day make mental reservations over the Apostles’ Creed as it is pronounced in unison. “I believe in the resurrection of the body,” we declaim, whispering to our inward ear that our meat is too strong for the many, and would “cause them to offend”; so in order to do good by our connection with an organized positive force for righteousness, we keep on lying in public service. The revivalist was only a little cruder than we. The shocking thing, the intellectual poser is, not that a religious enthusiast should be so immoral, but that such methods should in many cases work for good. Some man may have gone home and actually resolved to live righteously because a half-dozen other men, he was told, had been affected as he himself had been, and had gone one step further and publicly proclaimed their conversion. It is by just such tricks of the trade that many a gutter-denizen has been reclaimed and started

on the way to a soul; thus out of corruption comes forth incorruption.

Take but two more general instances of the enigma.

Nothing is more universal in religion than a belief in some kind of a heaven and hell. Heaven and hell may or may not be in accordance with the reality of an after-life. We get higher notions of the meaning of these terms as age succeeds age, but in these conceptions we seem to be only exchanging a less for a more refined selfishness. The theory in any form is a rhetorical device, aimed at man's weakness, his desire for comfort and his horror of pain. Certainly the high motive, the truth concerning human action, as found at the heart of the universe by her purest devotees, is the love of good in spite of heaven and the hatred of evil in spite of hell.

This high truth does not *work*, however, with creatures who have learned to barter. Without fear and reward ahead of him, how far on the road to universal brotherhood, Ruskin, Emerson, Lincoln, altruistic socialism, "square deal," civic righteousness and moral awareness, think you, would palæolithic man have travelled? The lower thing is an essential part of the higher. A crazy scaffolding has outlined many a noble edifice, just as a desire for everlasting fire-insurance has inaugurated the awakening of many a soul.

Finally in this connection, attend for a moment to the hackneyed subject of Christian Science, the growth and influence of which must be regarded as one of the biggest facts of the last three decades.

"Science," as its devotees term it, *works*. Numberless cures have been real. Is it therefore true? Those who recognize its works, but do not accept it as a religion, point out as the reason for its success the truth contained in it, the undoubted influence of mind over matter. This truth is what effects the cures, they say. Did anyone ever hear of a subjective idealist being cured of a toothache or a dislocated shoulder or a fit of indigestion because of his intellectual belief? The truth involved is the same as that which has been curing hundreds of nervous people of imaginary (which are often real) ailments under the care of the Christian Science healer. That truth has no body to it,

however, until Mrs. Eddy mixes it with a farrago of meaningless words, religious moonshine and the most utterly false thing advanced in an age of wild-cat speculation—and then behold! People grasp “Truth,” believe, and are cured of their sicknesses. Misanthropes become cheerful, sour faces turn sweet, and the cynic who scoffed at religion and morality has a good word for the practical creed that saved his friend’s life or restored his wife’s serenity. A mind trained to metaphysics repudiates Christian Science as a mere excrescence on a pale little limb of Truth; as a shallow bit of worldly wisdom in giving people what they want, asking them to believe only what can result in their personal welfare.* On the other hand, the untrained mind sees a new faith, as comprehensible as his old one, with vastly more practical benefits accruing; embraces it and actually receives his cure.

V

“Man-quellers must use snares as well as leading-strings; will-o’-the-wisps as well as lanterns. The truth by all means if it will promote obedience, but in any case, obedience.”—Ross: “Social Control.”

In the presence of the great cloud of witnesses anyone of us can summon, I do not see how we dare go on longer identifying “the true” and “the good.” Society is founded upon illusions; a false prudery teaches a genuine modesty; a false optimism keeps up our political courage. The threshing of the field of social inquiry shows everywhere the tares thridding and strengthening the wheat.

God must work with the stuff at His disposal. In the pursual of His purpose, the salvation of man, after man has become worth saving, God is constantly beset by man’s limitations, prejudices, smallnesses, visual aberrations, faults of perceptions and

* The essence of Christian Science is Epicurean rather than Christian. God does not want us to suffer. All suffering is the result of sin, and was not in the plan at all. Now the life of Christ meant nothing if it did not teach the meaning of sorrow. The religion which ignores sin and sorrow, ignores life.

derangements of apperceptions, "defects of will and taints of blood." Under this handicap God is no stickler for the perfect circles and straight lines of Truth. He was a true pragmatist before the world was, and if the glare of truth is blinding or the plain, straight high-road so broad as to admit of aimless meandering, He will not hesitate to lead man by the narrow, tortuous path of Approximations to the goal. The goal is the important thing. They are few whose eyes never blink in the searchlight, whose feet never falter in the free path, whose hearts are never conquered by the pretty stones and fragrant flowers. Emerson was one of the few. He was one of the best of men, as he was one of the saddest of heretics. Wherein he differed from the majority of good men, he was startlingly near the truth. Yet that truth leaves us cold and wondering. The mass of men are confused and benumbed in tracing Emerson's steps. If they ever arrive near Emerson's goal, they travel thither through a blind alley, through ugly, evil-smelling places; follow without pause arbitrary turns; obey without question unequivocal command, veiling their eyes sometimes where their narrow defile obtains a view of the broad and pleasant road that Emerson is ambling along at leisure, that Carlyle is covering at giant-strides, amid titanic rumblings. "The truth by all means if it will promote obedience, but in any case, obedience."

You may hear any Sunday what I heard a few weeks ago: "The Christian will receive strength for the trials of life." True, no doubt of it. But note the implication. This is what it means to the orthodox majority: "One who has formally acknowledged Jesus as Divine, and joins himself to some church organization, will experience benefits withheld from his fellows outside the church." He will be a favored depositor in God's savings-bank. Hortatory implication,—get in early and avoid the rush. . . This kind of Christianity is as selfish as Christian Science itself, but it is possible even here to see a far-off good in the perspective.

The lesson of Job, to quote from all the sermons I have ever heard on the subject, and from one in particular, is that "nothing ever happened to a good man that God did not permit." The statement is unimpeachable—on its face. Here

again it is in the omissions and consequent implications that falsehood lurks. The corollary, so essential to aggressive religious teaching, is that *God will look out for the good man in this world*. . . "Nothing is so well established," says Professor Huxley, "as that there is no connection between prosperity in this life and morality." This is, of course, rather bald, and needs obverse statement. It is hardly necessary to point out that if virtue meets no uniform material reward in this life, certainly the reward of sin is even more doubtful and less promising. The sinner against society not only suffers spiritual decay, but lives in uneasy outlawry until the sure moment of his self-betrayal and conviction. Virtue and vice are their own rewards; says Milton: "The mind is its own place, and can of itself make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven."

Still the thinker in any field of human investigation must come to the same conclusion as Professor Huxley and the Psalmist,—that sometimes the wicked are seen spreading themselves "like a green bay tree"; and that here and there a Job dies before his vindication. Nevertheless, in spite of common observation, practical morality goes on preaching. "Never have I seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread"; and what is more, genuine returns are realized on this alloy. Franklin's version of the same morality, "honesty is the best policy," is bound to be more popular than the Golden Rule,—honesty for its own sake. Give honesty a low meaning, and I suppose Franklin was right; but carry the real spirit of honesty into business, be no more careful of your own interests than you are of the other man's,—and see how far in a world of other men this policy will carry you before you go into the hands of a receiver. Conscience bears no dividends; yet morality would feel she had been robbed of a high trump and mankind would lose their healthy optimism if honesty and success were divorced.

Said Epictetus: "It is not easy to exhort weak young men; for neither is it easy to hold soft cheese with a hook." The Welsh-rabbit mind has always been predominant. Sharp-cutting and pointed steel in the study, but the silver spoon in public when the truth has been successfully reduced to hash. What has "proved good in the way of belief" in the past has never been

the most advanced truth of the time; so why should we continue to chafe in the effort to harness the "true" and the "good" together? They have never pulled well abreast; their practical relation is tandem, the "good" leading, with the "true" steadily plodding in the rear. . . The Pragmatists beg the whole question by deciding that the "good," however crooked it appeared, must have been the "true" after all,—to which sophistry one is welcome if it brings comfort. I prefer to face the music with candor and common-sense, saying, Truth is a mystery; good attains its ends by uncouth means.

FRANCIS GRIERSON

A Study in Modern Mysticism

EDWIN BJÖRKMAN

“**M**EN of genius,” says Francis Grierson, “are the symbols and the finger-points which nature unfolds here and there as indications of the mathematical and psychic progression of the visible and invisible world in which we live.”

But that evolutionary process which we call progress presents itself to me everywhere as a pendular swinging between opposites lying now in this, now in that direction. In our efforts to determine the momentary direction of those swingings, we select, more or less arbitrarily, certain points deriving their significance from tendencies common to all life. Thus, for instance, we find it hard to indicate any kind of spiritual advance without reference to what we generally name “scepticism” and “mysticism”—principles back of which we discover fundamental attitudes of the human mind.

Surveyed from the antipodal position, scepticism appears little more than carping doubt, while mysticism, similarly viewed, implies blind faith and poor thinking. Regarded in this hostile spirit, both attitudes seem like pure negations of progress. Very differently they appear, indeed, if we study them from within, so to speak, and in proper coördination with life in its entirety. Then scepticism is seen to stand for a demand that nothing be accepted as real which cannot be tested and re-tested by our senses supported by such artificial aids as our growing ingenuity enables us to devise. And mysticism becomes identified with an insistence on the supreme importance of realities so subtle that they lie beyond anything ascertainable by mere sense perception.

As far back as we have records of systematic thinking, we find the human mind swinging periodically between these antagonistic attitudes, the inference being that neither one of them represents the full truth, but only a part of the truth which needs

temporary accentuation if life's onward course along the median line is to be maintained. We may add that the sceptical view, as a rule, draws its main inspiration from the intellect, while mysticism places the greater emphasis on the emotional side of our being.

The flowering time of classic antiquity was, on the whole, sceptical and intellectual. Christianity inaugurated an era of highly emotional mysticism that lasted up to and beyond the dawn of the Renaissance. With the beginning of what we call "modern" times, the sway passed to reason, and up to the eve of the French Revolution man's spirit continued to grow more and more dryly sceptical. The nearer we come to our own day, the shorter and quicker grow the swingings of the pendulum. The emotional period named the Romantic Era lasted less than a century before it yielded to another intellectual reaction, and this, again, showed signs of waning within a few decades. The characteristic mark of this most recent period of scepticism was that it discouraged any venturing beyond that central field of obvious existence on which falls the full light of our self-consciousness. And the main reasons for feeling that our faces are once more set toward the mystical pole lie in the eagerness with which we are now shedding our former agnostic timidity, and in the growing tendency to spend at least a small part of ourselves in those marginal tracts of being upon which falls the shadow of the unknowable.

When, in 1886, Ibsen published *Rosmersholm*, the end of naturalism in literature and of materialism in philosophy was already in sight. Three years later a single twelvemonth encompassed three outwardly unrelated events, each one of which must be held momentous in the annals of the present spiritual phase. In 1889 Maeterlinck published his first play, *Princess Maleine*. In 1889 Bergson sent forth his first great philosophical work, which has only recently become familiar in this country under its English title of *Time and Free Will*. And in that same year a tiny volume of essays and aphorisms in French was printed privately at Paris by Francis Grierson under the name of *La Révolte Idéaliste*.

Within certain circles that little volume was hailed as a

revelation and a battle cry. Maeterlinck read it and expressed his admiration openly. The general public heard no more of it than of Bergson's coeval work. Of course, the early plays of Maeterlinck warned many of an impending change. And in each new drama turned out by Ibsen toward the end of his life, the mystical tendency asserted itself more strongly. But I think that the first book which made the beginning of a new period palpably evident was *The Treasure of the Humble*, appearing in 1896. In the same year Bergson published his second volume, named *Matter and Memory*. And three years later Grierson issued his first book in English—a group of essays bearing the significant title of *Modern Mysticism* and including much of what had already been printed in the earlier French volume.

Life has a way of making many tools work as one, while each of them thinks itself alone "on the job." This is practically what happened to the three men in whom I am inclined to see the living pillars of the thought-structure most expressive of our own day and its tendencies. Each one of them may owe something to the other two, and yet all of them were from the start impelled by a common spirit and would probably in the end have reached a clear understanding of this spirit without mutual assistance. Maeterlinck has proved himself more of an artist than Grierson, and Bergson more of a thinker. The formulations of both Maeterlinck and Bergson are more definite in outline than those of Grierson. But to Grierson belongs the honor of having first attained to prophetic vision of the common goal. For that humble volume of 1889 suggested more or less gropingly every idea which since then has become recognized as essential, not only to Maeterlinck and Bergson, but to the constantly increasing number of writers who are now engaged in making the time conscious of its own spirit. And it is as one of nature's "finger-points"—the first one of its kind to bear a fairly plain inscription—that Grierson interests me.

His position in the van of modern thought is the more remarkable because he began life as a musician, and under circumstances that, at first glance, would seem decidedly unfavorable to his later literary development. It is doubtful, however, whether he could ever have become what we now see in him

without just the kind of experience that filled his earlier years. Born at Birkenhead, England, in 1848, he was over forty when he issued his first book, and over fifty when he began to gain widespread recognition as a writer. In connection with his strongly individualistic attitude and his impatient scorn of what he calls "provincialism," it is interesting to note that one of his ancestors was that Sir Robert Grierson, fourteenth Laird of Lagg, who figures so conspicuously in Scott's *Redgauntlet*.

When the boy was only a year old, his parents emigrated to this country. After several westward moves, the family settled at last in the prairie country of southern Illinois, where abolitionism was then assuming its first practical expression through the "underground railway," and where a little later Lincoln began his struggle for national leadership. The time was already big with the coming crisis. Men's minds were strongly restless and expectant. A wave of mingled religious and political emotion was sweeping the country. The old prophecies were chanted with a new meaning. When not wholly overlooked, the little everyday things became symbolical of life-embracing truths. And as in most periods of great tension, the people shunned the sceptical spirit ordinarily glorified under the name of "common sense."

That earliest environment stamped itself on the supersensitive boy for life. The wind-swept vastness of the prairie filled his soul with a wonder that is still stirring mightily within the man of sixty-four. He attended some of those cyclonic revivals that prostrated whole counties in common awe and faith. He watched the mysterious arrivals and departures of frightened, chattering fugitives. He heard Lincoln and Douglas debate, and, a mere boy, he even took a minor part in the tumult that ensued when at last the pent-up passions of incompatible civilizations clashed openly.

Through all those disturbing impressions flowed influences of a more intimate character that, fortunately, made for mental poise and a calm faith in the powers within. Like shining, winged guardians, the memories of his father's quiet nobility and his mother's patient kindness have always remained with him, making him kind and considerate toward everybody, patient

and dignified in the face of everything. Nor is he able to hark back to a moment when everything that was most himself did not leap in mysterious response to the sound of his mother's voice—a voice peculiarly sonorous and sweet even when she spoke, but trembling with almost unearthly harmonies when she raised it in song. From his mother must have emanated the gift which later brought him an all but unique place in the world of music.

In 1863 the family moved east again. And in 1868 Grierson was in Washington, meeting Walt Whitman and practising the art peculiarly his own. I don't know when or how he discovered his ability to improvise on the piano a music always comparable to, and sometimes surpassing, the best composed in the ordinary manner. All I know is that when, in 1869, he made his European début at Paris, he won the startled approbation of the most critical audiences in the world. And for years that tall boy of Byronic appearance, who could not even read music from the sheet, and who seems to have had little or no systematic instruction, went triumphantly from country to country, gaining everywhere the hearing and favor of the great ones, whether crowned or laurelled. To this day Grierson's command of the piano remains as perfect and as inexplicable as ever.

Persons of sound judgment, who have heard him, say that his playing has an indescribable quality, found in none that is studied from the sheet and developed by practice. It is as if his soul were able to impress its every mood and fancy directly on the keyboard, drawing from it a music at once spontaneous and subtly expressive as that of wind and water, of reeds and trees. It is a music mirroring the strife and the prayer that accompany the human soul's struggle to solve both its own riddle and that of the encompassing universe. From the power speaking through this music Grierson may have derived the passion for spontaneous utterance and the unquestioned reliance on intuitive guidance which assert themselves so conspicuously in all his writings.

For many years Grierson moved hither and thither as the impulse of the moment prompted him. At times he took great

risks, and at times he suffered hardships in consequence thereof. Mostly fate provided mysteriously for him wherever he went, causing him to believe that, for the right man at least, the thing he needs is always waiting. Frequently he found himself in company that might have proved dangerous to a mind less firmly fixed in its own spirit. It cannot be denied that he speaks eagerly, and at times a little egotistically, of his acquaintance with men and women in exalted positions. But, as a rule, he has always kept his head firm and his vision clear. And there is an unmistakable ring of truth in his words when he says that he has never yet seen the palace in which he cared to live. Concrete humanity has with him largely taken the place of books, "the idea of knowing the world from books having never entered his head." Yet he has read extensively, to good purpose, and only of what has a claim to serious attention. Now and then his critical judgments are peculiar or intolerant; in the main they are scrupulously just and eloquent of his familiarity with the best literatures of all ages.

Of the circumstances that first led him to write I know no more than of his first venture into music. As early as 1882 he delivered some discourses on *Materialism in Germany* and *The Influence of Modern Literature from a Spiritual Standpoint*, which were published—but when and how I cannot tell. The essays and aphorisms forming his first volume he seems to have produced for his own pleasure alone and with no thought of giving them to the public. This he did only with hesitation and at the urgent requests of his friend, L. Waldemar Tonner, who has been his constant companion for the last twenty-six years. The reception given that initial volume was, as I have already mentioned, flattering enough as far as it went, but it did very little to bring its author before the general public. The main thing it did for him was to reveal his true field of endeavor.

It seems likely that Grierson was not unmindful of his own case when he wrote that "all men and women are heroic who have worked, waited and suffered without losing faith in themselves." He has always been a master in the art of waiting, and his faith in the ultimate success of his work seems never to

have wavered. Ten years passed before he produced his second book, in English, and even then it was largely made up of what had already entered into the previous volume. It was that book of essays named *Modern Mysticism*, which still may be counted Grierson's chief personal message to mankind. Two years later, in 1901, he published another group of essays and reflections under the title of *The Celtic Temperament*. Both these works aroused a great deal of attention in England, and had he continued without interruption to produce books of the same kind, his reputation might have spread more rapidly among the public at large.

Instead he took up a long-cherished project of giving artistic form to his childhood reminiscences of Lincoln's time and country. It was a work of love on which he spent eight years and all his savings. He named the book *The Valley of Shadows* when it appeared in 1909. It is in every way a remarkable production, not known as it deserves on this side of the ocean. It is the one work of Grierson's in which the form equals the contents and the spirit in importance. Perfection cannot be claimed for it. As much of what has sprung from Grierson's pen, it is weak in design, containing whole chapters not germane to its purpose. But it makes us live once more in the physical and spiritual atmosphere of its chosen time and place. Its pages haunt us with their strange mingling of exquisite art and artless simplicity. To read that book and remain the same man as before seems out of the question. Judging it as a piece of art, this work ranks far ahead of anything else Grierson has done hitherto. Nevertheless I shall not recur to it again because, after all, I do not think it bears the same vital relation to the spirit and outlook of the time as do his essays.

Since the appearance of *The Valley of Shadows*, Grierson has given us a volume of reminiscent essays named *Parisian Portraits*, another volume of literary and philosophical essays called *The Humour of the Underman*, and a volume of essays and aphorisms in French, *La Vie et les Hommes*. These later works offer few ideas not present in the earlier ones, but they are valuable for the additional light they throw on Grierson's

life-view, besides being richly endowed with the charm attaching to all he has written.

Even at this late date Grierson remains, on the whole, a "writer's writer"—one appealing to the few rather than to the many. To this exclusiveness he would be the last one to raise any objection, for toward the mass of men his attitude is always a little impatient, and it is difficult for him to approach life except from the viewpoint which Tarde designated as the "inventor's." In spite of this reserve inherent in his work, something like a Grierson cult has, during the last few years, begun to gather adherents on both sides of the ocean. This I mention merely as evidence of the close connection between Grierson's thought and the tendencies by which the race-mind is most affected for the moment.

It is with the spirit rather than the form of Grierson's work I am concerned in this study. Yet his form is not a negligible factor if we want to arrive at a correct estimate of his achievement. He himself is a worshipper of beauty in all its embodiments, and his conception of the part it plays in the general scheme of life is suggested by his saying that, "as a dance without harmonious movement has no charm, so an idea without style has no force." His style is often exquisite and always effective. In his striving after perfect form, however, he is more English than French, paying more attention to expression than to design, which seems strange in one who places such stress on brevity and directness, and who has given us what almost amounts to a new literary category, standing between the essay and the aphorism.

His thoughts leap rather than flow, and at times he passes from one to another with an abruptness that both startles and puzzles the reader. The same abruptness seems characteristic of most writers who are what might be called intellectually self-made. It implies at bottom a contempt for those smooth commonplaces which we are so prone to use in passing from one link to another in our chain of argument. What, on the other hand, may justly be deemed a defect lies in the tendency of Grierson to lapse into hopeless confusion whenever he attempts a categorical subdivision of any general group of phenomena.

Whoever sees in pigeon-holed comprehensiveness the chief desideratum had better not seek it in Grierson's pages. There he will find no logically arranged system, no creed neatly done up in "fourthlies" and "fifthlies," while ever so often he will discover indisputable evidences of self-contradiction. But Grierson neither is nor pretends to be a philosopher in the academic sense. He has as much passion as Bergson, if not more, for keeping his conception of life fluid. And he writes, not for pedants, but for brave and tolerant temperaments, ready to forgive verbal inconsistencies if only the spirit be consistent, and eager to use the ideas offered them as bricks for the up-building of their own systems. If approached in the right way, he will always be found suggestive, though never exhaustive in any sense. Purposely obscure he is not, but sometimes his thoughts are a little too far-reaching for the ordinary run of words, and therefrom results a certain vagueness calling for sympathetic coöperation on the part of the reader. And of one thing such a reader may always be sure: that back of every blurred passage will be felt the pressure of mystic meanings, heralding what to later generations may appear as plain, familiar truths.

Of course, it is inevitable that one who has brooded so insistently on all the riddles that make up our existence, as well as on some that seem to reach beyond it, must have arrived at certain formulations that meet us with an air of conclusiveness. But interesting as these may be in themselves, they are not what make Grierson's work valuable to us. The basis of that value lies in something much subtler, something almost defying our efforts at definition. More than anything else it resembles a mood, an attitude, but one so consistent and so enduring that it constitutes the equivalent of a logical life interpretation. It is as if Grierson *felt* rather than *saw* what life implies in its utmost ramifications and consequences, and as if, from this feeling amounting almost to vision, he had derived a golden rule as to the way life should be lived under any and every circumstance.

Of this attitude he is wont to speak in certain constantly recurring terms, which vary with the point of approach. When he deals with valuations of life, he is likely to use words like

"pessimism" and "disillusionment." When, again, he considers the methods of effective living, he employs such terms as "intuition," "imagination," and "inspiration." With his pessimism we need not concern ourselves at length. Its quality is provokingly evasive, and Grierson's meaning might be equally clear if he used the antithetical term of optimism. He does, in fact, play ball with those two terms, choosing now one and now the other to represent the same thing, or making one of them by turns express quite different things. But what he is really aiming at one rarely fails to catch. In the end it amounts to this: that he sees life as a striving and not as a holding—as a journey and not as an arrival. To him the fatuous optimism of the early eighteenth century, for instance, means nothing but a belief that some day life will reach a final equilibrium; while that "modern melancholy," with its "natural gesture of disillusionment," to which he sometimes refers as "practical pessimism," means a realization, on the part both of the individual and the race, that eternal disharmony is the price which must be paid for eternal progress.

"Men are potent and persevering from fear of the future," he says, "and never from an absolute confidence in it." With despair or resigned inactivity, with all the repellent features of that surrender which makes for decadence in art as in life, his peculiar brand of pessimism has absolutely nothing in common. Of such decadent, life-destroying pessimism he says that those given to it "take the trivial and fleeting things of life as if they were intended to remain as perpetual realities instead of passing incidents." Perhaps his own feeling in this matter comes nearest authentic manifestation in a passage where he says that "in everything development mounts upward by regular stages, the last expression in the ladder of progress being the most favorable, but never final." This is modern, vitalistic evolutionism, with its placing of perfectional striving, not achieved perfection, at the heart of life. And it is in thorough keeping with the spirit common to men like Ostwald and Mach, Bergson and Cope, that Grierson adds: "For we shall not reach finality till the last flicker of hope goes out on the shores of Silence and Eternity."

But still nearer to Grierson's life conception do we come when we turn to that other set of terms which he is wont to use—the terms indicative of what to him appears the proper method of dealing with life's problems. And it follows, of course, from what was said above, that to him life primarily must present itself as an endless series of problems demanding solution. Both his preoccupation with methods of living and his instinctive clinging to the aphoristic form in writing as well as thinking, confirm our impression of him as a preacher and prophet rather than philosopher—one more anxious to tell us how to live than what life is. What he wants to give and has to give in richest measure may be expressed in a single word: wisdom. As we read essay after essay, it is as if we beheld the globe of life revolving slowly between us and some unknown source of light, the rays of which lend an edge of transparency to the core of opaqueness.

Grierson's books fall naturally into the class of *Ecclesiastes*, for which he has such fondness; and it is only logical that he shall judge the worth of an author by the number of life-enlightening phrases to be culled from his work. The wisdom that finds expression in his own pithy and polished phrases has a quaint streak of worldly shrewdness running through its essential unworldliness, showing that wherever his head be, his feet are always on firm ground. This element of homely common sense may have been acquired while he received the intoxicating homage reserved for a musical prodigy, or it may be traceable to his early impressions of those canny Illinois settlers, who retained a certain balance even in the midst of religious excesses. No matter where he got it, we may be glad he does possess it, for just this mixture of two widely different kinds of wisdom tends to give his mysticism the quality which renders it suitable to the mood of our own day.

Too often in the past mysticism has prided itself on being fantastic and impractical. Too often it has stood wholly hostile to that light of "cold reason" which Blake declared to be "the only enemy of God." But we of to-day feel differently, and we are not willing to sacrifice what the painstaking intellectual labors of the last few centuries have gained for us. We

want to arrive at a more correct estimate of the power and scope of our intellectual faculty, but we do not wish to abolish it—supposing this to be possible. What we aim at is a blending of emotion and intellect from which will spring a still higher faculty, capable of reaching closer to life's utmost confines and innermost recesses than either one of its constituent parts. It is because this desire of ours is so completely Grierson's that he takes such eminent rank among those who are now leading mankind on to a never before attained degree of self-consciousness.

For however strenuously he may harp on the saving grace of that quality which, by turns, he speaks of as intuition, imagination and inspiration, he maintains no less strenuously that this voice out of our subconscious depths must be checked by scientific interpretation. In other words, it is some synthesis like the one just indicated, and not another form of onesidedness, for which he pleads. He has said, I admit, that "the longer he lives, the less he esteems work that is purely intellectual." But he has also said that "the world is not governed by what bodies of people do or say, but by ideas." And, although he asserts that "profound feeling is one of the principal ingredients of genius," he has made clear in numerous passages that sentimentalism and unbridled emotionalism are as foreign to him as occultism and any kind of supernaturalism.

When he tells us to heed the voice of intuition, or insists that "imagination is the basic pillar of science as well as romance," he wants us to turn our vision inward and not backward. He wants us not to abandon our search for truth, but to search for it in a direction long neglected and discredited. It is one of the chief traits of our own day that it has begun to grasp the part played by emotion in our dealings with the hard task of comprehending life. And to this grasp our present mystical trend must be largely traced. We are beginning to see that our intellectual consciousness, from which spring scepticism and its entire groundwork of inductive reasoning, always tends to run into a sharp point and end there. All such consciousness may be likened to an angle turned upward: beyond its apex there is nothing. Mysticism, on the other hand, and also deductive reasoning, may be represented by an angle standing on its apex

and opening outward until all life may be included within its embrace. Each one of those conscious forms has its warrant and its use. What we want is to combine them—to join those two angles so that where they meet we get a focal point toward which converges all the past, all reality that has already been conquered, and from which diverges the whole future with its infinity of still unmeasured realities.

To me emotion is a general reaction of the whole system, that juxtaposes itself, on one side, to the peripheral reactions of the senses, and on the other, to the centralized reactions of the brain. Instinct is emotion turning into action without interference of the reason. Intuition, according to Bergson, is instinct grown self-conscious. And imagination, as I see it, is intellect impelled by intuition—or, if it please you better, plunged into the deep recesses of subconscious being and thus brought into more direct communication with that source of life which is also the ultimate source of all knowledge.

Mysticism has always demanded a plunge of some such kind, but the distinguishing mark of our new mysticism is that the plunge stands neither for an end in itself nor for a negation of the ordinary modes and objects of consciousness. The mystic of to-day does not dream of extinguishing the searchlight of self-consciousness. He wishes only to reverse it, in order that by its light he may explore the world within and thus attain to new sympathy and new understanding for the world without. He is not renouncing knowledge based on the testimony of the senses and the judgment of the brain: he is instead trying to supplement it with knowledge reached by new routes. These routes have too long been rejected by the spirit of scepticism, of mechanical rationalism, of one-sided materialism, that was needed to teach us once for all what is knowledge and what is not. To the new mystic—as we find him embodied in Grierson, for instance—the heart has its own wireless system, and this he wants us to study with all the keenness of which the head is capable, so that thereby the hand may gain added precision in its moulding of what Ibsen called “the third kingdom” and Grierson somewhere speaks of as “the precincts of perpetual magic.”

As seen by Grierson, the world is full of mysterious coin-

cidences, of secretly ordained and regulated happenings, of signs and symbols with almost cabalistic portent. But these manifestations of a world not yet subdued by our senses imply nothing occult, nothing that may not be held strictly "natural." Beneath the perishable surface he spies an imperishable and immortal life principle, to which he may or may not give the name of God, as the mood of the moment happens to connect his dreams with the past or with the future. His creed, largely unformulated, is at bottom nothing but that ancient pantheism, that primal glimmer of truth, which has haunted man's mind ever since he began to make gods in his own image, and which will continue to haunt him until he surrenders to its wise promptings and recognizes the whole world and all life as divine. With this in mind, Grierson defines our own epoch, the twentieth century, as the one in which "science is at last to coalesce with the pantheistic idea of the Greeks." Science must be there as one of the fusing principles; it stands for reason, for the scepticism of the test tube and the scales. But reason is no longer to be the sole witness bearing testimony: beside it will be heard intuition—the voice of life itself rising through our emotions into the steady, dispassionate light of the intellect.

THE LITTLE GOLDEN SHOES

ROBERT W. SNEDDON

WHEN Andreas Vassilitch was dumped ashore in December at Ellis Island, unresisting, he was still stricken with a poignant sense of inarticulateness. Max Lutzky, who was conducting the party, had seen too much of it before to pay much attention; but even he, too, noted it, and clapped him on the shoulder, bidding him be of good cheer, for he was now in the promised land of liberty. Andreas, heavy with the inherent suffering of a thousand years, heard him in silent wonder, and scarcely knew what he felt. It had all been so strange. The herded company on board in the forecastle of the great ship kept apart from the other immigrants, thinking of nothing but a great sense of wrong, and with a surging emotion within them that could find no vent in expression.

When he landed, still confused, the towering buildings added to his fear, and he trembled all over as he listened to the hum of the traffic and the terrifying noises of a great city. Luckily for Andreas, a compatriot, Feodor Danlitch, had met him wandering disconsolately about Hester Street, seeing faces that he almost seemed to know and yet dared not address. They seemed different, distant, Russian and yet with an expression he had never seen at home; and Andreas, who could not remember the time when he had a real friend, suddenly felt lonely. It was Feodor, who, touched in some strange way by the wistful face of the stranger, spoke to him first, and with infinite cunning drew him out of his shell. They drank together, and next morning Andreas had gone with him to Isaac Rabinowitz, and by noontide he had cast off his coat and was busy sewing endless pairs of cheap pants, in a workroom outside of the window of which was a placard depicting a benign gentleman proclaiming to the world the fact that here were "Rabinowitz and Kolinone: Custom Tailors. Prince Alberts and Tuxedos. Silk and Opera Hats for Sale."

Andreas was a tailor, and his great hands, which could have crushed a bar of iron in two, worked the needle with the deli-

cacy of a woman—one of those wonderful women he saw about him in the streets. He shared a room with Feodor, who charged him a dollar a week, and profited by his friendship to make twenty-five cents on the transaction. Andreas, accustomed at home to a one-tenth share of an attic, thought it was wonderful. In one corner was a wash hand basin, in the other a little gas stove on which one could cook. The window looked out onto the street, and when he came home at night and used to find Feodor sunk in slumber upon his mattress, he would sit out on the fire escape and breathe the air of the street in great gulps. It was his hour of reflection and peace. All day long in the stuffy workroom where he sat with twenty others, sew-sew, snip-snip amid the noise of the machines, he thought of nothing else but his evening hour. As the noise of the children reached him, he would smile with infinite understanding and happiness. His past misery was like something he had heard of long ago, and he sometimes wondered if it had ever happened.

It was on one of these evenings in April, when already the promise of spring was in the air, that he heard Marya Dolsky and two other women talking below and he listened, picking out a word here and there.

“What sort of a fellow is this big man who has come?”

“The one who looks so afraid?”

“Yes, the one who is waiting till you bite his head off!”

“Andreas something or other. A tailor. He works with Feodor Danlitch. A dreamer he is, with his head in the clouds.”

“Pah!” said Marya Dolsky; “I have no use for such as him. A great giant that is no better than a baby. Why, if you say good-even to him, he looks as if he would run away.”

“Ah, the booby! That sort never comes to any good. There is Liza’s husband, too. I have no patience with him. Another of the same. What does he do with his money?”

“Money!” laughed Marya; “what can one do with seven dollars a week? Nothing. It is no use thinking of him, Clara. Still, I would like to shake him. Perhaps he would speak then.”

Andreas listened up above, and as the meaning of the conversation stole into his dull brain, it seemed to burn, not with anger, but with shame. They were right, and yet, if he had the

chance, he could be as good as any of the other men. Just a little courage. That was all he needed. The women liked one to talk with them, to call them little names and joke on the coming of their wedding day. And he, if he only dared, he had lots to say. He was strong. In his way he was not bad looking when he had been to the barber at the corner. It was dress that did it all, perhaps. But why did they jeer at him, a stranger? He was willing to meet them. He did not think that the advance should come wholly from him. After all, he was only a stupid man, and they with their red lips, their dark eyes and hair, their swelling bosoms, they were women and knew all things, no doubt.

When he coiled himself up on his mattress that night, it was with a sense of pain. He had been wounded and it hurt him acutely. He resolved to speak to Marya next day and disabuse her of the idea she had formed of him. He dreamt of her that night and it seemed as if she smiled upon him.

Next morning he forgot all about it, and it was only when he was coming home at night that he remembered suddenly. He stopped at the corner and hesitated before the barber's shop. He read the sign in the window—"Pete The Hairdresser"—with unseeing eye and, entering, took off his coat and sat down. As the barber lathered his chin, he thought vaguely of what he was going to say to Marya. The barber, who knew a few words of Russian, repeated them at intervals, but got no answer. The operation through, Andreas was for going out without his coat. When the barber had handed it to him, he received it without a word. There was a laugh as the tall Russian hurried out of the place, and the barber felt that he had done something unusually funny.

Andreas, as he came out into the cool air, realized his remoteness from all around him, and bowed his head. Almost before he knew it he was at the door of his lodging. With a hurried glance, he saw that Marya was standing there and his eye brightened. She apparently did not see him. How fine she was, he thought to himself: her dark hair so neatly coiled up and bound with a black ribbon, her dark eyes so full of a

secret something, her trim figure, her hands, her feet. He faltered on the step, and said hastily: "Good even to you, Marya Dolsky."

She started, stared at him, and burst out laughing, turning away her head.

Without another word Andreas passed her, and hurried indoors, his cheeks burning with shame and his heart beating loudly.

Marya, turning her head, looked after him and slowly clenched her hands.

"The fool!" she said, stamping her foot angrily; "the fool. Why did he run away?"

And upstairs Andreas was standing by the window repeating the same thought. Had he only known that so much of his future depended on this meeting, he would not have said to himself: "It surely is God's will that it is so."

Feodor came in then in great spirits. He had just been given a rise of two cents an hour in his pay. Things were prospering with him. He was making ten dollars a week, and he saw the day when he would be able to hire men and let them make money for him. He promised himself a good time then. As he saw Andreas standing at the window, he spoke.

"Well, comrade, how is it?"

"I am not so well in my mind," Andreas answered.

"Bah!" said Feodor, kicking off his shoes and sitting on the edge of the bed: "You cannot hope to have it all at once. If God has anything for you, you are going to get it. Look at me now. Am I not some one? I came here a stranger like you, knowing not the customs of the country; and now—I have clothes; I have money in my pockets; I stand well with all; the girls like me; I am always one of the wedding guests; I can drink my glass in the evening."

"I am slow to learn. That is what the barinya said when I was in service. Many a whipping I got for my clumsiness. She was beautiful, my mistress, delicate with little feet that danced. Those fine folks have the best of it."

"She had her lovers," said Feodor carelessly.

"You lie," said Andreas, turning round upon him.

"Yes. I lie," said Feodor easily; "I know nothing of it, but I take your word. Perhaps you loved her?"

"I—I—" and Andreas choked.

"Yes, that would have been a fine revenge for your blows."

"She was an angel of Heaven."

"They all are," Feodor answered, stripping off his working clothes. "Come wash up and have something to eat with me. I am going courting after supper."

A terrible fear seized Andreas.

"With whom, Feodor, if I may ask?"

"Ah," said Feodor mysteriously, "that is my affair. See, Andreas, I do not want you to shove your head into my business."

"No—" he said simply, "I do not wish that. Is it anyone I know?"

But Feodor smiled provokingly and whistled as he went on with his toilet.

He did not repeat his invitation to supper, and Andreas, when he had seen him go out dressed in his best clothes, sat and dreamt. It was nearly eight o'clock when he thought of eating, and going out to the stall at the corner he bought some cakes and a baked apple. All about him the crowd elbowed among the pushcarts, bargaining with the vendors. Hands clutched at his coat and wheedling voices besought him to buy clothes—beautiful clothes. Once a girl jostled his arm and whispered to him; but seeing there was nothing to be got from him, moved on. Andreas looked after her. Even she, he thought bitterly. It seemed as if he were no longer a man, but a being apart.

The crowds were thick about the moving picture shows; but he passed on. He did not understand what they were and, besides, he had no money for amusements. Also he was not a Jew and could not read the bills outside. It disturbed him vaguely to find so many Jews about and prosperous. Two young girls seeing him staring at them giggled and made bold eyes at him, but he was thinking of Marya. He was gradually building a shrine about the girl instead of seizing her in his strong arms. The habits of early upbringing are not to be broken by impulse.

When he had walked to the end of Grand Street, he walked back and into Rutgers. Here he passed through the talking crowds with steady step and made for his lodging. When he came to the door, Feodor, smoking a cigar, was joking with Marya. He could see her little white teeth gleam in the lamp-light.

"Well, Andreas," said Feodor coarsely, "you have been out seeing the girls, eh?"

"Hullo, Feodor, and you, too, Marya," stammered Andreas, stopping; "I have been taking the air."

"A mysterious person is Andreas," said Feodor insinuatingly; "he has his affairs, no doubt, on the sly."

Marya looked at Andreas strangely. Her lips parted, but he had hurried into the house. Almost immediately after, Feodor followed him. They went to bed in silence. After the lamp was extinguished Feodor turned and looked at the other mattress, but there was no movement of the clothes.

"It is only the fool who sleeps well," he said to himself, and shut his eyes.

From that night there was a gradually widening breach between the two friends. They would sit together and be ill at their ease. Andreas grew still more moody and silent. To Feodor he was as much a mystery as printed books, for which he had no use. Not that he said anything to offend. No. But this silence, this dumbness chilled the affection of others. If a cigar was offered to him it was refused, until Feodor began to hate this clumsy fellow who could not put two words together. Regularly after work was over Feodor would disappear and be seen no more till bedtime. Andreas would sit at the window staring at the houses opposite and wondering what was happening in them. His comrades in the workroom could make nothing of him. He was perfectly friendly, but there was an impassable barrier between their minds and his. "He is a deep one," Boris Girshel would say over and over again; "he is a deep one."

In the evening when the bell rang and they all flung down their work, Andreas would carefully fold up the pants he was sewing, put on his hat and bow solemnly to them all as he went

out softly. It was useless to ask him to the weekly balls, and yet in his heart he knew he would have danced the lightest of all, if he had only had the courage. What does such a man think of? Of the next day. Of women, possibly. But if he does not speak, who can tell?

One night he met Marya. Her cheeks were flushed and she wore furs that seemed to exhale an intoxicating perfume. Something made her stop him.

"Where are you hurrying to?" she asked.

"I do not know. Home," he faltered.

"Why do you not go out more?" she asked gravely; "you are growing paler every day."

He could find no answer and was silent. He could see her look at him strangely. He almost felt a longing in her look and some force seemed to be driving words to his lips. She still hesitated. He could see the firm lines of her neck, covered by the fur as it was, and he found he could not take his eyes from her face. She was trembling as she fathomed some of his thoughts.

"I must be going," she said in a low voice; "good-night to you, Andreas."

Then he found words.

"Do not go, Marya," he said, the words leaping from his heart to his lips; "do not go. Do not leave me so lonely. It is so lonely in this town. I have been thinking of you for months and could not tell you. Listen, Marya——"

Her crimson lips were apart, and there was a look in her eyes that he had not seen before.

"Listen, do not laugh at me. I love you, Marya. Ah, you are so wonderful,—like my old mistress, such a lady that I could not speak to. I see you are listening, Marya. I will work, work for you till my eyes are blind. I shall never heed the passing of the hours at the shop—praise God, I shall not always be there. They will fly if I know I am coming home to you, Marya. Ah, that would be wonderful—to have a home, and you my wife to smile welcome to me, to be waiting for me! I am frightening you." He stopped suddenly as she seemed to step back; "what is it? It is not too late?"

He hung upon her answer in agony. He had found himself, and all his passion ran riot through his brain in a crimson flood.

She flushed red and then white.

"It is too late, Andreas," she said painfully. "It is too late. You have spoken too late."

He stood staring at her, his arms outstretched.

"There is another?"

"There is another," she repeated in a faltering voice. "Do not despise me, Andreas. There may be—I shall soon be a mother."

Andreas looked at her in a dream.

"Marya! Marya!" he said in a choked whisper. "Oh, that I could bear your pains and your sorrow!" and he made as if to clasp her in his arms.

She looked at him with infinite love. Her arms went out and then fell by her side, and she walked away with bowed head, leaving him standing. He took a step or two forward and stopped. An hour passed and he was still standing, staring in the direction she had gone.

When he got home Feodor was packing up his few belongings.

"Andreas," he said abruptly, "I am leaving. I cannot stand it any longer. Your silence is driving me crazy."

Andreas heard him in silence.

"I am going to take up house now. I have a girl."

"You are married?" said Andreas, a terrible suspicion crowding all other thoughts out of his mind.

Feodor laughed coarsely.

"Why should I? She loves me. That is enough. We have been going together for some time. I may be father to a squalling brat soon. Who knows? Let me advise you to do the same. There's no ill feeling, Andreas. I'll keep the key and come and see you soon. I must be on my way," he continued uneasily, awed by the silence of his comrade. "Good-night."

Andreas heard the door shut and the steps die away, and then fell on his knees in an agony of tears. He knew perfectly well where Feodor was going.

From that night he never saw Marya again. She went. Where do women of her kind go? But ever in his mind there remained the image of her standing there in her furs, her little feet in velvet boots, her eyes wet with tears. He sought her everywhere, but both she and Feodor had moved and he could find no trace of her. Every evening after his work he would wander about the streets, hoping against hope that they would accidentally meet. He felt sure that he had only to see her to forgive all and to give her that happiness she had sought in vain elsewhere. He knew Feodor by now, and he saw nothing but unhappiness for Marya.

He began to have queer fancies and whims. When a man lives alone he has a neighbor next door who comes visiting once in a while, then frequently till it becomes a companionship which leads to the madhouse. In his case it took a curious form.

One day he saw in a shoe store a small pair of golden shoes. They were a special pair and they caught his eye with their gayness—so small and yet so perfect. The first time he saw them he seemed to see Marya's little feet in them dancing, dancing over the floor of his room. He stopped before the window in a dream. In the evenings as he hurried home he would stop and see if they were still there. He began to have a feeling of ownership in them. He wondered how they would look in his room. If he had them, would not Marya be sure to come? He built up a romance about them. They almost seemed part of Marya, something that she might have worn. The fancy grew upon him intolerably, and one evening as he stood at the window, the proprietor came to the door.

"Some shoes, eh? You want a pair of shoes."

"No. No. I was looking——"

"Something for your girl, then?"

"I have none," he said shortly.

"You will have one soon, a fine gentleman like you. A pair of slippers. There is a fine gold pair now. Fifteen dollars. There's a bargain for you."

Andreas hurried home. He counted up his money—seven dollars. That was all. One saves slowly on the East Side.

He began to scamp and pinch. His food was cut down to practically nothing. He grew thin, but his little store of money increased. He saw it mount from seven to fourteen dollars, and next week he knew the shoes were his. But one more dollar, and then— He delivered himself up to a delirium of fancy. The little shoes in his room—and perhaps Marya. She would come. She must come. That would be the lure. There on the chest of drawers the shoes would stand empty waiting for the little feet to fit them. At night he could shut his eyes and see them come tripping over the floor so gaily and lightly. He had only to have them and Marya would come. They were so dainty and pretty, such shoes as his mistress the barinya had worn at home. He could recall the delicate arch of her instep as it peeped out from the silken skirt. He remembered his eyes had sought them always when she gave her orders to him. To him they symbolized then something unattainable. He could not sleep at night, fearing that they might be gone from the store. He would count his money over and over again. One dollar more and they would be his. Marya must come.

As he hurried home on Saturday with his seven dollars held tight within his pocket, he looked into the store window. The shoes were there waiting for him and Marya. His heart beat happily and he hurried on. As he came to the door Feodor brushed past him, coming out without a word of greeting. Andreas would have stopped him, but he hurried on roughly and was lost to sight.

Andreas was possessed by a terrible fear. His money, his savings. He rushed up the stairs and into his room, pulled out his drawer and uttered a heartrending cry. There was nothing there.

How many hours went by he knew not, but when he came to himself it was dark, dark everywhere, in his mind even. Slowly he raised himself from the floor, put on his hat and went out. Some devil guided his wandering feet past the shoe store. There in the darkened window with the blind up were the golden shoes. Something leapt within him, and picking up a stone he smashed the window. He did not hear the clatter of the glass. The shoes, the shoes were his at last! His hand was touching

them when a heavy grasp fell upon his shoulder with horrible suddenness.

“You would, would you?” said a strong voice, and he felt himself dragged along he knew not whither.

In court he heard voices speak, but could see nothing. A darkness was before his eyes, and he was led away, still silent, still oppressed and without knowledge.

“Next case,” said the magistrate wearily. “What are we to make of those people? Their fingers are always itching to steal. It is born in them. And lady’s shoes! It’s beyond me. It’s beyond me.”

THE INNER SEA

EDWIN DAVIES SCHOONMAKER

I SAT all day on the shore of despair,
And the wreck of the world went by,
The beautiful world I had made,
Bright green from the days when my heart unafraid
Had globed her and clothed her fair.
And a Voice came out of the low gray sky
And rang o'er the wreck wind-driven,
"Where is he that was Lord of the Ship?
Where is he that had song on his lip?
Where is he whose heart at a bound went over the towers of
heaven?"

And I said, "Yea, Lord, here am I,
A bowed and an humble man.
I have no place in Thy plan.
All that I am is gone.
I am here on the coast alone.
Let me die."

Then I was aware of a sea in a sea and a sky in a sky, and it lay
Bright gold amid clouds of gray:
And the inner sea was fair
As the heart of an amethyst.
And the dawn of my youth was there
Leaning low to the seas;
And the noon of my manhood gathered the breeze,
And rigged and bannered, with eager keel,
She rose aloft on her quest.
And high in the mast my heart sang free,
For the calm of God was the sea,
And His winds blew merrily,
And I was awake at the wheel.

GOD'S PIONEER

PAUL KESTER

RATHER he who walks
Before his fellows,
All alone perchance
And mocked by those
Who follow him,
Yet leading them,
Even when stumbling
Finding out the path
Along which they must come
Even to jeer and stone him
Should he fall.
Rather this one
Whose only passion may be
To turn back,
But whose impelling soul
Forbids him any ease;
Rather this one
Whose very service
Wakens derision where he benefits,
Who knows no other acclamation
Than the people's scorn,
Whose leadership must wait
Its conscious followers
A hundred or a thousand years;
Rather this one
Upon whose shoulders rests
The invisible purple,
Rather to this one honor
Than to him who needs
But smite his hands
And bid the multitude obey.

OPEN THE GATES

THINK ye the hungry pray,
Think ye that frozen fingers
Will forever count the beads?
They will not, nor thin lips
Repeat the praises
Of a distant God.
Who holds the gates?
Hath he no heart?
Is goodness only merciless
In heaven and earth?
Is righteousness alone
Unpardonng?
Who shuts the door
'Gainst him who seeks the temple?
Who would turn
The wanderer backward
Were his foot advanced
But half a pace
Upon the upward path?
Shall all the sky be dark
Alone to those
Who have most need of light?
Open the gates
And let us pass
To whatsoever Heaven
Or refuge there may be.
Open the gates
Wide to the weary world:
Who would deny
One pilgrim sanctuary
When he sought
With bleeding feet
And outstretched hands
The shrine?
Open the gates:

Thy God will not turn back
The desperate multitude.

POSSESSION

TO hold the thing we covet,
That we may not keep,
To call it ours, ours only,

And to know
We only mock
The moment that is ours,
Measuring it by the eternity
Of other wheres and whiles;
Upon the bosom
Of the infinite
Our day
Is reckoned by a breath;
We grasp the good or ill
That drifts toward us
On the tides of time,
We clutch the straws,
We count them,
Name them,
Love them,
Seal them our own;
We speak the ships that pass us:
O helmsman, whitherward?
Vainly we strive, perhaps,
To steer our course with theirs;
The night descends:
We hail them—
They are gone.

SILENCE

ONE voice alone
Is hushed,
And silence falls.
One greeting in the morning,

One good-night,
And all
The deeper speech
Of eyes,
The kindlier assurance
Of clasped hands,
Is lost;
And suddenly
The tongue of all things
Is grown dumb,
Stammers
A sigh that is
The requiem of laughter,
A consent
That is become
The epitaph
Of joy.

THE FINAL REFUGE

I SEE the end,
I know
My path leads
But a little way;
Then the long silence
Waits me
And the deep peace
Of an eternal sleep.
No more shall I outstretch
My hands
Toward the unattainable,
No more be discontent,
No more expectant,
O no more unsatisfied!
Death opens wide
The doors of refuge,
And I shall pass them
Unaccompanied
To lie down alone.

THE DEAD MARCH

In Götterdämmerung

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

NOT only did I hear
The thundering chords that swept round Siegfried's
bier,

But I heard, mysteriously low,
The far and solemn tread
Of the old army of the mighty dead—
They who went marching long and long ago
Toward the great blinding glory of God's place.
I saw each beautiful face,
More beautiful now in death;
I heard their quiet footfalls as they passed,
I saw triumphant banners in the sun
As one by one
They filed before me, happy, happy at last.
I heard faint bugles and far mystic singing,
I heard the echo of a lark's song ringing
Above the hushed solemnity and peace
Of this slow march that sang the Great Release.

They moved before me—the exultant dead!
One came, a glistening helmet on his head,
Then popes and kings in white and purple and red;
And legions from old battles, emperors
And mighty captains from adventurous wars;
High poets, and sad seekers of the Grail
With countenances pale;
Imperial hosts that dazed me with their glory;
Silent, yet eloquent with Death's new story—
A wonder on their lips I could not read,
I who was living indeed.

I saw them pass—sinner and saint and sage,
Sovereign and beggar of an ancient age,

Tatters and pomp one at the final hour—
One, one at last in that vast harmony,
The concentrated utterance of sound
That every falseness drowned
In a wide peace, immortally profound,
Beyond the borders of Immensity.

RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT

HAROLD S. PAUL

I

WE who possess republican institutions have long been accustomed to believe that in the right of choosing public officials we hold in our hands the means of self-government—that is, at least, the means of making our governments representative of our wishes. From which it would follow that evil government among us, wherever it occurs, must owe its existence either to the low character and desires or to the culpable negligence of the electorate suffering from it.

The prevalent feeling has been thus expressed by one of our public men: “We have the government, municipal, State, or national, which we make for ourselves. If it is good, it is because we make it so. If it is bad, we may think it is not what we want, and that we are not responsible for it; but it is none the less just what it is simply because we will not take the trouble necessary to improve it. There is no greater fallacy than the comfortable statement so frequently heard that we owe misgovernment, when it occurs anywhere, to the politicians. If the politicians are bad, and yet have power, it is because we give it to them. They are not a force of nature with which there is no contending; they are of our own creation, and if we disapprove of them and yet leave them power, it is because we do not care to take the trouble, sometimes the excessive trouble, needful to be rid of them. People in this country, as in other countries, and as in all periods of history, have, as a rule, the government they deserve.”

Let us briefly consider how far the power of choosing our own officials is capable of securing to us the kind of government we desire. Let us suppose, as the simplest cast, that our only wish is for honest government. How are we now to be sure of our honest man, one who intends to serve, not himself or his friends, but the whole community? Few of the voters can be

expected to know a candidate at first hand. And even that would help little, since most men appear to have two codes of ethics at present, one for their private, and one for their public lives. Even where there is a past public record, is there not difficulty enough in learning the truth of it? It is a matter of partisan statement and misstatement, after all. For under the system of checks and balances (which is so needful to-day when the voters' control of their government ends with election-day), no result stands as the work of one man; so that no man is thus to be judged, alone. Good and evil survive or go down together.

Then, too, observe that the chance of obtaining good government is not by any means equal to the chance of putting men with honest intentions into office. Hell, it is said, is paved with good intentions; and many a new light has dawned on a chosen official's course after election day. Yet the electors are powerless then. They have made their choice and, no matter how much they have been deceived, they have no right to alter or amend their judgment.

Theoretically (by which is generally meant leaving human nature out of account), this impossibility of correcting their errors should make voters doubly careful. In daily practice, however, the fact that our efforts may not be attended by corresponding results, the hopelessness of avoiding mistakes, is demoralizing. No man is given to weighing his acts when the utmost care he can give affords no assurance against disaster.

Again, the knowledge that they cannot better their choice, once made, for a term of months, perhaps years, takes away the voters' incentive to watch the conduct of their officials after election. And thus even public opinion, the only restraining force left, is devitalized. It not only becomes a vague, voiceless thing, but it too often sleeps, and the office-holder is left absolutely irresponsible. True, at the end of his term, he will have to account for his acts if he seeks to be reëlected. But shrewd men before this have gone their own ways for nine-tenths of their terms, knowing well that a little honest activity during the last weeks would outweigh the memory of many earlier faults. Nor does it help to censure a weakness of human nature. It is a

truth to be reckoned with that the present occupies a disproportionate part of the human horizon.

Besides, what restraint on dishonest men is our right to remove them from office after their deeds have been done and paid for? Many a single transaction has filled a dishonest man's pockets for life. Reëlection need not be the thought of such men, if one election assures them the legal possession of their offices for a term that cannot be interfered with.

The scrupulous man hesitates to accept public office. Not so the man who intends to use it to serve himself and his friends. He not only feels no reluctance to undertake the charge of affairs, but he and his fellows even stand ready to pay for the right. The machine, the boss, the political worker, with all that these names imply, are inevitable products of the system—men organized to win public office for private advantage.

Not that the bosses seek office themselves. Indeed, they frequently name and lend their support to men of the highest honor—a proof in itself of the people's desire for honest government. Yet what a pity that good men allow themselves thus to be used to conceal the true character of the thing behind them! What we are apt to forget is that the professionals put these men forward to serve their own ends. They intend to have full return for their trouble, be sure; and every contributor through them intends the same. It is still the backers who win when their candidate wins, be he angel or devil.

But, after all, how does this knowledge help us? Where shall we turn? We distrust machine candidates. But is a man necessarily honest because he has taken the name "Independent"? Truly, to-day, the presumption should be in his favor. But this presumption will only be valid so long as it helps little. Let "Independence" gain enough popular favor to carry elections, and every machine tool will wear the name.

It takes time and money, moreover, to win elections, even to lay the bare truth before voters. And few men, without help, can be expected to make the sacrifice year after year. It is only those who intend to make use of the spoils of victory who can afford to maintain themselves or their puppets constantly in the field.

The fact that from time to time the people of various communities have risen in their might, overthrown the machines, and set up, as it were, a government of their own, is supposed to prove that they could, if they wished, keep their governments perennially pure with no more than their present means. Nothing said above is intended to deny the *possibility* of the people's obtaining good government to-day; it is certainly not deniable that they could vote down the recognized politicians, if this would mean honest government. But it is not what the people *could* do, with enormous effort, that counts; but what they may be expected to do. The expense and labor of organizing "reform" every year would be very great. Nor is it worth while to say that good government, even if thus assured, would repay the people for *any* amount of expense to obtain it. Important as honest government is, it may still fall far short of what is desired, and yet be endurable. Government plays a great part in our lives, but at least under free institutions it is not everything. Citizens ought to consider, indeed, if our free institutions themselves are not menaced by present conditions. "The notes of alarm regarding the decadence of the legislative systems of the United States are numerous," wrote Daniel Coit Gilman, ten years ago. "Unless the present tendencies are corrected, confusion and error will not be the greatest evils." Again, Mr. Bryce has warned us against our too heedless confidence in our star, our too heedless toleration of faults in our politics. Yet, after everything has been said, the fact remains that machine rule, with all that that name implies, is bound to be tolerated to the extent that government in accordance with the popular will is difficult of attainment. How many times we have tried to clean house, only to find in the end that we have but altered the names of the beneficiaries of corruption! Sooner or later the old state of things returns; and the very name of reform is held in contempt.

We have believed for too long that the right of electing our own officials secures us the kind of government we desire. Much of the evil itself as we have it to-day may be traced to the idea that honest government under the present system is merely a matter of choice with the people. The feeling which everyone has

that his fellows are negligent weakens all individual interest and effort, the only safeguards against the evil's indefinite growth; while voters as a body are blinded to the true gravity of the situation by the belief that they have it constantly in their power to alter it when they shall choose. If acknowledged despotism had inflicted on the people of America one-tenth of the outrages they have suffered from their republican Governments—nay, if it had but shown its hand in their affairs, either for evil or for good—they would long since have swept it out of existence. But, as it is, we flatter ourselves that our Governments are our own creatures, that we are responsible for their existence and for everything that they do, and we therefore cheerfully bend our backs to the burdens they choose to impose.

We may not believe quite all our humble official servants tell us about their devotion to our interests; we certainly do not believe that affairs are all managed to-day precisely as we would have them; but we do believe that we *could* have them managed so. And an evil loses its terrors if we can end it, or think we can, at our pleasure.

There is another result of this misbelief. Earnest patriots see the dangers ahead, and the fear is not absent from many minds that democracy has been proven a failure. Yet it is not democracy that has failed. The essence of democracy is the perpetual sovereignty of the people. It does not consist of the right of abdicating that sovereignty once every year or two years into the hands of whatever men can count the most votes on election day.

II

Governments rightfully exist for the sake of the people, deriving their only just powers from the consent of the governed. It is the right of the people, therefore, at all times to see that no act or omission of government contravenes their desires. That this is not an impracticable right is now no longer open to question; and for the various other objections that may be made to its practical application, experience also, in many parts of the country, affords the best answer.

It may be said, however (and this for each new community in its turn), that the people do not wish the right. Let them speak for themselves. Or, again, that they would not make use of the right if they had it—rights being more clamored after than duties. Even in that case, we answer that there would be nothing lost. Certainly, there is no reason to think that voters would do any less than they do now because of their readier means of obtaining their wills. It is too true to-day that a great many voters have to be dragged to the polls to perform the first duty of citizenship; but is not this due, in part, at least, to the hopelessness of the task there? Is it not true that these very voters, for instance, have often been at great pains, even under present conditions, to signify to their representatives their approval or disapproval of some act or proposition of government? And is it still maintained that they would not have gone to the polls to declare their wills, had they had the right?

Yet the great gain to be expected from popular rights of supervision is not, after all, that a few wrongful acts or omissions of government would be corrected, but that a great many others would be prevented. The power to act would largely free us from the necessity of acting. For what would it profit officials to try to defy or neglect the public? And private interests would not be likely to spend time and money corrupting the officers of government when the acts of the latter might not be final, and certainly would not be final in cases of palpable wrong.

It is feared by some persons, however, that if the people possessed the right of self-government, they would not only use it to do what officials omitted to do or did unsatisfactorily, but would attempt to determine all matters whatever in the first instance. "We should have mob rule," our trembling politicians cry—thereby signifying their dread of that kind of government which a nobler American termed "by the people." Could anything be more extravagant than the idea that the majority of the people of a community would go to the trouble and expense of direct government so long as their chosen officials were doing all they wished done in a satisfactory manner! Yet far from fearing so great a love of self-government, so wide and active a public spirit, we should make haste to adopt any means that

promise to awaken it. There is no danger but that its excesses would be self-corrective, while it would sound the death-knell of every political vampire.

Whose is the government? Whom is it for? And what man or body of men can determine as well as the people themselves what the people desire? Truly, the people are not always wise in their wishes. Yet, in the long run, their interests coincide with their duties, which cannot be said of the personal interests of any individual possessed of an independent authority over them. It is not even necessary to think that our present officials have ever betrayed us intentionally; but they are always beset in our absence by seekers of special favors, whose one-sided arguments frequently blind and confuse them. We know what arguments have been advanced in the past to influence government—arguments which could not well be used to persuade an entire electorate.

If it be said that the people are unfit to judge of specific measures, how much less capable must they be of judging of men and foreseeing what these men will do if intrusted with power? Ignorance does not put honest experts in office. Nor does dishonesty; nor irresponsibility. These things are even doubly a menace now. For when everything hangs on the one great prize of election, self-seeking men can afford to spend vast sums of money to win votes; which they could not do in equal measure for each particular prize.

With the people in full control of affairs this at least is indubitable, that their government would be the best they desired, deserved, or were capable of. And “a people which had the most just laws, the purest and most efficient judicature, the most enlightened administration, the most equitable and least onerous system of finance, compatible with the stage it had attained in moral and intellectual advancement, would be in a fair way to pass rapidly into a higher stage.” * To deny this is to deny the natural progressiveness of man.

There is no expectation of substituting “direct” for “representative” government. It is desired merely to supplement and correct the abuses which have crept into the representative

* Mill, *Representative Government*.

system—to make it indeed representative. When we have said all, the fact remains that, no matter how much the people desire to do for themselves, the bulk of the work of government must always devolve on their representatives. What, then, would be the effect of the people's supremacy on the character of public officials?

It may be necessary to remind the reader that public office is naturally honorable. Although evil, incapable men have brought it into some disesteem, it still has attractions for men of large views and a noble ambition which few other fields possess. What has kept such men out of the service thus far is the fact that it has, as it stands to-day, even greater attractions for evil men, who find it well worth their while to organize, spend money, bribe, and cajole to get into office, not only often winning by these means over their worthier rivals, but sooner or later disgusting the latter, who find themselves mingled and judged with the mass of self-seekers in hopeless confusion, and this notwithstanding the fact that public office to them often means a considerable pecuniary sacrifice. The wonder is, not that true men do not seek public office at present in greater numbers, but that any ever seek it. The explanation is simply that given above, that such office is in its essence attractive to good men. Let its attractions be lessened for rogues and their tools, and there will not be a dearth of the kind of men we require.

But, it is asked, would the people be satisfied when they had cleared their house of corruption and evident incapacity? Would they not drive out all men of superior talents as well, reducing the whole public service to the level of their own inexperienced mediocrity? Such is the charge made against the representative system in general. Would it be more or less true with the people perpetually supreme?

In the first place, it does not follow that men desire to level all things to their own original ideas because they dislike to be cheated. Corruption in the government is plainly against your interest and mine; but new ideas, however strange at the first, are at least debatable. Certainly, nothing could now be done in contempt of the people. Government, probably, would not be very far, good or evil, from what they desired. But this does

not mean that its conduct would be what the average voter would make it were he in control. There is obviously a difference between having great ideas of our own and being able to appreciate great things when others show us the way. Officeholders, indeed, might be under a greater necessity of explaining new projects; but would not this be a gain pure and simple? Or is it thought that the dignity of officials would be thus hurt?

When we come to their actual power and freedom, it is a well-known fact (thought by some to be the greatest danger to which free government is exposed) that the people are very tolerant of authority wielded with their consent. They not only do not prescribe strict limits to it, since that might be to limit themselves, but they often allow their officials to overstep even the wider limits. We are obliged to put legal obstacles in the way of otherwise irresponsible officers. It is our only safeguard; yet the result is to keep our affairs in the beaten path. Those, on the other hand, who cannot leave the path but with the people's consent may be left largely free to select their own way. Nor is a truly sovereign people so jealous of its servants as to deny them their choice when made. That jealousy of power which makes men prefer mediocre to great public servants is a result of the weakness, not of the strength, of the popular body.

The pure representative form of government is, no doubt, unfavorable to genius. We do not desire to lend our might to our intellectual masters. We do not comprehend them, perhaps, and we fear to arm them against us. We are suspicious of genius that does things in spite of us. But if we had the right to reject its proposals at pleasure might we not hear them with patience, and often accept them?

Again, with the people above all officials there would be less need than there now is of setting the latter as checks on each other—a system destructive at once of responsibility and of independence.

When it is said that the people's control would make officeholders mere trucklers to popular whims, it is easy to answer that they are that now (if indeed not worse, being too often trucklers to vicious "interests"). Those who desire to-day to hold on to their offices must not neglect any clamor or breath

from the people's direction. For it *may* be the will of the majority, and to do but a single thing contrary to that will is now to invite defeat at the next election, since the electors have either to pass by and seem to approve of the act they dislike, or remove the actor.

This would be changed with the new system. Then an official would have no such dread of a single failure to meet with the people's approval. The latter would not be obliged to replace him, but would correct his error merely. Nor would he have to watch straws to decide how the popular current was flowing.

The hundreds of petty things done by our Governments, often conflicting, and parts of no one plan, have led observers to think that the people, for whom it all seems to be done, must indeed be a fickle, incapable beast with a hundred whims and no purpose. Yet this continual shifting and veering is the result of our "representatives" *not* knowing what their constituents wish; hearing this voice to-day and another to-morrow, never the whole people's voice at once on a definite issue.

Absolute monarchies keep a more steady course than elective governments, but is their course to be admired? The Russian peasant complains in vain; while we, having the power to change our officials, do change them often. Should we allow them to stand, being unsatisfactory? This is our fickleness, then: a discarding year after year of what we find evil, an unceasing search after better things. So may it ever be! Order is too dearly bought at the price of liberty. It can be had by a free-minded people only when they are their own masters and when their Governments correspond with their best aims. Then, never fear, we shall have order—not of the dull, stagnant kind, but of movement and progress, the order of marching men.

We have reserved for the last place the strongest reason for popular government. No matter whether the people retain control of affairs, or whether their only right is to choose their officials at stated intervals, it is upon their wisdom at last that good government hangs. A government may be a great deal worse than the people wish (if they haven't the right to control it), but it will never be permanently better. Let us no longer

deceive ourselves. Men whose participation in public affairs begins and ends with selecting officials are not fitted even to do that. "It is indeed difficult," says De Tocqueville, "to conceive how men who have entirely given up the habit of self-government should succeed in making a proper choice of those by whom they are to be governed; and no one will ever believe that a liberal, wise, and energetic Government can spring from the suffrages of a subservient people."

To-day, when the voter's sole right is to choose his officials, his education is almost wholly derived from the tumult of the election campaign, when all is partisan statement and misstatement. Why should he wish to hear unbiassed views, when his only right is to choose between what the official candidates promise? Or why, again, should he study and think much of government problems between campaigns when he has no power to act? If he *had* that power he would have every incentive to think of the various problems of government. Interest, pride, self-respect would all be concerned. The whole conception of citizenship would become ennobled. Each man would have a new sense of responsibility; and, being called upon often to think of the public well-being, he would perceive that he had a hand in it. It is the commonplace of political moralists that we shall have good government only when there is a strong sense of public duty among the citizens. But there is no other way to strengthen this equal to giving each man a direct part in public affairs.

PROBLEMS OF MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE

ANNA GARLIN SPENCER

A CAPTURED wife or a purchased wife can have little authoritative to say concerning her condition in marriage or the terms of her dismissal or her escape from the marriage bond, provided she may be dismissed or is allowed to escape. A wholly subject woman can have no legal power to determine who shall represent the authority of the family which hands her from one guardian to another. There can be, therefore, no problems of marriage and divorce, in the sense in which we now use the words, until there is a possibility of a marriage contract legally defined and binding alike on husbands and on wives; and there can be no marriage contract until women have at least a few personal rights secured to them by law and custom. The rise of the marriage contract, therefore, with its recognition of some power of personal choice and some right of individual liberty accorded to women, is the suggestive clue to the course of social evolution which in any given era outlines the terms of legal marriage. The rise of the marriage contract is itself, however, simply one element in the slow movement of society toward the recognition of contract powers in general, and the emergence of women from a perpetual legal minority. Problems of marriage and divorce, therefore, are and must be parts of the whole problem of the just and useful position of women in society. This is the reason why ultra opponents of "Women's Rights" always and instinctively relate the greater freedom of women to domestic disaster; and this is also the reason why the ultra proponents of "Women's Rights" as instinctively begin their demand for larger sharing of the powers and obligations of social life by women with some radical attack upon that family order which rests upon the legal despotism of the husband and father.

There is to-day a feeling of almost hysterical alarm regarding the present conditions of family life. The demonstrable and large increase of divorces throughout Christendom, the weakening of family ties by reason of changed economic, educa-

tional and social conditions which secure to minor children as well as to wives great freedom of choice and liberty of action, give deep concern to all, and awaken moral terror in many. No one, however, who really believes that we should not return to the absolute control of women by men, and to the harem and the zenana as the ideal home, need be in fear of any unique domestic catastrophe.

Most of us have come to believe that marriage and the family are social institutions, rising in answer to social needs and changing in accordance with general social evolution, and at no time to be studied as isolated facts, but rather always as related parts of the whole process of social development. All who believe in this manner should approach the problems of marriage and divorce with clear minds and sunny tempers, with breadth of vision and with balanced judgment. Such students at least can remember, and with satisfaction, that the statistics of divorce, which so often provoke pessimism respecting our American family life, must be read in connection with other statistics which prove a progressively higher average of just and noble family relationship among those who do not become divorced. The facts of scandalous proceedings in the "smart set" should never blind the judicious to those other facts which show that the "malefactors of great wealth" are few, and the favored of fortune who behave like silly and wicked youth are a small minority. Admitting, however, the distinct increase in divorces relative to population, and accepting it as an evil in that which it indicates as well as in that which it proves, there must also be confessed a considerable and regrettable trend of modern life in the direction of the instability of the family. The love of change and the impatience of control among our youth; the easy movement of population which makes "home" often but an attachment to the moving-van; the flexible yet complicated social arrangements which make it easy to shirk individual responsibility; the economic pressure, intensified by the desire so painfully common to live more luxuriously than one can afford; the widespread results of invention which release many from drudgery before they are fitted for skilled labor; the free public education which enables many to appropriate the superficial

fruits of culture before they have attained moral discrimination in their efficient use for the higher purposes of life—all these and many more elements of our rapidly changing civilization tend to make the home and all its interests subject to unprecedented disturbance from the many-sided life without. Also we must give serious attention to the fact that in the United States there is great divergence of inherited standards, laws and customs regarding the basis of marriage, the righteousness or wickedness of possible divorce and the propriety or impropriety of remarriage after domestic changes, which confuses the matter. For want of a clear ideal of religious values and social demands involved, the rule of personal desire and individual idiosyncrasy has too great predominance. Here, where ethical doctors disagree and moral teachers widely differ, youth makes its ideal an exaltation of romance in marriage choices; and mature years demands the right of the most extreme individualism. The sense of intellectual freedom to believe what one wishes, and the “will to believe” what is most pleasant and seems most easy to realize in action, often join to make individual preference the only rule of life.

We have in our marriage laws and customs reminiscences in a specific manner of the three main channels of thought and life which make up what we call Christian civilization. We have first the Jewish ideal of marriage, which has come to us with our special religious inheritance. This is an ideal which includes a belief in the rightful and proper subjection of women to men, but exacts of men protection for women. It elevates the conception of marriage to a plane of purity and faithfulness superior alike to celibacy and to unchastity; but includes divorce, easy for men to obtain, difficult for women; yet justifiable for both, provided the terms of separation and of possible remarriage are defined by the wisdom of the law as interpreted by rabbis. We have also a large inherited influence from the Roman law which has given the legal basis of all our later statutes and which has modified all tribal customs of the Germanic peoples. In Roman marriage, the patrician form, religious and indissoluble, and the plebeian form, secular and legally terminable, but carefully guarded as a legal contract, both

hold firmly respect for family autonomy as well as the subordination of caprice to justice and right. These elements of the sacred and the secular marriage of Roman law are retained in some form in our present civilization. We have inherited also another potent influence upon the domestic order, one which is in our blood more than in our religion or our law, namely the Anglo-Saxon love of personal liberty and sense of individual rights; that which first gave to women a voice in the disposition of their own persons, and initiated for our special social order a proud restraint upon the tendency of the family to sacrifice to its own autonomy the happiness and well-being of its members. These varied ideals and elements of custom and law were all incorporated by Latin Christianity into its control of marriage, although all were modified and changed in emphasis. The Church adopted the high demand for faithfulness in the marriage tie, the subordination of woman to man in the domestic life, and the ethical significance of the family order which the Jewish religion inculcated. It rejected Jewish divorce and lowered the rank of marital virtue by placing celibacy above it in the scale of spiritual excellence. The Church accepted as its own standard the patrician form of Roman marriage as a religious sacrament, indissoluble save by death, and making second marriages even after such bereavement rather shameful concessions to human weakness. A large trace, however, of the plebeian form of secular regulation is to be found in the history of all Christian nations; and Protestant Christianity restored the State to its superior control over marriage. The trend of all laws, customs and moral reforms in Christendom, especially in Protestant Christendom, has been toward a wider and deeper realization of the Germanic respect for womanhood and the Anglo-Saxon forms of marriage, after the right of contract was recognized and the social value of the wife in part estimated. Especially has Christian civilization appropriated the Germanic idea that a woman has some right to refuse to marry a hated or disliked man, and that youth has a right to selective love and its fruitage in a chosen union of the sexes.

To-day these varied reminiscences of our past mixed inheritance give us disagreements even in the fundamentals of ethical

ideals in marriage; and often the friction that we develop in discussion dates back to our composite union of national ideals in the melting pot of early Christianity.

Wherever and whenever the rights of women are recognized as those belonging to all human beings alike, there and then arise problems of marriage and divorce. For there and then marriage becomes a *contract*, and a contract can be broken for the same reasons that a contract may be made, namely, the good of the parties involved. The difficulties inhering in the adjustment of the domestic order to—

“Two heads in council,
Two beside the hearth,
Two in the tangled business of the world”

are identical with the difficulties that inhere in democracy as a general social movement. Despotism is easy if you can secure a despot capable of holding his place. All else is a matter of adjustment to justice and right; and all such adjustment is difficult. In the midst of the confusion of ideal and action one thing is sure; namely, that women in the new freedom that has come to them in the last hundred years of Christian civilization will not longer endure the unspeakable indignities and the hopeless suffering which many of them have been compelled to endure in the past. That last outrage upon a chaste wife and a faithful mother, enforced physical union with a husband and father whose touch is pollution and whose heritage to his children is disease and death, will less and less be tolerated by individual or by social morality. In so far as greater freedom in divorce is one effect of the refusal of women to sustain marital relations with unfit men—and it is very largely that to-day—it is a movement for the benefit and not for the injury of the family. Permanent and legal separation in such cases is now seen by most enlightened people to be both individually just and socially necessary. Whether such separation shall include remarriage of either or both parties is still a moot question in morals. The tendency, however, in all fields of ethical thought is away from “eternal punishment” and in the direction of self-recovery and of trying life experiments over again in the hope of

a better outcome. It is likely that marriage and divorce will prove no exception to this hopeful tendency. Moreover, so far as the testimony of actual life is valid as against theories only, the countries where no re-marriage is allowed show a lower standard of marital faithfulness, of child-care and of true culture of the moral nature in the relationship of the family group, than is shown in those countries that grant for serious causes absolute divorce with full freedom for re-marriage.

That all divorces now obtained are for serious reasons, however, no one dare affirm. The most harmful element in the problem both in its personal and in its social aspects is the fact that selfishness, superficial and trivial causes of pique, of wounded vanity, of rash and childish whim, of even the mere suggestive power of newspaper scandals, may lead to a hasty and unnecessary termination of that most important of all human relationships, the marriage upon which the home is builded. The special need, however, even at this danger-point, is not to focus attention, as is usually done, upon evils to be avoided in divorce laws and their operation. What is needed most is studious and practical devotion to constructive social measures that may be adopted for aid to those in marital difficulty, and for the prevention of those social and personal conditions which lead to marital difficulty. It is high time we began to work for the lessening of *causes of divorce*, for relief in family distress and misery, for helpful measures of discipline through recognized and adequate agencies for all who need an external conscience and an outside judgment to make a success of their married life. Not only is it true that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, but it is also equally true that a pound of help at the right time and in the right way to weak and ignorant and wayward people is worth a ton of prohibition. What many people need most is not to be forbidden a divorce, but to be helped radically in their lives and in their circumstances to a position where they will not want a divorce.

In this connection we must consider the fact that our own is the first form of civilization that has tried in any large way the experiment of placing the entire burden of securing the success of marriage and the family life upon the characters and capaci-

ties of two persons. In primitive social orders, and in the older civilizations, each married pair and their children were sustained and disciplined and in greater or less degree controlled by the collective family order in which they lived. Now, we trust two people in early youth, undisciplined, undeveloped, perhaps deficient in mental, moral, physical or economic power, to marry as they will; bear children or not without let or hindrance; take care of their children or not as seems desirable or possible to them; separate with ease, with or without legal procedure—and the burden of all the failures in marriage, parenthood and the family relationship is placed upon society as a whole. The consequences of the many failures that thus result have brought all thoughtful persons to the point where they see clearly that society, which in its social service is called upon to take care of failures, must assume a social control and discipline that will reduce those failures to the minimum. This means that we must come to an agreement about the method and extent of such social control of the present individualistic marriage as shall be just to persons and helpful to the social order.

The first question to be raised and answered in the effort to reach such an agreement is this: What force in modern society is adequate and suitable as the agency of such social control of the individualistic marriage in the interests of social welfare? The answer seems clear to many of us. The modern State is the only adequate and suitable agency for efficient social control of marriage. The old tyranny of tribal custom is gone; it will not return. The unquestioned despotism of the patriarchate is no more—and where is the sane person who would desire its revival? The family bond of blood relationship, which used to place all domestic responsibility in a “family council” with an acknowledged head, is already stretched to cover so wide an area of personal choice that it cannot hold firm against unsafe or unwise choices; and the tendency is toward more and more democracy in the family life. The accepted rule of rabbi and priest no longer exists, and he would be rash indeed who should urge its reinstatement with the support of the strong arm of the law. The modern State, however, has absorbed within itself the “mother-right” and the “father-rule”; the Church control

and the educational standard; and the law, as the expression of its own will and not as the temporal enforcement of spiritual canons. The modern State is the final appeal in individual need and the ultimate authority in social conduct. Of all modern institutions, therefore, the State alone is powerful enough, definite enough, and united enough in its ethical demand, to accept and efficiently exercise for all mankind the responsibility of the care, the control and the development of individual life in all group relationships. It is, consequently, the only fit agency by which social control of individualistic marriage, in the interest of social well-being, may be assumed and maintained.

The most important first step, therefore, in efforts of constructive work toward securing the stability of the family is insistence upon a uniform civil marriage service. The civil authority over marriage needs no demonstration to any form of Protestant Christian faith; for it is wrought into the history of the more democratic forms of Church administration. The early settlers of the United States preserved clear traces of Cromwell's assertion of State control over marriage and family order in the requirement, universal in the colonies of New England and the Eastern Coast, that a magistrate alone should have power to legalize marriage. A "minister might be present" and "make a short exhortation," but he must "not preach a sermon" on such occasions, lest he thereby detract from the dignity of the civil officer. We have not kept that jealous regard for the civil marriage, since we now allow ministers of different faiths to legalize the relation between the sexes. But we do recognize that when the minister of any religion is allowed to legalize the marriage bond he does it with delegated power; for he has always to say, "By the power vested in me by the State I pronounce you husband and wife." It is clear to many of us that we should return, and at once, to the early New England requirement for a civil marriage as the true and only legalization, whatever additional religious service may be desired as satisfying the religious sentiment.

This required civil marriage should be limited in form to such words as persons of all religious faiths could conscientiously use; it should be performed in such place as would safeguard

privacy and protect from all trivial and coarse associations; it should be performed only by special magistrates set apart for this important function, and capable of properly representing the dignity and power of the State in this most vital public and private concern. The beautiful "Halls of Marriage" of some European Guild buildings might well be reproduced in the United States. Justices of distinction and high character, who were no longer physically equal to the hardest work of the courts, might well be set aside for this task as a crowning honor and service. Women judges, also, when we have them, could serve well in this duty of ushering a new family group into existence.

If we could once establish the State in its rightful place of social control of marriage, we could then move on to the logical next step in securing greater stability and efficiency in the family order—namely, the protection of the family against the marriage of the unfit. The most radical and vital treatment of pathological conditions in the modern family is not to tinker with divorce, which at worst is only a symptom of deeper social disease, but to take measures to prevent so many people from marrying who are not physically, mentally, morally or economically able to make marriage a social advantage. The stability of the modern family, that is to say, the stability of the family under gradually extending democratic conditions, depends not alone or chiefly upon keeping people together who have once married, and that without regard to their worth or their happiness; but rather in removing from the currents of family descent the poisonous elements of human degeneracy which always make for social disorder and disintegration. Experience has proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that the largest producing cause of human misery and social retardation is the marriage and child-bearing of the feeble-minded, the epileptic, the victims of diseases induced by vicious habits, and of all those of degenerative psychosis tending toward insanity, crime or helplessness. We have a larger number of these degenerates, in relation to our population, than ever burdened preceding civilizations. That is because modern charity keeps such degenerates alive and safe where under harsher social conditions nature would kill them off early. We are, therefore, under bonds to future generations, if we would not

make our very growth in social tenderness a means of social degeneration, to make it impossible for the markedly unfit to bring forth seed after their kind. When the State assumes its rightful control over marriage, the legal family can be wholly protected against this evil; and sexual relationships of an irregular sort can be made innocuous, to the future at least, by means of various forms of human "sterilization" already understood and to some extent practised. That "God gives children" who should never be born is a superstition that must be outgrown, if social progress is to be made in conditions where nature's hand is stayed in her useful destruction of the worse than useless human failures. The twin superstition that the sexual instinct is too personal and private a possession to be rightly governed by public laws must also be outgrown. Many States are trying experiments like those of Indiana along the line of such social control both of legal marriage and of sex-associations not legalized, as shall protect society against its worst foe, which is the hopeless incompetency to social demands of any considerable class of the population.

Next in importance to preventing marriages which should not be allowed, is to help in making more permanent and successful those that society has permitted. Here again it is not the effort to make "uniform divorce laws," of whatever sort, which is the vital thing—certainly not the effort to secure such uniform laws as will forbid all escape from the marriage bond even when it has become intolerable; nor is it the settlement of the vexed question of re-marriage after divorce. The vital thing is to secure such social agencies as may urge deliberation, offer wise counsel, and provide needed aid to ignorance and waywardness and wilful selfishness when difficulties appear in the family life. The vital need is for the State, aided by volunteer helpers, to place at the service of the foolish and the confused, the distressed and angry, a truly parental aid in "patching things up" and "trying to go on" even when the family outlook is dark and threatening. The new Domestic Relations Courts, one of which has been established in New York City, and one in Chicago, are a promising beginning of what is most needed. The Children's Court, with its probation system applied first to children only and now to delinquent parents with their children, has shown us the way.

The number of grown-up children, people with adult bodies but childish minds and babyish tempers, is appalling. They need as careful and ingenious discipline as do minors, when they come to grief through faults and misfortunes. A set of magistrates, chosen for special qualities of mind and heart; a private hearing, where the interview may have the sacredness of the confessional; a probation system, made so flexible and all-embracing that it may worthily take the place of the old "family council" of an earlier type of domestic order; a rigid law, compelling a pause of some proper and specified time before the most rebellious couples are able to escape from their assumed obligations to each other; a needed relief from constant irritation of each other's presence while this pause exacts deliberation before final decisions; a tendency, strongly and consciously established by the Court of Domestic Relations, in favor of the rehabilitation of the family and against all separation or divorce not found to be necessary as a release from unbearable conditions—these are the vital needs to-day. To secure them, two things are absolutely essential; first, *the abolition by State law, rigidly enforced, of all commercial trafficking in divorce by any lawyer of any grade or sort*; and, second, a turning of the forces that make for moral guidance in the community from the negative to the positive, from the prohibitive to the constructive, in dealing with the problems of marriage and divorce. So long as any class of people in the community can make money by breaking up families, families will be broken up that might be held together. So long as the moral sense of the churches and of social workers is engaged chiefly in trying to get laws about divorce fixed in certain directions, rather than in trying to help people not to want to get divorced, there will be so heavy a responsibility laid upon the weak and undeveloped that they cannot measure up to its demands. We must make the family life more stable; that everyone admits. We can only make it more stable in a democratic society by working from within outward; from character and social condition toward law; not solely or chiefly by changes in statutes and by penalties for disobedience to laws made for the most part by people who are so wisely and happily married that they are wholly content!

What if, after all has been done that can be done to keep married couples together and to secure a permanent father and mother for each child of such married couples, some people demand entire separation, legal divorce, and the privilege to remarry? Then it seems that in a democratic order, where the right of an individual to determine the main essentials of his life to his utmost power is guaranteed, society may not say nay to this demand. It is a tragedy if a marriage has proved so bad a mistake that death is preferable, as in many cases it is, to continued union. But the mistake itself is the tragedy, not the outward expression of it in legal divorce. It has been shown again and again that it is usually after the marriage has been really given up as impossible, and the couple have been definitely separated, however privately, for a considerable period, that the legal divorce is sought: that is to say, legal divorce is most often merely a public recognition of a private fact. As such it seems justified by social justice. There is no power that can make, through the law, a dead relationship live again. There is no possible miracle by which statutes can make love out of hatred, happiness out of misery, faith out of distrust, a home out of a prison from which a man and woman long only to escape. Nor can any law forbidding either separation or divorce make that a suitable place in which to bring up children which has become not a home, but such a prison. The State, however, when it assumes its rightful and needed control of marriage and family life, will make the children's welfare a chief consideration in settling vexed questions of giving or refusing divorce. Here again the present tendency to deal with such unfortunate children from a repressive and prohibitory point of view as related to their parents, must change to a positive and conscious tendency to minimize for the children themselves the misfortune incident to their parents' mistake or wrong-doing.

Far too little care is now exercised in regard to the conditions of life, moral and social, which surround the children of divorced parents. Where there has been such separation of fathers and mothers for causes which will not admit of palliative treatment such as has been suggested through a properly organized and administered Domestic Relations Court, the chil-

dren of divorced parents should be held as wards of these Domestic Relations Courts during their minority. That provision in itself would act as an automatic check on haste and selfishness in seeking a divorce in the case of all parents who love their children. As wards of the Domestic Relations Court the children of divorced parents should have some special person, preferably not a relative of either parent and not a partisan friend of either, appointed by the court as a special guardian to look out for their interests solely. Perhaps the worst thing that can be done with such unfortunate children of divorced parents is the usual placing of them in a divided care: one part of each year with the father and his family, who "know the mother was seriously at fault whatever he might have done"; another portion of the year with the mother and her family, who are "morally certain that she was wholly in the right and the father wholly wrong." The conflicting atmosphere of two such homes, even in cases where each family life is restrained and careful in expressions before the child, is a bad surrounding for any young person. And where there are vulgar passion and unreasoning prejudice in full display before the bewildered loyalty of the child to both parents, the situation is cruel and hurtful in the highest degree. If a man and woman have made shipwreck of their married life and have brought children into the world, those children must be looked out for by some power above and beyond even parental love, in the interests of their own development and of the social good. In this world we pay for mistakes a penalty as great, save in the inner consciousness of rectitude of purpose, as for crimes. One of the penalties for mistakes in marriage is, or should be, this submission to the strong arm of the law in a disposition of the lives of the children involved that transcends parental control. There is no way in which the asset of parenthood can be divided when the marriage bond is broken. Therefore neither parent has exclusive right, even the "good" parent as against the "bad" one. The trick of the voice, the turn of the hand, the color of the eye, the shape of the head, the mental gift, the moral taint or cleanness, the very life and being of the child, partake of both parents. "Not even the power of Omnipotence," says the ancient poet, "can make that

which has been as if it were not." Out of the wrong or the error of the union of these twain, this child has come into life. No decree of judge or jury can make it the child of but one parent. All that society can do, and that society should do, is to declare that this fruit of a broken promise shall have its own life as unshaded and as fair for growth as it can be made. To force both parents to live together in a horrible travesty of home cannot give those defrauded children their rights. To hand them over first to one, and then to the other parent, in a mixed and conflicting influence and devotion, cannot make good the lack of the united care of two people who love them and love each other. To give them wholly to the one parent thought most fit for their care is still to leave them orphaned and desolate; for some very poor specimens of mankind have a charm that children love and miss, even though the remaining caretaker has all the virtues! Nothing can make up to children for the death of their parents or for the loss from the living of the true feeling and united service of those between whom they seldom wish to "choose," but from both of whom they instinctively claim the best that can be given. The least that society can do for these children whom divorce of parents has thus afflicted is to assume a superior position of guardianship that shall minimize the evils of the situation and preserve as far as may be the feeling of loyalty to both parents until reason and judgment shall guide affection to a true understanding of the sad condition.

The greatest of all needs in this whole realm of obligation toward children is for more and more effective ethical training; suited to present and not to past social conditions. We cannot longer make people cower before "that hangman's whip, the fear of hell." We cannot longer make the majority of instructed people accept as final authority, and obey as a supreme command the canons of any church. We cannot longer secure in sufficient degree the higher ideals, and self-control in their realization now required, solely by the ancient appeal to filial feeling. That appeal to filial feeling rested for its greatest leverage upon a reverence for the superior wisdom of the old which is now endangered, if not destroyed, by the constant appeal to do new things to make the oncoming generation wiser and better than the last. All

the movements of modern thought and life are against the old forms of social control which made for family stability and the sacrifice of personal desire for the welfare of offspring. We must translate our ethical teaching and our spiritual approach into new terms suited to the new idealism of the new social order. This is not hard to do, since social science, as truly as religion and family autonomy, makes the primal object of the family the well-being, the nurture, the training and the happiness of offspring. Social science makes it incumbent upon the man who would be a good citizen, and the woman who would make just return for social expenditure on her behalf, to place the interests of their children in marriage above all small demands of their own desires. No sociologist accepts Milton's idea of marriage as "an arrangement solely for the happiness" of individual men and women. Marriage is indeed the highest means society affords for securing the happiness of the majority of human beings. Marriage is also the finest and most effective moral discipline of both men and women who love each other and wish to, and do, call out the best in each other's nature. But if there are children born of the union, and marriage can hardly be fully complete either as joy or as discipline without children, then the social duty to make that marriage successful in the highest sense as a foundation for family life must be accepted as binding.

The deepest and most compelling need is, therefore, to re-incarnate the old sanctities of the domestic order in new forms. Marriage must still, and more than of old, be considered a Sacrament. Not in the sense that elevates one church ceremony above all other rituals, and denies to adult human beings the right to free themselves from intolerable conditions provided certain formulæ have once been pronounced. But a Sacrament in the sense that makes marriage a spiritual as well as a physical bond, that makes it the outward symbol of the inner unity of the race.

Marriage, again, must be held, as our Anglo-Saxon ancestors made it appear, as a free contract between those who choose each the other. Not in the sense of that selfish individualism that makes freedom synonymous with a choice that regards only

the passion of the heart, and that ends its obligation when its preference ceases. Not that—on peril of the loss of social order itself; but a free contract “on the soul’s Rialto” in the sense of an inviolable right of selective love, to guide the path to the altar of a pledged devotion.

Marriage, again, must be held more consciously than it is now as a social arrangement for the benefit of society as a whole. Not in the sense of a mechanical control, that tries stupendous or even ludicrous experiments in artificial production of supermen and superwomen; but marriage as a social arrangement for the benefit of the social whole in the sense that subordinates even love itself, even the passionate longing of the lonely heart, to the higher interests of humanity and to the imperious demands of the social conscience.

To help thus in even the smallest degree to reincarnate the old sanctities of the family bond in new forms is a far better service at this time of unrest than, on the one side, to exalt freedom as an end in itself; or, on the other side, to try to revive obsolete forms of subjection of the individual to the domestic autonomy. Above all things socially futile and morally insolent is the attitude of men who attempt to solve alone, without either the judgment or the authority of women, the problems of marriage and divorce! There is nothing which so betrays and emphasizes the evil effect upon the spiritual nature of men of the long subjection of women to masculine control, as the findings of church councils and court decisions and academic discussions, in which men alone participate, as these are related to family life. The monstrous assumption that men can know better than women what women want, or ought to want, or really need, in that marriage relation which means to human beings of the mother-sex a tax upon the whole nature such as men cannot experience, would be impossible to decent and intelligent men were it not for the extreme egotism engendered in all human beings by the possession of unjust power over others.

On the other hand, nothing is more mischievous in a period like our own, when our ideals of democracy have run ahead of our social technique in their administration, than to ignore the claims of society to set metes and bounds by law to the relation

of the sexes. To exaggerate the demands of romantic love as above those of the social good, is a mistake of the utmost danger. To assume the anarchistic attitude toward marriage, and to believe that that relationship between men and women which is free of courts and statutes is equal or superior to that which is entered upon soberly and publicly under legal bonds to definitely defined obligations, is a mistake that implies a fatal lack of moral balance. "He is not free who can do what he wills," says St. Augustine. He only is free who can will what he ought, responds our modern thought. The marriage law may be faulty; it may be one-sided; it may be in some particulars a dead record of ancient and outworn ideals; it may contain things that the moral sense and legal practice should get rid of at once—but the conviction that law and not personal caprice should rule the most vital of human relationships is vastly more important than any manifestation of that law and should be held inviolate at all times. As Milton himself says, to "let upstart passions catch the government from reason" is but to confuse moral issues; and the reason of the race has always embodied itself in laws to which individual wishes should be subordinate.

New thoughts for the new time we need most surely in the realm of law as applied to the family order. To let what Channing called "that bondage to habit which lives on its old virtues" enslave us is foolish indeed. New thoughts and new works for the new days; but above all, in respect to the home which is the central socializing force in human society, a new consecration to the utmost reach of social wisdom and to the most faithful obedience to the social demand upon the personal life.

IS GOLD REDUNDANT?

JAMES S. H. UMSTED

THOSE who would hold the increased production of gold mainly responsible for the increase in the cost of living should demonstrate that this expansion has not been accomplished by any proportionate increase in the needs of consumption of the metal. As a rule they avoid this side of the question. It is easy to point to the higher range of prices for commodities and to the fact that gold output has risen. But there is to-day a more complicated and elaborated system of social connections, including those wholly foreign to the machinery of banking, than existed when the relations between the increase in gold supplies and in prices of everything measured in gold were reduced to a more or less precise economic dictum. If we can show that the absorption of the current supply in the arts and industries has made such progress in recent years as to leave a surplus not sufficient to provide for reasonably growing monetary needs, we must dismiss the idea that for the last decade or two the cost of living has been enhanced by a decrease in the purchasing power of gold. In a previous article * the writer touched incidentally upon the extent and variety of the demand but devoted himself principally to indicating, from the latest available statistics, the recent tendency of gold production to decline, not in absolute amount, but in ratio compared with former years. Even the great Transvaal field has fallen from a gain of thirty per cent. in 1905 over the preceding year to one of only ten per cent. in 1911.

It is proposed in this article to bring to the front the often neglected side of gold consumption. Consideration of output alone has made the talk of the effects of the increased supply almost a vulgarism. At the meetings of the Paris Société de Statistique earlier in the year, M. Alfred Neymarck somewhat impatiently said: "On every side we hear it repeated like an axiom or truth needing no proof that, if prices go up, it is because there is too much gold. No one seeks to know whether

* *High Prices and the Gold Supply*, in the July number.

this rise in prices has not economical, commercial, financial, climatic causes; whether it is not due to the development of consumption, to the increase of coal production and metal working, to the increase of general comfort, and to other causes still. No, the rise in prices, they all cry in unison, is due to the abundance of gold production." The statistics at the command of the economic student with regard to gold consumption were deficient, compared with those now available, when, in the eighties, Professor Adolph Soetbeer contributed to monetary literature his series of statistical studies which became the standard authority for the periods covered by his investigations. Yet even in his day they were sufficiently reliable to confront Dr. Soetbeer with many inconsistencies in his effort to show the relations between the demand and supply. This statistician was the first to allow adequate weight to the industrial uses for which both gold and silver were needed, and he found, also, that the records of coinage over large periods gave figures exceeding the figures of recorded production. He was forced to assume the existence of a "latent reserve" of the precious metals in the possession of civilized countries in order to avoid reaching the conclusion that the amounts used in coinage (as ascertained from Mint records) and the amounts reasonably estimated as absorbed in the arts, exceeded the actual output of the metal. In his *Materielen*, prefacing the chapter on "The Consumption of the Precious Metals," he says:

"We were compelled to resort to this expedient in order to explain the discrepancies which appear for specific periods between the production of gold and its use, a discrepancy which remained after the most careful investigation. By the term 'latent reserve' we mean those quantities of the precious metals which are neither in circulation nor a reserve for credit obligations, which are not used as plate, ornaments, or for any direct use, but are retained for the time being without any real use. In this category we must place coins no longer legal tender in the hands of private persons, relics of coin in countries having a depreciated paper money, hoards of coin in general, and articles of gold or silver which are not used and are kept more or less hidden. This latent reserve is, of course, not a fixed amount,

but increases or decreases in every country from time to time. As industrial conditions change, new amounts flow into it, or are taken out of it, for circulation or for use in the arts. The coin in the hands of mine owners or of speculators belongs, for the time being, to the same category."

As explained in detail in the previous article in *THE FORUM*, the modern statistics of industrial consumption are more complete since 1893 than at any previous period of monetary investigations. The discrepancies that confronted Dr. Soetbeer in his day have become almost too great, it would seem, to be explained entirely on the theory of the "latent reserve." The United States Mint statistics from 1893 to 1910, both years inclusive (a period covered by more accurate estimates of industrial absorption, and embracing the great influx of the precious metal from the Transvaal), make the following comparisons:

World's gold production	\$5,604,641,100
World's coinage	\$5,825,409,614
Recoinage deducted	753,914,758
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Net coinage of new material	5,071,494,856
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Balance for the arts	\$533,146,244
Consumption in the arts	1,378,819,200
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Deficit in production	\$845,672,956

Nearly nine hundred million dollars is an amount too great on its face to be explained on an hypothesis. If the reader will exert some patience, an effort will be made to reduce the discrepancy as far as possible by a process of minimizing consumption and maximizing the out-turn. An explanation, confined within limits practicable to a full appreciation of the concessions, must be permitted and the principles of it will be applied to the subsequent statistical treatment. First, as to production: Many statisticians insist that it is underestimated by ten per cent. Notwithstanding the greatest precautions there is some loss of gold

by the reporting mines through miners' theft, as well as a failure to put all the product through the mints or assay offices, while, perhaps, there may be errors or suppressions of the facts in the returns from mines and private smelters. For instance, *The Engineering and Mining Journal* of New York, in an article on the gold production of Russia, of date of January 29, 1910, said: "It is usual in estimating the production to allow ten per cent. for gold concealed or not delivered to the Mint. Many engineers who have had experience in that country (Russia) think that the allowance is too small." Let us, in subsequent analysis, allow an addition of ten per cent. to the recorded output as a fair average for the world.

In the matter of coinages we shall consider only the net coinage of new material, arrived at by deducting recoinages from the coinage statistics, which always include old material or old coins that pass through the Mint. From 1873 on, the United States Mint has collected the recoinage returns from all countries reporting. Previous to the year named the data were uncertain, but in discussing estimates of an earlier period it will be generous to allow twenty-five per cent. for the recoinage figures—a percentage greatly in excess of that recorded for the period 1893-1910, for which the most reliable estimates and reports are available. Then there is the question of the extent to which coins are melted down and used to meet the industrial demand. This must be largely a process of pure approximation, for there are no comprehensive world's statistics of the use of minted material in this way. The value of domestic coins used in the industries of the United States—of which very close account is kept—averaged from 1880 to 1909 not quite eighteen per cent. of the total amount of material, ignoring old plate, jewelry, etc. Foreign bullion was utilized largely, but the value of foreign coins consumed industrially was a mere trifle. Canada uses few foreign coins in the arts: in 1909 the amount was \$100,000 out of a total industrial consumption of \$1,470,000. In European countries, however, the proportion of coins put into the melting pot is much larger than in America. For instance, the German Government reported for the census of 1907 the amount of gold employed in the industrial arts at 51,397,000

marks in German and foreign coins and 40,219,000 marks in fine gold bullion, showing a percentage of coins used of over fifty per cent. Austria-Hungary in 1909 used 6,112,274 ounces in the arts, of which 1,751,124 ounces were in domestic and 1,862,355 ounces in foreign coins, a total of 2,498,795 in coins, or over fifty-nine per cent. of the entire industrial consumption. Switzerland in 1909 got a little less than fifty per cent. of her industrial needs from coins. Madagascar for 1909 used 325,799 ounces in foreign coins out of a total of 726,780 ounces taken by the arts, or much less than fifty per cent. In the answers to our Government's inquiries, in many cases, there is no specification of the character of the material used. The light percentage of coins melted down to furnish the \$33,756,600 gold absorbed by the United States in 1910 in the industries tends to offset the heavy percentage of such use of coins by Germany, with an industrial consumption of \$15,536,000, or Austria-Hungary, with \$5,750,000 in 1910. It seems, therefore, most liberal to concede that of the world's industrial consumption thirty-five per cent. is derived from the supply of foreign or domestic coins by the different nations on an average.

A final word. The last sixty years are divided into three periods. The first covers the years for which Dr. Soetbeer's estimates are available; the second, those for which in some but not all important respects the data of the United States Mint are on record; and the last, those for which the Mint estimates are most complete on all points. Having thus cleared the ground, here is the showing that the production and consumption of gold make from 1851 to 1910, both years inclusive:

Soetbeer Period, 1851-1872

World's gold production	\$2,827,150,000
Add ten per cent. for underestimate	282,715,000
Total production	<u>\$3,109,865,000</u>
World's coinage	\$3,366,270,238
Recoinages (est'd twenty-five per cent.)	<u>841,567,560</u>
Net new coinage	2,524,702,678
Balance for industrial use.....	<u>\$585,162,322</u>

Industrial consumption	\$675,438,000
Obtained from coins (est'd thirty-five per cent.) ..	236,403,300
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Net industrial needs	439,034,700
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Surplus product, twenty-two years	\$146,127,622

Here is an average annual accretion of "free gold," so to speak, of \$6,642,165. In the next table the statistics of the United States Mint are used, except for the industrial consumption, for which we must be content to apply an arbitrary estimate of \$50,000,000 a year, that being, by the way, \$5,826,400 less than Dr. Soetbeer's annual average from 1871 to 1885:

First Mint Period, 1873-1892

World's gold production	\$2,188,757,600
Add ten per cent.	218,875,760
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Total production	\$2,407,633,360
World's coinage	\$2,944,361,920
Recoinages (actual reports)	646,454,101
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Net new coinage	2,297,907,819
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Balance for industrial use	\$109,725,541
Industrial consumption (est'd) \$1,000,000,000	
Obtained from coins (thirty- five per cent.)	350,000,000
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Net industrial needs	650,000,000
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Deficit product, twenty years	\$540,274,459

These figures therefore give us an average annual deficit in production to supply the Mints and for the arts of \$27,013,723.

Second Mint Period, 1893-1910

World's gold production	\$5,604,641,100
Add ten per cent.	560,464,110
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Total production	\$6,165,105,210
World's coinage	\$5,825,409,614
Recoinages (actual reports)	753,914,758
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Net new coinage	5,071,494,856
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Balance for industrial use	\$1,093,610,354
Industrial consumption	\$1,378,819,200
Obtained from coins (thirty-five per cent.)	482,586,720
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Net industrial needs	896,232,480
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Surplus product, eighteen years	\$197,377,874

An average annual surplus over the Mint and industrial demands of less than \$18,000,000 is thus shown for the period of the world's greatest output!

The net results for the sixty years covered by the foregoing tables resolve themselves as follows:

Surplus, Soetbeer period, 1851-72	\$146,127,622
Surplus, 1893-1910	197,377,874
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Surplus, 40 years	\$343,505,496
Deficit, 1873-1892	540,274,459
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Net deficit, sixty years	\$196,768,963

It is more than likely that the high estimate of thirty-five per cent. allowed for the use of coins in the arts should be reduced by at least five per cent., which would add \$150,000,000 to the almost \$200,000,000 which the world's supply could not meet after it had furnished the material for the net coinages, as

recorded, and for circulation or banking reserves. It would cut nearly in half the surplus for the third period: that of the greatest accretion in gold production. Considering every concession that has been made in bringing the figures of consumption down to the lowest estimates, is it not a fair inference that in the last half century or so we actually have been drawing on pre-existing supplies—on the \$2,800,000,000 world's stock of gold estimated by Tooke and Newmarch to be in existence in 1850? At the very least, would it not be reasonable to admit that even the \$200,000,000 surplus product of the last eighteen years fails to establish the fact of any redundancy of gold supplies? If we ignore earlier estimates and confine ourselves to this latter period, for which a reasonable degree of accuracy in records will surely be allowed, what must we infer? The growth of industrial consumption is a fact evident in the world's accumulation of ornaments and objects of utility; it would be admitted by any practical jeweller or other manufacturer who has actually handled the material needed for his business. Yet the records show that the Mints, unlike the case with silver in late years, have not been underfed. It may even be asked whether, if the purchasing power of gold had materially diminished—if the margin between cost and profit had been much reduced by the rise in articles for which the metal is exchanged—there would not have been some restraint on the activity of production? Herein, it is true, enters the question of the actual cost of mining, but that is one so difficult to approximate on any extensive scope that it cannot be discussed within allowed space limits.

But let us view the question—the available data—from another angle. Turn to the great factor of the absorption of gold by the Far East. Regardless of early records of demand and supply, the situation to-day is one that is looming big in this respect. We shall find the most satisfactory statistical records bearing on this point in those relating to the Great Eastern Dependency of Great Britain. The phenomenon of hoarding of the precious metals by India has long been a monetary and social mystery. The absorption of silver has been the more prolific subject of economic discussion, but in late years its importance

has been fairly overshadowed by the evidence of the disappearance of the gold supplies of the Occident among the scores of millions of the Indian Peninsula. Near the close of the Seventeenth Century a Frenchman, Bernier—a traveller whose observations in the Orient were so esteemed that the great French finance minister, Colbert, asked of him a report on the commercial relations of India—published a book of travels in which he tersely and vividly summarized this immemorial characteristic of the Orientals: "The gold and silver of the world, after circulating for some time, finally flow to India, as into an abyss from which there is no return."

Dr. Soetbeer estimated the net flow of gold to the East (a distinct loss to the monetary uses of the West) from 1851 to 1885, both years inclusive, at 660,000 kilograms, or \$438,636,000, a yearly average, say, of about twelve and one-half millions. Last year the net imports of gold by India were nearly \$100,000,000! In the last ten fiscal years (according to the official returns of the Indian Government) the overseas imports and exports of gold (the movement by land is negligible) for private account were as follows, the figures used being given in Rx (that is, tens of rupees):

Year ended

<i>March 31</i>	<i>Imports</i>	<i>Exports</i>	<i>Net imports</i>
1902.....	8,297,621	3,366,479	4,931,142
1903.....	13,146,655	3,677,392	9,469,263
1904.....	20,131,175	3,802,678	16,328,497
1905.....	21,811,975	3,698,590	18,113,385
1906.....	14,742,972	5,290,983	9,451,989
1907.....	18,470,782	3,677,343	14,793,439
1908.....	20,734,603	3,384,913	17,349,690
1909.....	8,404,229	3,688,092	4,716,137
1910.....	25,017,522	3,348,511	21,669,011
1911.....	27,890,997	3,915,397	23,975,600
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Total Rx	178,648,531	37,850,378	140,798,153

Taking the exchange value of the rupee at \$0.32433 in United States currency, the foregoing totals are equivalent to

\$579,410,780 imports and \$122,760,131 exports, an excess of imports over exports of \$456,650,649, or at an annual rate nearly four times what it was only about a quarter of a century ago. The annual average represents approximately one-tenth of the world's gold output. The last two years, however, average about one-sixth of the total production of the world. The foregoing table shows that gold exports have been virtually stationary through the decade while, with the exception of the fiscal years 1906 and 1909, there has been a largely rising ratio of imports. In fact, the net imports in the last five years were 58.60 per cent. of the total amount for the ten-year period. Nor has this great increase in the importation of gold been at the expense of the silver absorption. In the same ten years the silver imports have been equal to \$363,025,452; exports \$105,849,840; excess of imports \$257,175,612. To make more vivid the expansion in gold absorption in the last two years, it may be stated that in the fiscal year ended March 31, 1911, the net imports were equal to \$77,760,063,* compared with \$70,279,103 in 1910 and with a yearly average for the first half of the decade of \$37,813,165. Taking up the record from where Dr. Soetbeer left it in 1885, we shall find that the net import of gold into India has grown as follows in the last quarter of a century:

	<i>Total imports</i>	<i>Yearly average</i>
1886-1901	\$160,544,024	\$10,034,001
1902-1906	189,065,825	37,813,165
1907-1911	267,584,824	53,516,965
<hr/>		<hr/>
Total, twenty-six years	\$617,194,673	\$23,738,257

Nor is there any prospect that this drain of gold to India will fail to expand in the future. From the latest report of Mr. R. W. Gillan, Comptroller-General and Head Commissioner of Paper Currency for the Government of India, we may take figures exhibiting the almost uninterrupted growth in the balance of merchandise trade in favor of the British Dependency in the

* Unofficial figures for the calendar year 1911 give the net gold imports at £20,909,442.

last five years (in rupees) : 1907, 686,100,000; 1908, 474,600,000; 1909, 317,600,000; 1910, 706,700,000; 1911, 797,800,000. In terms of our currency, the total favorable trade balance for the five years was \$967,411,524, or an average of nearly \$200,000,000 a year. The net imports of gold during that period were \$267,584,824, or a yearly average of \$53,516,965. India's favorable trade balance in the fiscal year ended March 31, 1911, was \$258,750,474, compared with \$187,809,479 in 1906, an expansion of \$70,940,995, or 37.77 per cent. Besides the net imports of treasure, the enormous trade balance to which attention has been directed has been settled by private remittance, bills of the Secretary of State for India, and transfer of securities. It is impossible to obtain data on these points to balance the account, and, in fact, the figures are not needed. It is obvious that, save in years of exceptional famine (and improved internal conditions are minimizing those dreadful visitations) the trade of India will continue to be a magnet to draw British sovereigns by the scores of millions to disappear into the ornaments, hoards and hiding places of the Hindu princes and people.

For it is still evident that the remarkable disposition of this great Eastern population (315,000,000 by the Indian Census of 1911) to hide away the treasure it imports or to melt it down for purposes of ornament and decoration has not yet yielded to the teachings of civilization. It is true that to some extent the sovereign has gone into circulation in parts of India, but in the main that country's gold importations disappear from monetary service. The old order changeth not. Referring again to Mr. Gillan's report, we shall find a most interesting discussion of this matter of gold absorption. He takes the Government receipts as a good index of the extent to which the sovereign has become a medium of exchange, showing these almost stationary figures of the receipts of gold at the Indian treasuries in recent fiscal years: 1907, £2,838,000; 1908, £4,409,000; 1909, £2,748,000; 1910, £945,000; 1911, £3,177,000. In five years the receipts of gold have increased but £300,000! Applying a more drastic test, he presents these figures of the gold entering into the receipts at the Post Offices and Railways of India:

	<i>Post Offices</i>	<i>Railways</i>	<i>Total</i>
1907....	*£553,000	*£468,000	*£1,021,000
1908....	1,358,000	1,045,000	2,403,000
1909....	1,001,000	710,000	1,711,000
1910....	265,000	134,000	399,000
1911....	638,000	597,000	1,235,000

To quote Commissioner Gillan's own comment on this showing: "The inference appears to be unfavorable. If sovereigns have established themselves in the currency the effect should be cumulative. Year after year a certain amount of gold has been passed out into circulation, and if it stayed there we should expect a progression in the figures, but of such progression there is no trace." Elsewhere, analyzing in detail the reports from the various Presidencies and Provinces as to the use of gold as currency he says: "It appears then that the acceptance of sovereigns is not yet general."

The statistics for the calendar year 1911 indicated a net importation of gold by India of nearly £21,000,000. The unofficial returns for the first five months of 1912 aggregated £16,650,265, compared with £11,657,557 in the corresponding five months of 1911. One of the most prominent London bullion brokerage firms (nor is it *aliunde* to note that the head of the concern—Lord Swaythling—has a brother who is the Under-Secretary of State for India for Great Britain) commented in its market letter, prior to the receipt of the official figures, on this point as follows: "We have frequently drawn attention to the vastly increased importation of gold—coined and uncoined—into India. It would be surprising if the net imports of gold into India during 1911 did not prove to be a record. If so, their continuance on such a high scale—taken in conjunction with the absorption by Egypt, which is also very large—will point toward an insufficiency rather than a redundancy of the world's supplies of gold."

If we were to construct a table (after the fashion of Dr. Soetbeer's in his *Materielen*) of the probable disposition of the world's gold supply in 1910 (we shall use this year because

* For second half year only.

nearly all the estimates for 1911 are subject to important revision), we shall find a result approximating the subjoined exhibit, United States Mint data being used except in the abrasion loss estimate and the Eastern absorption, and with ten per cent. allowed for underestimate of output:

Production of gold in 1910	\$454,703,900
Add ten per cent.	45,470,390
<hr/>	
Total assumed production	\$500,174,290
Loss of recorded production by abrasion and accident, one-half of one per cent.	2,273,519
<hr/>	
Net gold available	\$497,900,771
Used in the arts	\$111,848,500
Net flow to the East, based on Indian returns	80,000,000
<hr/>	
Total non-monetary consumption	191,848,500
<hr/>	
Balance for money and reserves	\$306,052,271

Assuming the population of the Western world (the countries where gold is a dynamic monetary force) to be 700 millions, here would be a year's addition to the supply for circulation and bank reserves of less than fifty cents per capita! But we are confronted with the records of the world's Mints, showing in 1910 an output of coins (less recoinage from old coins or old material) amounting to \$428,568,566. Deducting thirty-five per cent. as representing the drafts on coins in the industrial consumption, we should have a net industrial consumption of bullion amounting to \$77,251,525, which, if deducted from the \$497,900,771 net gold production available, would leave a balance of \$420,649,246 bullion available for coinage, or an apparent excess of nearly \$8,000,000 in the out-turn of the Mints over the available production of 1910. The strain on the theoretical "latent reserve" in the year named therefore was nearly two per cent. of the available production, and little accords with the idea that there is so liberal an amount of new gold brought

into use as to influence commodity prices on the ascending scale. Perhaps the following tabular showing will make this point clearer:

Net available production, 1910	\$497,900,771
Industrial consumption	\$118,848,500
Obtained from coins (est'd thirty-five per cent)	41,596,975
<hr/>	
Industrial consumption of bullion	77,251,525
<hr/>	
Balance bullion for coinage	\$420,649,246
Recorded coinage	428,568,566
<hr/>	
Deficit in bullion to be accounted for	\$7,919,320

One final test may be applied to the developments of the last five years, keenly suggestive of the fact that we have within that time, despite the continued rise in gold production, been losing our stock rather than gaining any new surplus for monetary uses. In the annexed table the world's statistics of production and consumption for 1910 are compared with 1906 as nearly as may be, with the percentage of changes, which will visualize the situation better than words could do:

	1906	1910	Increase	P. C. Inc.
Production	\$402,503,000	\$454,703,900	\$52,200,900	12.97
Industrial consptn ..	93,145,900	111,848,500	18,702,600	20.07
India's net imports .	30,655,636	*77,760,063	47,104,427	153.66
Total consumption	\$123,801,536	\$189,608,563	\$65,807,027	53.15
Bal. for money and reserves	278,701,464	265,095,337	†13,606,127	†4.88
P. c. consptn. to prod.	30.75	41.70	10.95	‡35.60

Were a comparison with 1911 attempted, the showing would be more unfavorable. The United States Mint estimates an increase in world gold production over 1910 of less than three

* To March 31, 1911. † Decrease. ‡ Actual percentage of increase.

per cent.; a recent estimate by the President of the British Board of Trade makes the gain less than two per cent. On the other hand, the average yearly increase in the consumption by the arts is materially greater (in 1910 and in 1909 it exceeded ten per cent.), while, as unofficially reported, the net imports of gold by India in the fiscal year to March 31, 1912, indicate an expansion of nearly sixty per cent.

Are there legitimate reasons to believe that the demand for gold will not increase faster than the supply? The table last given furnishes ground to think the reverse. So far as the absorption by India is concerned, the steady progress made in developing the resources of that great region indicates that its favorable trade balance will continue to mount up faster than the rate at which the habits of the people are changing with respect to the use of gold as circulation or for settlement of internal exchange balances. At the pace at which the United States is consuming its own wheat crops, we are in danger of ceasing in not many years to be an appreciable factor among the breadstuffs-exporting countries of the world. Such a change would increase Great Britain's dependence upon India for her supply of wheat and thereby expand the latter's credit accounts in international commerce. Our cotton production is too variable not to tend, unless we deal with this crop differently than we have done for long years past, to stimulate the export of Indian cotton. The enormous expenditure by the British Government for irrigation works in its Hindu Empire has increased the stability of production in India in recent years, so that there follows no such disaster when the monsoon fails, partially or completely, as occurred on those occasions a dozen years ago or earlier. The interruption to trade by famine is being reduced to a minimum; increased sanitary education and establishment of sanitary conditions are lessening the blight of plague. Even the population is increasing: by the census of 1891 it was 287,000,000; in 1901, 294,000,000; in 1911, 315,000,000, showing a growth of about ten per cent. in twenty years.

The industrial consumption of the precious metal is also bound to expand as the world's population grows, as new regions are opened to civilization and to settlement. The uplifting of

the masses in the United States—the now well-established tendency to luxury—leads to increased use of gold in jewelry, ornaments and utensils. In this country alone the value of new gold material for manufacture and the arts has trebled in the last two decades. The world's industrial consumption has shown the following expansion in the last ten years, according to our Mint estimates: *

1901.....	\$79,417,600	1906.....	\$93,145,900
1902.....	75,865,100	1907.....	97,168,600
1903.....	74,556,200	1908.....	88,572,300
1904.....	77,845,000	1909.....	100,506,100
1905.....	82,975,200	1910.....	111,848,500

Here is an increase from 1901 of nearly forty-one per cent. It is immaterial whether twenty or thirty-five per cent. of the amount was supplied from coins: the total is a loss to the monetary supply. As has been shown in earlier estimates, this industrial consumption has absorbed in the last sixty years 3,000 millions out of a gold production of 11,000 millions. At the recent rate of growth, it is not extravagant to say that within a few years the arts will take half the world's gold output, unless the latter enlarges at a far faster rate than recorded in the last quinquennium. It would require independent treatment to do justice to the increasing demands on gold for banking reserves. It is to be remembered that in the last analysis it is not alone outstanding paper against which sound banking principles require an adequate reserve: the coin held by a bank is pledged also to the payment of all demand liabilities. In the case of the United States the gold reserve of \$150,000,000 is not solely to be considered in relation to the \$330,000,000 of outstanding "greenbacks." Upon it really rests our entire system—conglomerate and mosaic—of treasury notes, national bank notes, silver certificates and silver dollars. For while back of the silver certificates and in the coins is the actual value of the white

* The United States report for 1911, not long issued, contains drastically revised estimates of industrial consumption, erring probably on the side of conservatism. The writer, however, has used the reduced figures in all calculations as to the industrial demand.

metal, that actual value is nearly seventy cents below the nominal worth. Moreover, any forced sale of the metal would demoralize the market. As regards the national bank circulation it may be objected that it is amply secured by United States bonds; but in the event of a break-down in the gold reserve defence, Government securities would collapse and it might be that but a small part of the face value of this paper could be realized. It is true that this is assuming an extreme and highly improbable case; nevertheless, its conceivability is to be permitted in any argument as to the adequacy of the monetary stock in Government treasuries and private banking reserves. The same criticism applies to the British banking system, which is supported by the credit of the Bank of England plus only six per cent. of ultimate reserve! The world has built up a tremendous mass of credit instruments * and we frequently see, when some event temporarily shatters confidence, a universal scramble for gold with which to rebuild reserves and reconstruct that confidence. And if we continue to preach the substitution of the gold standard among countries which still adhere to a silver currency and standard we shall create all the more demand for the yellow metal for reserves—we shall multiply the needs of it for monetary purposes.

Discussing the silver question in his work *Money and Currency*, Professor Joseph French Johnson said, in its April, 1907, edition, when speaking of the Free Silver arguments of 1896: "The silver man assumed that gold was destined always to increase in value, and that prices, therefore, were bound to continue downward. Yet even while he was making his argument forces were at work to bring about a change in the value of gold and cause prices to rise. The increase in the value of gold after 1873 was due to extraordinary circumstances, the demand for it having been so greatly increased by its adoption as the standard of prices in most of the civilized countries of the world. That gold will ever again be subjected to such a strain is not possible."

* The annual report of the Director of the Mint for 1911 shows (for the banks of Europe, the United States, Canada, Australasia and the South African Colonies) an increase in notes in circulation from December 31, 1889, to December 31, 1910, of 75 per cent., and an increase in loans and discounts of 164 per cent. Bank loans since December 31, 1899, have about doubled.

In the light of the statistics of mintage and other consumption; in view of those seeking to establish an absolute gold standard and a gold currency for the 315,000,000 people of India; that there are those who would make a like monetary change for the 329,000,000 people of China—may we not be preparing to put a new strain upon the yellow metal which, in a long cycle, will work out appreciation of gold's value and a general depreciation of prices? Or, if we have no occasion yet to be disturbed by such a possibility, may it not be reasonable to think that, through the investigations of the proposed International Commission on Prices, we may be brought to look elsewhere for an economic explanation of the prolonged rise in commodities—that, as a matter of fact, in the last decade at least, it will develop that there actually has been no redundancy of gold and that there is none to-day, when the vast extent and the complexities of commercial operations are considered?

SYNDICALISM

The Latest Manifestation of Labor's Unrest

JAMES BOYLE

“SYNDICALISM” is the name of the latest manifestation of labor’s unrest. Another term applied to it defines it: “Industrial Democracy.” Expositors sometimes give the latter name to the ultimate aim of Modern Socialism, but it has a better and more definite application to the new movement, which, in some aspects of its philosophy and methods, is really a rival to Socialism. In the United States the name of the organization which propagates Syndicalism is the “Industrial Workers of the World,” generally abbreviated to “I.W.W.” It is admitted by all those who are informed as to the movement,—by advocates as well as by critics,—that it is the most startling form which the proletarian discontent has ever assumed, short of Anarchy itself. Syndicalism involves the most extreme form of trade unionism—but it holds that existing trade unions are useless to secure justice to labor; its ultimate aim is akin to that of Socialism—Collectivism, but it opposes all the differing schools, from the Opportunism of the English Fabians to the “Modern,” “Scientific” kind of the German Social Democracy. It demands the absolute rule of the proletariat,—that is, of those of the proletariat who belong to revolutionary trade unions—but it casts aside the idea of the political domination of labor in the legislative field, and has only cynical contempt for the tools of “Direct Democracy,” the Initiative and Referendum. It is Anarchistic in that it denies the legitimacy of political organization, of legislative functions, and of governmental authority. But it is even more extreme than Philosophic Anarchism; the latter contemplates voluntary industrial and administrative organization, while Syndicalism implies that all men will—in an industrial sense at least—be under the arbitrary control of trade union groups, acting through executives. Syndicalism rejects political methods and all “reformist” or ameliorative legislation, and substitutes therefor what is called

"Direct Action,"—that is, the complete paralyzation of capitalism, and the seizure of the absolute control of the productive forces by the workers themselves, through the general strike, using force if necessary to secure that end.

The word Syndicalism has a strange sound to American as well as to English ears. There has of late been a rush to authorities for a definition. France is its place of origin. The French for "trade unions" is "syndicats ouvriers," although the now accepted French word "Syndicalisme," as the name of the new movement, has only been coined within recent years. "Syndicalisme" is derived from "syndical," which is the adjective form of "syndicat."

Standard literature on the subject of Syndicalism is very limited. Until two years ago there was no recognized authority in the English language. The book which first enlightened English readers on Syndicalism was Epstein's translation of *Socialism and the Social Movement*, by Professor Werner Sombart, of Berlin, known to Americans by reason of his sociological studies over here. This book made its first appearance in Germany in 1896, and the English translation of the sixth edition was issued jointly in London and New York in 1909. (An English translation of the third German edition appeared in America, but that edition did not contain an elucidation of Syndicalism.) This is the first work which undertook to give an exposition and criticism in detail of Syndicalism, with the exception of several French and Italian productions, read only by specialists. In August, 1911, Sir Arthur Clay presented some "Notes upon Aspects of Social and Industrial Questions of the Day," in a volume entitled *Syndicalism and Labor*. Owing to the prevailing epidemic of strikes in that country, Sir Arthur Clay's work attracted immediate attention in England, and in a few months it passed through several editions. One of the leading American Marxian Socialists, Mr. W. E. Walling, in his latest book, *Socialism As It Is*, devotes a lengthy chapter to Syndicalism. Besides these three works there is but little literature on the subject available in the English language. There is, however, a number of fiery and somewhat incoherent propagandist and expository pamphlets and weekly and monthly journals

published both in America and England, and the leading English dailies have for some months past contained many articles on Syndicalism. The London *Times* was the first prominent newspaper to call attention to the actual establishment of its principles in England.

Syndicalism is the outgrowth of the policy of the national or general strike, and of the increasing dissatisfaction with old-fashioned trade unionism and with State Socialism and all the varieties of political Socialism and modern Democracy, superinduced by the ever-developing unrest of labor the world over. Sir Arthur Clay quotes a French writer ("Mermieux") as suggesting that the origin of Syndicalism may be found in a famous phrase of Mirabeau's, when he speaks of "Ce peuple dont la seule immobilité serait formidable." The same French writer also points out that at the Congress of the International Labor Association, held at Brussels in 1868, it was declared "that if production were arrested for a certain time society could not exist, and that it was only necessary for producers to cease to produce in order to make government impossible." So also "Mermieux" quotes the organ of the International Association as saying in 1869 "that the extension of strikes from one trade to another showed the existence of a tendency to develop into a 'general strike,' and that with the ideas of the emancipation of labor then prevalent, such a strike could only end in a cataclysm in which society would be reborn." Although in 1873 the Internationalists rejected the proposition of the Belgian section for a general strike,—because of its impracticability at that time,—yet it strongly recommended the solidarity of labor upon an international basis as a preparation for such action;—and it is of immense significance that Syndicalism contemplates labor organization by industries rather than by crafts not only nationally but internationally, to bring about the domination of the world, not, be it borne in mind, by a Socialist government, but by a purely Industrial Commonwealth, without any form of political organization. This fundamental distinction between Socialism as generally understood, and Syndicalism as it is dreamed of by its perfervid apostles, is frequently lost sight of not only by the general student but even by some Socialist critics.

There is some difficulty in defining Syndicalism in precise terms, for the reason that there has never been any formal enunciation of its doctrines by any official or representative body, and its full idea has not yet been developed. It is clear that the conception is French, and it is to be noted in this connection that France is the historic birthplace of revolutionary ideas, economic as well as political. Sombart credits Georges Sorel—said to be “the most learned of French Socialists”—with being the first literary expounder of Syndicalism, in his work *L'Avenir Socialiste des Syndicats*, issued in 1897; and to-day Sorel “ranks as the Marx of the new doctrines.” Sorel is one of the editors of *Le Mouvement Socialiste*, a paper founded in 1899 by Hubert Lagardelle, and now the organ of Syndicalism in France, Lagardelle himself being recognized as the leading authority on the new form of industrial revolution. Emil Pouget is also one of the earliest French expounders of Syndicalism. From France the movement spread to Italy, where its doctrines were enthusiastically received by extreme Socialists such as Arturo Labriola and Enrico Leone. Only one prominent German Socialist, Robert Michels, has declared for Syndicalism, and the leaders of the Social Democrats of the Fatherland seem astounded at its startling growth in other countries, particularly in England and the United States. Sombart, who has decided leanings to the orthodox German School of Socialism, discusses the subject in an academic way in his *Socialism and the Social Movement*, and while sympathetic in some respects he is condemnatory as a whole. He believes that a theory of this kind could only have grown up in such a country as France, where the people are blasé, “whose feelings require a very strong stimulus before they can be stirred. . . . Moreover, the only people who could possibly act up to such a system of teaching are Frenchmen or Italians. They are generally men who do things impulsively and on the spur of the moment, men who are seized upon by a sudden passionate enthusiasm, which moves their inmost being and forces them to act at once, men who possess a vast fund of emotion, showing itself quickly and suddenly; but they have little application, perseverance, calm or steadiness.” Sombart goes on to argue that Syndicalism, with its anti-political policy, does not appeal

to the minds of the English or German proletariat. While it is true that Syndicalism so far has hardly made an impression in Germany, Sombart is mistaken as to England, for there the doctrines of Syndicalism have spread like a prairie on fire; and the flame has commenced to blaze out in the United States.

After discussing the philosophical genesis of Syndicalism as being founded on a rejection of political agencies—including Modern Socialism—to bring about the victory of the proletariat, Sombart thus sets out the practical meaning of the movement:

“Syndicalists advocate the formation of trade unions for whole industries rather than for individual callings in any one particular industry; rather a large Ironworkers’ Union than unions of boilermakers and steelworkers and engineers. Their policy is to attempt to bring these large unions into federations, in order to combat any narrowing tendencies. For that reason they would do away with contributions, and with strike funds or insurance funds, and they will hear nothing of making terms with their masters. In the same way, they object to any policy which makes for social peace—to compromise in parliaments, to social reform, to humanitarian institutions which are due to the ‘social spirit,’ and which serve to keep that spirit alive. Indeed, they will have none of the ‘nonsensical talk about humanitarianism.’ It is war to the knife they preach. The proletarian policy of violence is therefore in the interests of human progress. It is vital to help forward everything that tends to strengthen the ‘will to revolution,’ to lay stress on all that accentuates the class differences between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie, and to stir up the hatred of the proletariat against the existing condition of things. The most effective means for doing all this to-day are strikes.”

It is explained that the Syndicalist strike must not be a business-like matter, entered upon after weighing the advantages and disadvantages; “it must burst out spontaneously as a result of the provocation of the masses. Nor must it be dependent upon the carefully saved subscriptions of the workers. It must draw its strength entirely from the capacity to make sacrifices; and as to assistance, it must look to the support of other groups of workers who are prepared voluntarily to help those on strike.

Any strike is thus a means of kindling revolutionary passions, but the general strike, the grève générale, serves such a purpose in the highest degree." From the Syndicalist viewpoint the means of production can only pass from the capitalists into the hands of the proletariat through the general strike. The Syndicalists, Sombart states, regard the general strike as "the symbol of the social revolution; for them, it is equivalent to Socialism." Sorel says that the day is perhaps not far distant when the best definition of Socialism will be "General Strike." An organic part of Syndicalism is anti-militarism. Syndicalists aim at the utter demolition of the machinery of the present "Capitalist State," and they claim that the army is the force which supports this organization; consequently they seek to undermine and destroy the army.

The London *Times* has given a definition which is generally accepted as authoritative: "The aim of Syndicalism is to hand over the means of production and distribution to the trade unions whose members now operate them, so that each union will control its own means of livelihood in the common interest, and the workmen thus secure the whole product for themselves." It is no doubt true that in its full conception Syndicalism has as yet been accepted only in France by any considerable number of working-men, but it is also true that its doctrines are being boldly advocated in both England and the United States.

The leader of the great English strikes in 1911 and 1912 was Tom Mann, who was sentenced to jail for inciting the army to mutiny—that is, he advised and urged soldiers not to fire on rioting mobs when ordered to do so by their officers. Tom Mann is one of the editors of *The Syndicalist*, and that paper says: "The essence of Syndicalism is the control by the workers themselves of the conditions of their work. To-day the capitalist owns and controls the tools formerly owned by the worker, with the result that the worker is practically his slave. Syndicalism proposes that this control of the technical processes now exercised by the capitalist shall pass to the various groups of organized workers of the various industries. The product which is now the property of the capitalist would become under Syndicalism the property of the community." So likewise the

programme of the American Syndicalist organization, the Industrial Workers of the World, is to convert the capitalist political State into an "Industrial Democracy."

The latest declarations of Syndicalists confirm the explanation of Professor Sombart that this new form of revolt against capitalism is based on the belief that modern craft trade union methods are futile, and that Socialism is no longer a proletarian democratic movement, but has become merely a political reformist agitation, due to its being directed into political and legislative channels. The American Industrial Workers of the World have taken a position of actual hostility to the craft trade unions, and particularly to the American Federation of Labor; they are organized in an industrial association, upon the basis of the revolutionary class struggle. The constitution of the I.W.W. declares: "Instead of the conservative motto, 'A fair day's wages for a fair day's work,' we must inscribe on our banners the revolutionary watchword, 'Abolition of the wage system.'" The first motto is that of the old-style craft trade unions; the latter that of Revolutionary Industrial Unionism, or Syndicalism. The English Syndicalists have adopted a somewhat different attitude toward the existing craft trade unions. While the solidarity of labor is the watchword of the leaders of the unprecedented strike mania in England, that solidarity is not sought by the initial abandonment of the present trade unions, but by their amalgamation into industrial groups, practically, however, reaching the same result as aimed at by the American I.W.W., but by a different method. From his cell in jail, Tom Mann, while awaiting trial for inciting to mutiny, thus forcibly stated in his paper, *The Syndicalist*, the powerfulness of labor when universally organized:

"The Syndicalist, that is, the trade and labor unionist of the revolutionary type, recognizes not only that all changes favorable to the workers must be brought about by the workers, but also that the only correct method of doing this is through and by the workers' own industrial organizations. Organized labor means the control of wealth production to the extent to which labor is organized.

"It is only when labor is partially organized that recourse

to strikes is necessary; not even the general strike will be necessary when labor is universally organized. Universal organization must carry with it industrial solidarity—*i. e.*, universal agreement upon the object to be attained, or otherwise the capitalists will still triumph; but with solidarity on the industrial field the workers become all powerful."

The Syndicalists hold, according to Mann,—and he seems to speak for all the English "comrades" in this—that the most effective means of securing social betterment for the proletariat is by reducing the working hours. They accept the old Marxian doctrine—now discarded by many of the leading "Scientific" Socialists—of the "iron law" of wages, that is, that "irrespective of what the worker produces, all that the worker on the average receives is the subsistence wage"; and they argue that it is better to get the subsistence wage for relatively few than for many hours of work. Thus, as the argument proceeds, as enunciated by Mann, the problem of unemployment will be solved; and "the same methods will wipe out all low wages, and a further application of the same principle will secure to the workers the full reward of their labor." And this "full reward" is the Marxian amount, namely, everything that labor produces, leaving capital nothing!

Last February *The Western Mail*, a leading paper of Wales, and the London *Times*, startled Great Britain by publishing extracts from a pamphlet entitled *The Miners' Next Step*, which was extensively circulated during the strike then raging in the coal fields. This pamphlet advocated the foundation of an organization of all the workers in the mines, acting under an executive clothed with arbitrary power. The old method of striking to remedy specific minor grievances should be discouraged, but the organization should adopt "the more scientific weapon of the irritation strike." This "irritation strike" is the policy of "simply remaining at work," but so acting as "to make the colliery unremunerative." The pamphlet proceeded: "That a continual agitation be carried on in favor of increasing the minimum wage and lessening the hours of labor until we have extracted the whole of the employers' profits. That our object be to build up an organization that will ultimately take over the

mining industry and carry it on in the interest of the workers." This programme has been repudiated by some of the foremost British trade unionists, but it is being passionately advocated by the "progressives" in the labor agitation, and beyond question it is very widely approved of by the rank and file.

The relation that Syndicalism will bear to present-day organized Socialism has not yet been clearly indicated. Many Socialists—and they are mostly of the extreme revolutionary kind—welcome the Syndicalists as the advance fighting line of Collectivism. This is true of some American Socialists, such as Haywood and Debs, the radical propagandists of Industrial Unionism, as opposed to the old-style craft trade unionism. William English Walling is one of the foremost American Marxists, of the original revolutionary type, and in his new work *Socialism As It Is*, he is sympathetic toward Syndicalism, particularly in its characteristic of the general strike; he explains that "nearly all strikes are more or less justified in Socialist eyes." He admits that the protests of Syndicalists against the political policy and "parliamentarianism" of Modern Socialists is justified; it is, he says—speaking as a Socialist—"a valuable warning against what its most revolutionary and enthusiastic adherents have always felt is its chief danger." While Debs may not favor individual "direct action"—that is, the use of force in specific cases of striking—yet that appears to be only a question of opportunity, of tactics, for in a recent article in *The International Socialist Review* (Chicago), the fourth-time Socialist candidate for President of the United States declared that: "If I had the force to overthrow these despotic laws I would use it without an instant's hesitation or delay, but I haven't got it, and so I am a law-abiding citizen under protest—not from scruple—and bide my time." And in his *Life, Writings and Speeches*, Debs says: "Get ready, comrades, for action. No other course is left to the working class."

Debs was one of the organizers of the Industrial Workers of the World, in 1905, and that organization is the American presentation of Franco-Italian Syndicalism. In a subsequent speech Debs made this declaration as to the orthodox, old-style "craft unionism": "I aver that trade unionism no longer meets

the demands of the working class. I aver that the trade union has not only fulfilled its mission and outlived its usefulness, but that it is now positively reactionary, and is maintained not in the interest of the workers who support it, but in the interests of the capitalist class who exploit the workers who support it. . . . There is but one hope, and that is in the economic and political solidarity of the working class; one revolutionary union and one revolutionary party. It is for this reason that the Industrial Workers of the World, an economic organization, has been launched, and now makes its appeal to you as wage-slaves aspiring to be free." And in a pamphlet, *The Growth of Socialism*, he exultantly exclaims: "The new unionism is being heard. In trumpet tones it rings out its revolutionary shibboleths to all the workers of the earth." The proceedings of the National Socialist Convention, recently held at Indianapolis, show that there is great division of opinion among "the comrades" as to Syndicalism. As a rule, the "Intellectuals" (the literary leaders and others not following manual occupations but who are philosophic advocates) in the Socialist movement, are opposed to Syndicalism, not only in America, but in England and Germany, and this statement includes the old-fashioned Marxists as well as the new Opportunist or Revisionist School. The opposition is based both upon the methods and policy and also upon some of the fundamental principles of Syndicalism as a distinctive theory of Industrial Democracy. Undoubtedly the best—if not the most popular—Socialist thought of the world has settled down to the conviction that Collectivism will come through constitutional evolution and not by a forcible revolution, politically or industrially. On this point Socialism is at issue with Syndicalism. The main difference between the philosophy of Modern Scientific Socialism and Syndicalism may be thus stated: Under Socialism all the people would own all the industries, and the community would employ the workers; under Syndicalism groups of workers would own and operate the machinery of production in their particular trade; and under Socialism there would be some form of Collectivist State or Commonwealth, while under Syndicalism there would be no political State, but only industrial control.

Syndicalists not only disavow "State" Socialism (as do the German Socialists theoretically, while they practically acquiesce in it), as a scheme of the capitalists, but they repudiate all political and parliamentary and governmental action, and even all voluntary social, ameliorative and humanitarian programmes. Sombart says that the Syndicalists criticise the prevailing Socialism of the day as being shallow, weak, and conventional—a mere bourgeois belief, a reformist party without any definite principles, and this has been brought about by Socialism having been directed into the channels of political and parliamentary activity; for when Socialism dropped its class-struggle revolutionary character and became political in its objects, it found that it could only attain those objects by a policy of opportunism and compromise. The French Syndicalists claim that they are but reverting to the original policy of Marx.

The question suggests itself whether, just as Socialism is becoming truly international in its organization, it has not commenced to develop the seeds of decay within itself.

There are already indications that Socialism—young and vigorous though it be—will have a hard experience in the near future, not only with awakened Individualism but with radical Democracy; and it is not unlikely that as Scientific Socialism supplanted Utopian Communism, so will Scientific Socialism in turn have to give way to Syndicalism as an appeal to the proletariat.

ST. GEORGE'S SCHOOL

A Practical Prospectus

ALLEN UPWARD

THE following prospectus is not meant as a contribution to any general scheme of educational reform. It is a strictly practical proposal in the interest of a particular class of boys.

No one feels more strongly than the writer the imbecility of educating the future rulers of a country on lines laid down by mediæval monks. And some experience of charitable work on behalf of those failures of society who receive least public sympathy has yielded concrete proof of the grave injury which the favored classes do to their own children by giving them an education worse in many respects than that provided for the pauper.

But all this has long been admitted and deplored by everyone who has the welfare of the nation at heart; and for such there is no more alarming sign than the utter powerlessness of public opinion to effect any change, in face of the opposition of the mediævalists. In the meantime the only course open to genuine reformers is to create schools of their own, embodying the principles which they think essential. And I cannot too severely reprobate the harsh and contemptuous language used about such experimental schools by writers of considerable influence who profess concern for mankind in the making. In the eyes of a Baconian, one school set up with an honest purpose, and showing the actual working of a new idea in education, must be worth many volumes of theory and criticism.

The present project, however, is independent of the foregoing considerations, because it is inspired by the conviction that no one system of education can be adapted to all boys alike, and that any State or public system must be adapted to the average, or middling boy. It is further inspired by the belief that the greater variety there is among schools, the better chance there should be of an individual boy finding himself in the school best adapted to his needs. Thus it is not put

forward in opposition to existing institutions, public or private, but as a supplementary scheme designed for a class of boys not hitherto considered.

The programme has been drawn up partly as a response to parents who have complained to me of the stupefying effect on their children's minds of the fashionable school curriculum, and have expressed a wish that I should undertake the education of their children on my own lines. Perhaps I ought to add that I have not approached the subject solely as a theorist, but after an active experience of work among the young, which has included the management of a centre for Recreative Evening Classes, the organization and control of a troop of Boy Scouts, and so on. In addition, I once lived for two years in daily intercourse with the masters and boys of a private school whose pupils were prepared for the leading fashionable establishments; and it was the painful impression then made on me (the principal is now dead) that first turned my thoughts to the problem of higher education.

ST. GEORGE'S SCHOOL

For boys whose abilities the stereotyped educational routine is not designed to foster.

I

THE SCHOLARS

The first principle represented by St. George's School is individualism. The school is made for the boys, and not the boys for the school.

The entire system is designed with a view to the needs of a particular class of boys, and no boys not belonging to that class will be received, except by inadvertence.

The drawback inherent in public or general schemes of education is that they have to be adjusted to the needs and capacities of the majority. They therefore fail to do justice to the

exceptional boy in exact proportion as he is either above or below the standard.

This truth has been recognized and remedied already in the case of those boys who fall below the standard. There are numerous schools and institutions, public and private, specially designed for the benefit of vicious or diseased or idiotic boys, in short for the boy who is too bad for the ordinary school. But there appears to be no provision made for the boy who is too good.

St. George's School is intended to fill this gap. It is an attempt to provide the boy of exceptional character and intelligence with an education specially designed for him; designed, that is, to give his faculties free play, and help him to grow to his natural height; and not to cramp him, and keep him down to the level of the majority.

It may be thought that the young "overman" is sufficiently provided for by the scholarship system. But in the first place that system only encourages two faculties in the boy, those of mechanical memory and industry; it positively discourages those of originality and self-education. In the second place that system does not really afford the scholar a different education from that of the ordinary boy; it merely stimulates him to go faster and farther along the same track. In that way, if a boy has anything in him, scholarship-winning is likely to prove actually mischievous, by tempting him to neglect his natural bent in favor of useless studies on which examiners have set a premium.

II

GENERAL CONDITIONS

St. George's School is named after that legendary Overman, the figure of Light overcoming Darkness, whom the Dark Ages transformed into the Patron Saint of England. The name is meant to indicate the nature of the ideals which will be set before the scholars.

The course outlined below is not a Procrustean bed to which all the scholars are to be adjusted, but rather a menu from

which each will be fed as he requires. Nevertheless, while every effort will be made to do justice to the differing characters of different boys, no master can honestly pretend that he is capable of doing justice to all the boys who may come under his care. For that reason, if the Master of St. George's School is of opinion at any time after the reception of a boy, that he would be likely to do better elsewhere, he will not be allowed to remain. Such a decision will not cast any reflection on the boy, but will express simply the Master's consciousness of his own limitations.

Boys will be admitted as soon as their fitness for the School is evident, and will be allowed to remain as long as the Master is satisfied that it is for their benefit to do so. In most cases the age limits are likely to be 8 and 16.

The School will naturally be at the outset a preparatory one, but the preparation will be general, and not special. Boys intended for particular careers will pass out of the School at the age at which it becomes necessary for them to receive technical training; and boys intended for the classical universities will be advised to leave sooner or later according to whether it is desired that they should spend some time at a public school, or receive the necessary special coaching from a tutor.

In no case will boys be coached or crammed for any examination; but it is hoped that the education will qualify them to pass successfully any test of a rational character, and that the leaving certificate of the School will serve as a diploma of merit for boys passing direct from the School into active life.

The Master will do his best to advise and assist boys in the choice of a career, having regard to their abilities and their private circumstances. He has knowledge of lads who are earning \$2,500 a year in business at an age when other lads are just going up to the universities, and of young men who have left the universities covered with academic honors, only to find the utmost difficulty in obtaining employment. It may easily be cruelty in disguise to let a boy who has to make his own way in life waste five years in the society of rich men's sons, and emerge fit for nothing but poorly-paid drudgery as an usher or Government clerk.

As soon as the funds of the School are sufficient, free admis-

sion will be granted to the children of parents in distressed circumstances, who seem most likely to profit by the education offered.

Girls will be admitted on the same conditions as boys.

III

THE COURSE

The ordinary course of education proceeds, no doubt rightly, on the assumption that the ordinary boy cannot think for himself; that he requires to have his mind made up for him; to be given as much information, useful or otherwise, as he can digest, but to be trained to think and act on lines laid down for him by others—whether by William of Wykeham or some more modern educationist. The boys who pass through such a training happily may emerge with many valuable qualities, such as integrity, industry, and prudence, but they are nature's undermen, and they are most likely to prosper in subordinate positions, and along regular grooves.

There are other boys in every generation, and must be till the race is exhausted, who have minds of their own, and the fine edge of whose intelligence is only blunted by the ordinary curriculum. These boys require to be led, not driven, to be given reasons rather than rules; to be helped to learn, rather than to be taught.

It is for this latter class only that the course of St. George's School is designed, and therefore it is of a much less formal character than that of the ordinary school. The course may be divided roughly under two heads, corresponding to the two meanings of the word educate—to bring up and to bring out. The *training*, beginning with the body and animal functions, is directed to make the boy a healthy, honorable man, agreeable to himself and others. The *teaching*, addressed by turns to the reason and the imagination, aims at helping him to discover and develop his own faculties, so as to make the best use of life.

TRAINING

1. *Health.* Active out-door games will be preferred to drill and formal gymnastics, but the scholars will not be allowed to regard games as the serious business of life, at school or afterwards. Scouting and exploration will be combined with education in geography, history and natural science.

2. *Manners.* It will be taken for granted that every boy wishes to be a gentleman, and to be taught how to become one. In the early years of school life good behavior will be enforced by corporal punishment in the case of boys whose character requires it. As fast as the scholar grows able to understand them, the higher motives which should inspire conduct will be explained to him; and if they prove insufficient, he will not remain at the School.

3. *Ethics.* At a suitable age the scholar will begin to receive practical instruction and advice on the conduct of life. The character of the world in which he has to play his part will be explained to him without cant on the one hand, or cynicism on the other; and he will be warned against the pitfalls that await him in business, in society, and in his own character.

Throughout his school life each scholar will be invited to come to the Master at least once a week, and to confide his troubles and difficulties to him in the character of a friend. The purpose of these talks will not be to extract confessions of wrongdoing from the boy, but to comfort and cheer him with the knowledge that the Master cares for him, and wants to understand and help him.

TEACHING

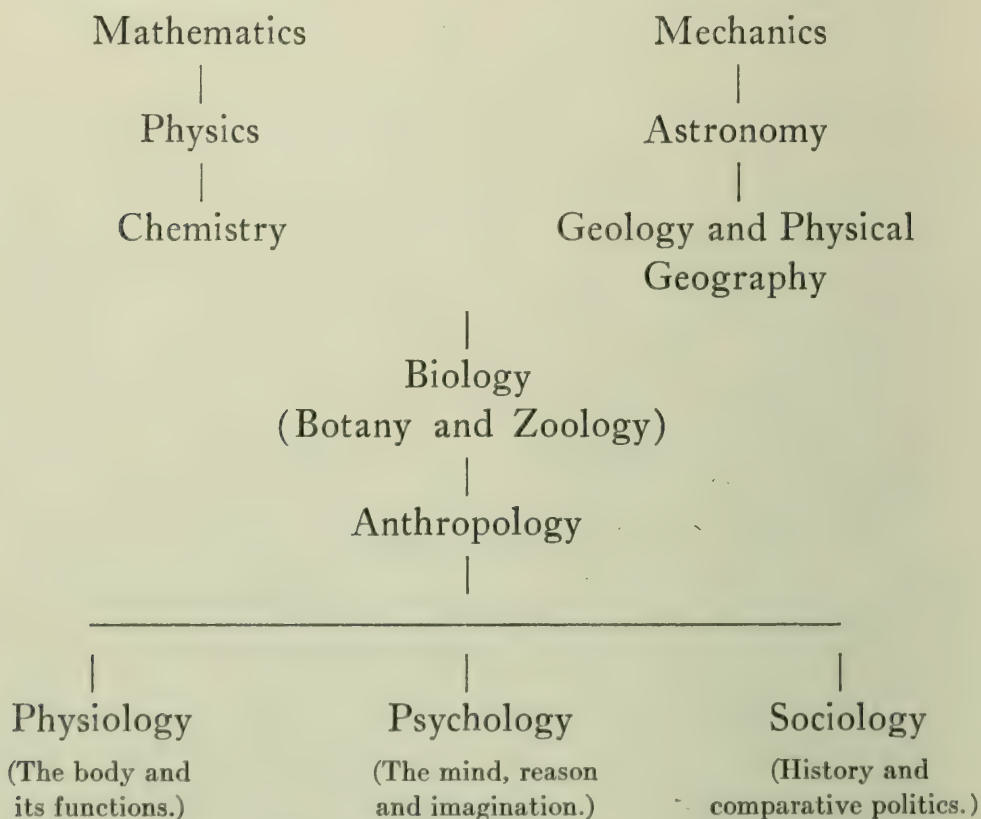
1. *Practical Accomplishments.* As much time as is found necessary in each individual case will be given to the strictly necessary tasks of reading, writing and reckoning, to which singing, drawing and typing will be added in most cases. Boys not of a mathematical bent will not be asked to take up algebra or the more advanced rules of arithmetic. Geometry will be taught in the practical forms of drawing and mensuration. A

knowledge of weights and measures will be imparted, as far as possible, in concrete form, and not by means of tables.

French and German will be taught in conversation until such times as the scholar himself feels the need of grammars and vocabularies. Boys who show an aptitude for these or other languages will be strongly advised to pass some time at a school in the countries where they are spoken.

Latin and Greek will not be taught except in connection with English philology.

2. *Knowledge.* The scholar will receive a general introduction to the field of knowledge, according to the following plan, and will then be aided in studying those subjects which most appeal to him:



3. *Cultivation.* True cultivation must begin with the language in which the scholar thinks. In learning to express himself clearly he learns to think clearly. The English language is fortunately free from anything worth learning in the shape of grammar, but its duplicate vocabulary, half Dutch and half Latin, renders philology a very important part of education.

Literature should form rather the recreation than the task

of an intelligent boy. The scholar will be advised and assisted in the choice of books, and his critical taste will be aroused in due course; but he will not be asked to encumber his mind with the rubbish of scholasticism.

The history of his own country will be studied in connection with that of Europe and the world. The scholar's memory will not be burdened with useless dates and names, but he will be taught to think in centuries, and to remember events by their logical connection with each other.

On approaching modern times the scholar will require some explanation of the great controversies, religious and political, that have divided, and still divide, his own and other nations. Very great care will be exercised to put the facts before him with fidelity, and the principles involved with fairness, so as to guide, but not to influence, his future choice among competing sects and parties. The Master's aim throughout will be to lead each boy to select the associations in which he can be happiest and most useful to himself and others, and he will consider that he has failed in his object if his scholars are found hereafter all holding the same opinions and pursuing the same ends.

Confucius was once asked why he had given contradictory instructions to two different disciples. He explained, "The first was too slow; therefore I urged him forward: the second was too hasty; therefore I held him back." That is the whole secret of education, considered as an art, and not only a science; and in so far as it is an art, what is best in it must elude the theorists and the training colleges, and the true teacher must be born, not made.

DRY-FARMING

Two Letters

[The following letters are clear and self-explanatory. They seem of such interest to a growing section of the community that full publicity is desirable.—EDITOR.]

To the Editor of THE FORUM.

DEAR SIR: I have been greatly interested in reading an article which appeared in THE FORUM's May issue, under the caption of *The Golden Fleece*, from the pen of Paul S. Richards, who signs himself a Wyoming sheep-man.

As Mr. Richards is a sheep-man and the writer is not, it would be distinctly out of place for me to criticise any of his statements in regard to the sheep and wool situation in Wyoming or in the West; but as Mr. Richards is evidently, from his own statements, quite ignorant of the facts in connection with dry-farming and the development of this system, and as I do know something of the facts, I take the liberty of criticising in the most severe terms the attitude of Mr. Richards toward dry-farming. While there is a shadow of the truth in the writing of Mr. Richards, his statements are so devoid of accuracy that I believe that it is due to the readers of THE FORUM to know the facts in the case.

Never in the history of the development of dry-farming or of the West itself has there been any statement made by any person presumed to have good judgment, that the rainbelt line was moving westward, although the line of civilization—of actual farming—has moved westward in response to the cry of the people for more land. The invasion of the actual farmer into the West was an affront, and seems still to be an affront to the livestock man of the old school. Mr. Richards might have gone further in his statement and have shown how hundreds of homesteaders have had to *fight* for their rights to prevent the invasion of their homesteads and the destruction of their crops by livestock. He might have told how the homesteaders were frightened away from the West, or from their established prop-

erty, and how, with a few exceptions, they failed ever to secure reimbursement for what to them was the most serious loss.

It is true that the open range has gradually disappeared in the West, and that in many districts where the cattle and sheepman reigned supreme until a few years ago, quarter sections, half sections, and sections are now under the fence and all are partially under the plow. During this period of transition from the old conditions to the new, there were a few "pirates of finance" who organized colonization and immigration companies, and who did persuade settlers to come into the western States and locate upon the barren prairies for a profit to themselves; but not all of the men who sold land in the West and who encouraged the development of these very lands were dishonorable, any more than all of the livestock men were dishonorable. It is also true that thousands of families came into the sub-humid territory unprepared financially to meet the hardships of the pioneer conditions before them and not a few came ignorant of the exact methods that must be adopted in order to insure successful crops.

A certain percentage wins. But is this not true of every line of business, be it farming, banking, or manufacturing? The progressive pioneers who intelligently studied the situation as regards the production of crops on the plains at once educated themselves, studied the methods of their successful neighbors, attended farmers' institutes, read the latest agricultural literature of the day, equipped themselves with proper implements and seeds, and took good care of their soils and crops; and most of them have won and are well satisfied.

When Mr. Richards makes a statement that crops cannot be produced at an altitude of 5,000 feet, even with scientific soil culture, and that it takes irrigation to produce a crop at that altitude, he proves his ignorance of the facts, for many of the best crops in the West are produced at an altitude of from 5,500 to 6,750 feet; some of the best corn in the world has been produced at an altitude of 6,500 feet and these ranchers are producing an average of 50 to 65 bushels per acre annually at this altitude.

It is true that the past three years have been years of

drought, but it is as true that in years of drought when the dry-farmer fails the livestock man raises no fodder for his livestock. When nothing can be produced under the plow, owing to excessive dryness of the soil and air, nature will produce nothing on the open range with which to feed the livestock running at large there. It would seem quite out of place in Mr. Richards' plea for help for the sheep-man for him to gloat over the fact that dry-farmers have met a series of dry years.

In the face of these continued drought years, thousands upon thousands of dry-farmers have successfully operated their ranches, because of the fact that the scientific farmer of to-day holds his moisture in and carries it over year after year; and yet thousands of failures have occurred because of two conditions: the first, that some of the older settlers of the district have failed to utilize the methods so necessary to success; second, that some of the new settlers have been unable to get enough moisture with which to start their first crops.

Mr. Richards makes the following statement: "The end of the tragic joke known as dry-farming is only a matter of time." Inasmuch as every year increases the acreage of the dry-farming tillage, and as every report given by practical and successful farmers who are following dry-farming methods in detail proves that crops are increasing and quality improving year after year, and inasmuch as every fact disproves the statement of Mr. Richards, it seems that any man, be he sheep-man or farmer, Easterner or Westerner, would think twice and investigate more thoroughly before making a statement that two or more seasons like 1910 and 1911 would result in "making dry-farming a misdemeanor, and the disseminating of dry-farming literature a felony under the penal code." This illustrates the ignorance, and something more than ignorance, displayed by thousands of Westerners of the old school.

The writer does not defend the act of dishonest land men who may, from time to time, have induced settlers to move into a territory where farming is quite impossible, owing to climatic and soil conditions, and it would be quite impossible to deny that the open range is fast disappearing; but the fact remains that

millions of American citizens must find profitable homes upon the farming lands of the West, if at all, and that it is the duty of the people of the West to open up to profitable occupancy every acre possible to put under the plow for the production of food-stuff and the support of contented citizenship. It would be quite un-American to advocate that the old condition of the West should again pertain, and if our nation is to progress, as it must to meet the ever changing conditions, we must make homes for the people.

Mr. Richards makes the statement that irrigation is necessary in high altitudes; but he forgets that when the last drop of irrigation water has been impounded and distributed in the ditches, but fifteen per cent. of the agricultural West will then be under irrigation influence. Would he and the old school Westerner hold that fifteen per cent. of the West should be occupied and operated and that the eighty-five per cent. remaining without irrigation water should be allowed to return to the public domain for the benefit of the cattle and sheep-man? We think not, for the average sheep-man is a good business man and therefore quite sane.

Agricultural rainfall and soil maps of the various western States, and statistical reports combine to show that sixty-three per cent. of the entire agricultural acreage of the States west of the Missouri River can be operated exclusively under dry-farming tillage methods; but it is evident from these same reports and maps and from the history of farming in the West that no farmer can expect to succeed year in and year out, unless he consistently and persistently utilizes the methods of tillage, seed-breeding, management and crop rotation, which have been proved by thousands of farmers to be necessary under the local conditions.

Hilgard, of California; Shaw, of Minnesota; Widtsoe, of Utah; Campbell, of Nebraska; Hinman, of Colorado; Bainer, of Texas; Watson, of Wyoming; Farrell, of Idaho; Linfield, of Montana, and hundreds of experts have, by their demonstration, experimentation, and assembled reports shown conclusively that dry-farming properly followed is the highest type of agricultural operation, positive in its results, insurance against drought, and

therefore to be considered successful as a system of farm operation.

The International Dry-Farming Congress is now an organization composed of something like twelve thousand farmers and experts in the United States, and several farmers and experts in Canada, and the various countries of the world. If dry-farming were a fraud, as is positively stated by the writer of the article, *The Golden Fleece*, it would seem strange that thousands of men would travel long distances each year to assemble at some convention city for the purpose of studying sub-humid agriculture and the development of dry-farming methods, for the exchange of reports and to listen to discussions, and to study the great exposition of dry-farmed products which is made annually in connection with the International Dry-Farming Congress. Mr. Richards does not stand alone in the mistreatment of facts in connection with the development of dry-farming, but it is rarely in these days of easily obtained information that any man publicly makes such statements as those which appeared in the article referred to.

I am sure the editor of THE FORUM will give full publicity to this letter, or will have prepared by some person who actually possesses information of a reliable nature an article covering the development of dry-farming and calling attention to the commercial value of the movement as it is now being conducted.

I remain,

Very truly yours,

(Signed) JOHN T. BURNS,

Executive Secretary-Treasurer,

The International Dry-Farming Congress.

To the Editor of THE FORUM.

DEAR SIR: I was much interested in the letter of John T. Burns commenting upon my recent article in THE FORUM, a copy of which you forwarded to me.

None will welcome with greater joy than Western stockmen of "the old régime" the proof of his assertion that sixty-

three per cent. of the acreage of the arid West is susceptible of successful agriculture and that it will grow an average crop of fifty to sixty-five bushels of corn to the acre. As stockmen own the choicest creek bottom lands, which should be worth from \$50 to \$75 an acre if it will grow such crops, we can afford to sell our stock and retire from business if Mr. Burns can make good. As a matter of fact, however, some of these lands controlling thousands of acres of outside range by reason of the water upon them can now be bought for \$5 an acre.

Really, after two summers in which there has not fallen enough moisture to grow a good crop of native grass, it is taxing our powers of credulity rather heavily to ask us to believe that agriculture can be successfully practised under such conditions.

I am not familiar with the dry farming situation in other States, although I recall seeing in the newspapers that in Colorado the railroads and the public had been appealed to to raise a fund to furnish the dry farmers with seed to enable them to put in a crop.

In this part of Wyoming there are very few dry farmers who believe that agriculture can be successfully practised except in connection with stock raising.

Under the beneficent provisions of the Borah Homestead Bill they will be able to prove up on their land within three years from the date of entry, and have five months' leave of absence from the land. During this time the homesteader may be able to make enough money to sustain life during his period of residence upon the land. The acreage required to be cultivated under the Mondell Bill is reduced by this act from one-fourth to one-eighth of the land included in the entry.

However I may have referred to the operations of certain gentlemen in the real estate business, I did not characterize dry-farming as a fraud, but as a disastrous experiment. Had it hitherto proved otherwise, does anyone suppose that the Borah Bill would have been passed? It was passed to relieve the victims of the experiment.

I do not wish to belittle the work of Mr. Burns in the work of developing dry-farming methods. Undoubtedly it is a work

of economic importance. There are many sections of the West in which the acreage under successful cultivation will be greatly increased by the work of men engaged along these lines.

But I think there is quite as strong a tendency on the part of the men engaged in this work to exaggerate our agricultural possibilities as there is on the part of stockmen to decry them.

Certainly the corn crops mentioned by Mr. Burns must have been raised in a section of the country where the seasons are much longer than they are in Wyoming and under conditions with which I am not familiar.

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) PAUL S. RICHARDS.

EDITORIAL NOTES

THE tumult and the shouting has died, for a little while; the captains and one would-be king have departed; and a singular quietude has been noticed in the country. And in this quietude, so suitable for reflection, the chicanery and recriminations, the failures and futilities, the lost reputations, lost tempers, lost opportunities, have acquired a certain remoteness. They belong to the past, and may be left there, useless, unmourned. They will not be wanted in the future, unless the party organizations are determined to provoke the fatal ridicule and contempt that will sweep them forever from the path of the people.

* * *

FOR it becomes more and more clear that democracy, which is supposed to be still on its trial, is determined to make that trial thorough and unmistakable. The parties have had their day, and the day is not yet over; from the beginning of modern time the Platonist and the Aristotelian, in their various guises and disguises, have appeared in every state, and in every age; mankind falls naturally into the party classification and expresses itself through that party system which has become incorporated, actually if not legally, in every existing constitution. Yet the whole is greater than the part, the people than the party; and the once-sacred Order of Things is sacred no longer, unless faith is justified by deeds.

* * *

HERE and now, as nowhere else in the world and at no other time, democracy has had its opportunity; and, so far, has failed to utilize it. Principle has been replaced by Capital; in the name of the people, the plutocrats govern—the Ryans, the Morgans; the selfish and unscrupulous. But they have grown careless in their cunning. So much they have taken, so little they have given. Contemptuously, they have tightened their grip on city, State, and nation. But the people whom they have exploited and flouted have been steadily learning their lesson—that only the people can enslave the people. Free men by heritage, they have served harsh masters. They will serve no longer. They

have been setting their women free; and now they will free themselves. And as they study the record of their slavery, they realize more and more their own power: for power is no longer in money or in armies; but in ideas. And these masters to whom tribute has so long been paid—have they produced a single idea that will pass in the new currency of the world? Tom Mann, agitator, firebrand, Syndicalist, outvalues them all; for through the crudity and selfishness of the industrial revolution that is sweeping over England and making so deep an impression on Europe, there shines at least some light of idealism. While our Roosevelts have been denouncing arbitration, the labor leaders of the world have proclaimed internationalism. Here is an idea which will not readily be translated into reality: but it is big—and it came from the people.

* * *

AND this is the writing on the wall. When the masses, and not the classes, have begun to think in continents, it were well to discard the petty ways of the past and to face the future without self-deception and littleness. Before us is a vast store of new time, waiting to be woven into history. What are we going to do with it? Over the lintel of an old-fashioned shop in Canterbury, England, is the legend:

“Fair warp and fitting woof
Weave a web that bideth proof.”

Where are our master-weavers? Surely we need them.

* * *

WE do not need Mr. Barnes, of New York, with his adroit manipulation of the party machine. We do not need the childishness that turned the conventions into riot-spectacles. We do not need a Murphy, to disgrace the chief city of the country by voting its delegation as a unit to suit the schemes of an organization that is a by-word throughout the world. We do not need a Ryan, a Hearst, or any of the inglorious company of self-seekers.

* * *

IT will be protested that politics is a science, as well as a game, and that the services of experts are indispensable. We

have had enough of such experts. We need plain men of the people: not uneducated men—ignorance and narrowness are not necessarily characteristic of the people; but honorable men, with big ideas and big ways. Only with their help can a web be woven that “bideth proof.”

* * *

CHAMP CLARK was not such a man. The support of Hearst was a sufficient indication. The Speaker has many admirable qualities, and too many undesirable friends. Mr. Bryan knew well what he was doing when he withdrew his support from Clark. William Randolph Hearst has enough resources, without having those of the White House placed at his disposal.

* * *

Is Woodrow Wilson such a man? We shall see in due time. We shall see him, perhaps, growing with responsibility and experience. Certainly we shall see him trying to justify the confidence that has been placed in him. He can claim, if he will, a support that has not yet been rightly estimated by any candidate. But he must go to the people, not to the politicians. The people are tired of the politicians. They want progress. And if the existing parties cannot guarantee progress, the existing parties may prepare their obituaries.

* * *

THE President has much to redeem, and it is doubtful whether he can make full use of the opportunity extended to him somewhat ironically by fate. Justice Hughes could have been the next President, if he had chosen. He chose, as he has always chosen, what seemed to him the right course; and now Mr. Taft has the chance to succeed himself, if he can make the country forget his mistakes and realize his finer qualities. But he must learn to be a leader, and the best way is—to lead.

* * *

AND Colonel Roosevelt? One should not speak unkindly of the politically dead. Whatever his intentions, his methods made him a menace to the country; and the opposition of all right-thinking citizens was inevitable. He has resented the imputation of demagogism. He had no right to resent it. The painful exhibition which he prolonged till the last moment, has

cancelled any claim that he might have to the consideration of his countrymen. He attempted to make the progressive movement a synonym for prize fighting. He disregarded every standard of conduct, except his own. And his own was not high, or pleasant. Fortunately, he has dug his own grave. Until he went to Chicago, he preserved, in the minds of the thoughtless, an illusion of invincibility. He removed that illusion. The most thoughtful act of his career was his precipitation of his Waterloo.

It is difficult to see how, even with his great gifts, he can effect a resurrection. The Boulangist frenzy, which he so carefully stimulated, has died away. He cannot harm Woodrow Wilson. He can merely continue his personal attack on the President, and fight for the destruction of the party whose support he solicited. It is a distressing position for an energetic actor. But the play is over. The curtain has fallen. There remains only the possible Epilogue.

* * *

THE new party will no doubt be formed. Already there are rumblings. A good name has been chosen, and some good men have taken up positions in the vanguard. But no new party organized for the purpose of enabling Colonel Roosevelt to stand a little longer in the limelight, can be of any real service to the country. Whatever the ostensible programme, the real motive is personal aggrandizement. Colonel Roosevelt may not be aware of the dangers and indecency of his own methods. He may not understand the opposition that he has aroused: indeed, his wilful degradation of public life, his peculiar preference for the banalities of language and conduct, show that he is scarcely capable of appreciating the attitude of normal men. But, whatever the auspices and the professed aims, he will still continue his appeal to ignorance. The demagogue may change his plans, his platform, his party: he cannot change his essential nature. And so, presumably, we shall see the spectacle of a discredited opportunist attempting to piece together a bubble that has burst. It is an undignified and unprofitable task; but it is no doubt appropriate for a politician who chooses for his desperate venture

the moment when the Democratic party is united, confident, progressive, and competently led.

* * *

PUBLIC life is full of surprises, and Mr. Murphy, securely intrenched in the wigwam, proud of his honorable activity at Baltimore, proud of his reception by the delegates, proud of his supremacy over his own docile delegation, proud that he embodies, in his own absolutism, the Democracy of New York—must have felt a little pained at the base ingratitude which has suggested, repeated, and persistently proclaimed that the pressing need of Democratic regeneration is to rid the party of “the blight of Murphy.” It is a poor reward for a life of disinterested care for others; and surely it was not kind to tell him that he “has made New York an object of contempt and derision in Democratic councils”! He has long known this; but he has continued courageously to carry out his policies for the welfare of the nation. No true friend of unconstitutional and corrupt methods would repeat such an unpleasant truism at such a moment, when there is a new Democracy in the nation, with a new hope and an inspiring leader; when there is a new Democracy in New York, eager to remove the stigma of Tammany domination, and give the State a place of honor, and not of dishonor, in the councils of the country. Tammany, and Tammany alone, stands in the way of success: no party which condones or tolerates such an organization as Tammany Hall will be tolerated by the militant progressives. But Murphy cannot be disturbed by such trifles as national necessity. He has himself to think of.

* * *

THANKS to William Jennings Bryan, the Democratic Convention at Baltimore placed on record an unparalleled and presumptuous resolution: that no nominee of the Interests could be the nominee of the party. The spirit of reform that is sweeping through the country must be curbed, or we shall actually have decency in politics and integrity in the national Government. It is even possible that before long the party which will not accept the nominee of the Interests, will also refuse to accept the financial support of the Interests. The candidate who dare not, and will not, publish an accurate list of the contributors to his

campaign fund, should be disqualified legally, as he soon will be practically, when the common sense of the electorate realizes that he who has nothing to fear has nothing which he will wish to conceal.

* * *

THE clause in the Democratic platform promising exemption from tolls of American coastwise ships passing through the Panama Canal, will be particularly acceptable to Pacific Coast sentiment. In his discussion of the toll question in the April number of THE FORUM, General H. M. Chittenden emphasized the special importance of the canal to the people of this coast. It means to them the practical abolition of the barriers of mountain and river and vast distances which separate them from the rest of the world, and a nearer approach to those sources of supply and of population upon which the development of their country for a generation to come must largely depend. To see the fruition of their hopes so close, and yet to be robbed of it by the erection of an artificial barrier in place of the natural one now almost removed, would cause profound disappointment and resentment throughout the entire region. But treaty obligations must not be ignored.

* * *

THE clause adopting the principle of a single Presidential term cannot be commended. Too little may be as bad as too much. There is no convincing reason for interfering with the precedent already established; and Colonel Roosevelt's attempt to "corner" the White House should not prevent its reasonable use in the future, to the clear advantage of the nation. We are not so poor in men of Presidential calibre that we need to place the heavy burden of three terms on the shoulders of one reluctant man: but we are not so rich that we can afford to limit ourselves to a single term from a future Lincoln. There is safety and profit in the middle course: less than wisdom in the two extremes.

* * *

THE Reform or Franchise Bill introduced by Mr. Asquith's Government in Great Britain is good in that it accepts the prin-

ciple of one man one vote, but bad in that it does not accept the principle of one vote one value. The present Administration has initiated a vast amount of controversial legislation, but few of its measures have shown that "large simplicity" which insures permanence. Real reform is not expressed in exceptions, inconsistencies, compromises, slovenliness. There can be no excuse for the radical defects of a proposal which permits constituencies like Rochester, with 31,000 inhabitants, Pontefract with 24,000, or Radnorshire with 22,000, to have the same voting power as Walthamstow with 247,000 or Wandsworth with 253,000. A similar lack of system was shown in the Home Rule Bill, and the Cabinet would seem to have a preference for patchwork measures.

* * *

NEITHER the Irish leaders nor the English Ministers have succeeded in allaying the opposition of Ulster to a Dublin Parliament. The problem is a difficult one, and it will not be solved by bigotry or bitter recriminations. Here, as so often, conciliation is needed. But where it is comparatively easy to find great warriors, it is difficult to discover pacificators. Mr. Redmond has an opportunity to immortalize himself: but he has not the supreme gifts which enable a man to remould his country and reconcile warring factions. Yet he might make a finer effort than he has so far attempted.

* * *

THE value of dirigible air craft in war has scarcely been doubted; but the first clear demonstration is an important and far-reaching event, and the experiences of the Italian dirigible *PI* will be carefully studied. The dirigible was used to carry out a reconnaissance during actual hostilities; the enemy's position was exactly ascertained, sketch plans were made, photographs taken, and bombs dropped.

The *PI*, according to the special correspondent of the *Turin Stampa*, left its hangar at six in the morning, to reconnoitre the Turkish position near Bengazi. It rose over the sea to a height of 1,000 metres, turned eastward over the oasis of Koefia, and satisfied itself that the oasis contained none of the enemy. It

then turned south toward Sidi Mufta, near which lay the Turkish lines. As soon as the dirigible came near the camp, the Turks opened rifle fire; but this proved futile, and the *PI* dropped a bomb among the tents, with instant effect. The Turks ceased their rifle fire and brought their artillery into action. They had previously planted the guns on the slopes of sand-hills, burying the tail of the carriage so as to take the recoil without overturning the gun. They sent their shells up almost vertically, but their fire was wild and harmless, and the dirigible, dropping bombs, proceeded on its course. It completed an exact reconnaissance of the enemy's camp, estimated the numbers of Turks and Arabs, took photographs of the position, and in two hours returned unharmed to the Italian lines, placing the whole plan of the Turkish position at the disposal of the Italian general. The dirigible therefore obtained without cost information for which until recently troops would have been sacrificed unhesitatingly. Of course, the *PI* was unopposed; her task would have been very different in a struggle with a Power possessing an air fleet; and dirigibles will no doubt yield before long to aeroplanes capable of carrying a large crew and manœuvring with greater ease in a rough wind. But the present value of the dirigible has been established.

THE FORUM

FOR SEPTEMBER 1912

PARTY PRINCIPLES AND INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT

ALLEN KLINE

POLITICAL parties constitute one of the most significant of the phenomena growing out of the democratic movement of modern times. We of the present age accept their existence as a matter of course: those of the past generally looked upon them as a symptom of abnormal political conditions, a manifestation of the spirit of faction, which, in the course of time, would be outgrown. The constitution did not contemplate their existence, as is shown by the cumbersome method which it provided for the election of the President and Senators; this development has not only been extra-constitutional, but, to a large extent, extra-legal as well. Not until the formulation of the Australian ballot laws, can it be said that the legislation of the country, State or national, recognized the existence of such a thing as political parties. The present movement for direct primaries is carrying this recognition to a much greater length.

The party system of every country is the outgrowth of its own peculiar political conditions to a greater extent than is its Government. The latter is, to some extent, an artificial, formal creation; it may be in certain of its features, or even in its entire structure, the embodiment of abstract ideas of politics or the result of the deliberate imitation of the political institutions of other lands. Parties, however, are always native to the soil. They are the natural, spontaneous, and often confused, expression of the sentiment of the people. In the study of them we get to the wellsprings of political action.

In one respect the course of party development in the United States stands in decided contrast to that of most self-governing countries. Our political history has been characterized by the almost continual predominance of two great parties; elsewhere the line of political cleavage is generally such as to produce several parties, no one of which has a majority. This is largely due to the fact that with us the elements which are at the basis of political division are fewer in number and simpler in character. Europe, with its longer political development and its unbroken connection with the Middle Ages, has inherited a number of institutions vested with political power, such as the Church, monarchy, a landed aristocracy, each of which commands political support and awakens political opposition and frequently becomes the basis of a political party. A minor party is generally the result of an exaggerated emphasis upon some one political issue; and, having fewer vested interests, we have consequently had fewer parties founded upon a single issue. There have been such parties in our history, but they have generally been of temporary duration and of relatively little political importance.

Owing to the partial absence of those elements which add to the complexity of political development, the course of our party history has been simpler. We have had two parties contending for supremacy and divided upon one fundamental issue. That issue, the first fundamental issue in our national history and the one which brought political parties into being, was this: What is the proper sphere of government? what things shall be taken under the control of the Government and what shall be left to the control of the individual?

Man and Society, the Citizen and the State—these are the two basic political factors which mutually supplement each other and divide between themselves all legal powers. The so-called compact school of political thought has passed away, but it has performed a service in the emphasis which it placed upon one thought: namely, that when men enter society each one necessarily surrenders a portion of his individual liberty and vests its exercise in the social group. Just how much he shall surrender and what particular portions, are the supreme questions.

This is perhaps the most fundamental and enduring of all political issues; in the very nature of things, it can never reach a final settlement, for the rise of new problems and new issues presents it in new aspects to each succeeding generation.

Closely allied to the above and following as a natural sequence is another question of fundamental importance: namely, for what purpose and in what manner shall that power which is surrendered by the individuals be exercised? While the power is vested in the social group, its actual exercise must be delegated to a comparatively few persons. Shall these persons use this power for their own ends? or for the benefit of certain elements of the population? or for the benefit of all? The latter is clearly the ideal of all democratic people, yet it is often more an ideal than a reality owing to the ease with which those in authority can use their power for other purposes than those which the people desire.

This question of the proper extent of government and the manner in which its functions should be exercised constituted our first distinctly national problem and was the one which gave rise to political parties. It was very generally recognized that the makeshift political organization which was achieved during the Revolution was of a provisional character and would soon have to be reconstituted. Born in the stress of war, inadequate in its powers, destitute of administrative machinery, and lacking the very essence of government, namely, the ability to command, it was so obviously inadequate to the needs of the Union that the necessity for some measure of reconstruction could not be denied. The constitution of 1787 was put forth as the solution of the problem. The contrast between the Government proposed by this instrument and that existing under the Articles of Confederation was plain to everyone and the issue of strong *versus* weak government was squarely presented to the voters of the country.

On one hand were the Federalists, led by Hamilton, and distinguished by their zealous advocacy of the new constitution and the Government which it contemplated. When the constitution was ratified and the new Government inaugurated, they presented an extensive programme of political, financial and

economic legislation which to them seemed necessary to the success of the new endeavor. Among these measures were the restoration of order throughout the country, the refunding of the national debt, the assumption of the debts incurred by the States during the Revolution, the establishment of a national bank, the framing of a tariff on protective lines, the development of a system of internal taxation, the organization of the judiciary, and the formulation of a doctrine of constitutional interpretation which made it possible to adapt that instrument to the unforeseen problems to which the political evolution of the people gave rise. As a whole, the Federalists were aristocratic in temper, affiliated with the commercial class rather than with the agricultural, and firmly convinced that a strong, efficient Government with adequate powers was the greatest need of the American people.

The opposition elements were first called the Anti-Federalists, and, later, the Republicans. Their greatest, though not their first, leader was Jefferson; and he still remains the foremost philosopher of this tendency in our political life. Jefferson had little confidence in the ability of government to accomplish anything of importance for the amelioration of mankind. To him the development of the individual was the sole basis of human progress, and the best means of accelerating that progress was to afford to the individual man the fullest, freest opportunity for the development of his powers that was consistent with the existence of social relations. The whole emphasis of his philosophy was upon liberty instead of authority; upon the individual instead of the group. This point of view was carried even into economic fields and he strongly favored agriculture as the chief basis of national wealth, since the conditions of rural life left the individual more largely the master of his own destiny and created less necessity for an elaborate political and economic organization than did commerce and manufacturing. At times he even indulged in speculations as to whether the lot of savages, on the whole, was not happier than that of civilized people.

The entire Federalist programme therefore met with persistent opposition from Jefferson and his adherents. Such an extension of the powers of government seemed to threaten the

liberties of the people. Jefferson frequently indulged in gloomy forebodings of a monarchical conspiracy. In the bank he saw only a deeply laid plot on the part of the Federalist politicians to create a great political machine which would ultimately dominate the country. The newly enunciated doctrine of implied powers seemed to him to afford the possibility of extending the power of the national Government to untold limits. The newly established Federalist judiciary seemed to be taking out of the hands of the people even the small measure of control over the national Government which they already possessed.

In opposition to this, the Republicans did not offer any extensive programme of their own; they simply did not see the necessity of the whole thing. A national Government of such powers, a system of administration so extensive, seemed to them out of proportion to the needs of the American people, and involving a burden of taxation which they could not afford to assume. Such measures of governmental authority as were really necessary, they preferred to have carried out by the State and local governments as far as possible, since they were more directly under the control of the people and therefore stood in less danger of being dominated by the ambitions of selfish politicians.

These two schools of political thought; one emphasizing a large measure of individual liberty as affording the best conditions for human development, the other laying stress upon a strong, efficient Government as a means of social progress; have persisted throughout our entire political history. In the case of the former, the lineal descent is most marked; from the day of Jefferson to the present time there has been merely a change in party name, but no break in the continuity of party development. For more than a century the party has stood for essentially the same issues: opposition to a strong, national Government, a strict interpretation of the constitution, a tariff for revenue only, a non-centralized system of banking, opposition to a large army and navy, and, as a natural sequence to the foregoing, economy in Government expenditures. Such economy, however, is easily achieved by a party which does not view with favor the enlargement of the powers of government over which

they preside. There has also been a rather persistent tendency in the party to favor loose views of finance and banking, tendencies which have dominated the party in the time of Jackson and during Bryan's first campaign.

The opposite tendency has found expression at various times through the medium of three separate parties: the Federalists from 1787 till about 1814, the National Republicans and Whigs from 1824 to 1852, and the Republicans from 1856 to the present time. Although distinct in name and organization, all these parties have stood for substantially the same issues: a strong, efficient national Government, broad construction of the constitution, a protective tariff, internal improvements, a strong army and navy, and a firm foreign policy. They represent the social, as opposed to the individual, point of view, conceiving government to be a natural and legitimate means of promoting human progress. This view is not, of course, obtrusively put forth in the party platform, or perhaps even consciously believed by the majority of the party leaders. There is, nevertheless, a distinct tendency in these parties, when confronted with a new problem growing out of the political, social, or industrial relations of men, to rely upon the power of the Government as a means of its solution; an instinctive faith in the capacity of the united intelligence of men to deal with those questions to which their mutual relations give rise.

Our political history naturally falls into three periods, with the years 1800 and 1860 as the dividing points, each period being distinguished by the predominance of one of these parties. The first period, comprising the three administrations from 1789 to 1801, was relatively unimportant; it was preliminary to our real party history, rather than a part of it. Party lines were vague and ill-defined and party organization practically non-existent. Although the Federalists were in power, it does not mean a popular approval of their doctrines. In the first two administrations the election was simply the tribute of a grateful people to the personal greatness and worth of Washington, and Adams merely held over on the reputation and popularity of his predecessor. Moreover, the Federalists were men of constructive temperament, and, as such, naturally assumed the leadership in

an epoch of political reconstruction. They were never popular with the masses, however, and a series of political blunders, notably the Alien and Sedition Laws, put an end to their rule.

Jefferson's first election has been called "the Revolution of 1800." The extent and completeness of his victory make the term not inappropriate, but it was more than a mere party triumph: it was the inauguration of a new era in our political history; for the party which came into the possession of office and plenitude of power in 1800 maintained their control until 1860, save for two brief interruptions in 1840 and 1848. Neither of these temporary defects indicates any real disapproval of Democratic doctrine, for the Whigs were able to carry these two elections only by keeping questions of party principle in the background and making the most of the personal popularity of their candidates, enthusiastically applauding the simple backwoods virtues of the one and military reputation of the other. The Whig party of this period was a heterogeneous combination of diverse elements, and did not venture upon an official statement of party doctrines. As for their candidates, their lack of known convictions was the chief reason for their nomination, but each one was by temperament more in accord with the Democratic point of view. For all practical purposes, the first sixty years of the nineteenth century may be called a period of unbroken Democratic control.

Sixty years of practically continuous party supremacy seems almost phenomenal. The period is too long for it to be accounted for on the ground of superior party strategy, the possession of abler leadership, or the existence of favoring circumstances. Yet there is nothing miraculous about it; it was merely the natural expression in politics of the dominant social and industrial forces in American life at the time. The conditions of the period were such as naturally produce a simple, democratic society, and this, in turn, naturally created a simple, democratic Government. Free public land was abundant, far in excess, it seemed, of the needs of the distant future, and it was being increased through fortunate annexations more rapidly than it was being taken up by settlement. The natural resources seemed inexhaustible. The bounty of nature was such that ex-

extremes of wealth or poverty could not exist. Agriculture was the main basis of natural wealth, and it gave rise to no serious political or industrial problems. Manufacturing was beginning to take root in the more populous sections of the East, but it was still on a small scale and local in character. The relations of employer and employee were on an intimate footing, and there could be no problem of low wages as long as the employer had to outbid the attractions of Western lands. No great cities in the modern sense of the term existed, the largest being New York, which in 1830 had a population of only about 200,000, and the thirty-two cities of the country which had 8,000 inhabitants or over embraced only seven per cent. of the total population of the country. The stage coach, the canal, and the steamboat were the chief means of transportation. The railway was a factor of growing importance, but in this period most of the lines were short in length and local in character, their chief service being to connect systems of river and lake transportation. In all branches of industry small scale production was the general rule, and there was universal belief in the efficacy of free competition as a solution of economic problems.

Under such conditions as these a people who were naturally of a free, buoyant, and independent temperament would have little use for a Government of numerous functions or extensive powers. What they chiefly demanded of it was those things which are the basic functions of all government: namely, the preservation of law and order, the protection of personal and property rights, the enforcement of contracts, defence from foreign invasion, coining money, carrying mails, etc. That the Government might assist the individual in certain matters was generally admitted, but for its intervention in his private affairs, or its supervision of his social and economic relations, there seemed absolutely no need.

Such conditions as these afforded little opportunity for a party based upon the belief in the efficacy of a strong national Government to gain power. Issues which would be in accord with their traditional point of view, and, at the same time, popular with the people, were few in number and generally unimportant in character. They championed the principle of a

great central bank under national control, but finally met with defeat on the issue. They stood for the protective tariff, but the persistent opposition of the South destroyed its utility as a political issue. They took up the question of internal improvements with enthusiasm, for here, it seemed, was a possible exercise of governmental power which could not be otherwise than popular with the people; but their opponents cleverly side-tracked the issue by contending that the power constitutionally belonged to the States and could be more efficiently exercised by them. Before the question could be fought to a conclusion, the advent of the railway lessened the need of a system of internal transportation under Government control.

Being thus favored by fortune, it seemed that the Democrats could look forward to an indefinite lease of power, with no interruptions save such as might be brought about by their own blunders or an occasional turn in political fortunes. There was, however, one cloud in their otherwise clear horizon: namely, the growing importance of the issue of slavery; but the party was disposed to regard its development with complacency, since it was, constitutionally, a matter for State control. The status of the territories was the phase of the question with which national politics was chiefly concerned, for there, it was generally agreed, national authority was paramount. The Whigs, however, permitted their great opportunity to pass, and were disposed to favor a settlement of the question which involved, not the definite assertion of the authority of the nation, but rather the neutralization of that authority through the application of the principle of compromise and the balancing of one power against another. This spirit of compromise dominated the party, and Clay, their most adroit leader, and Webster, their greatest statesman, alike succumbed to it. Having, therefore, no more secure basis than the shifting sands of political expediency, the party began to disintegrate and soon gave way to another of more positive convictions.

Notwithstanding this attitude on the part of the Whigs, the Democratic party was perturbed over the question of slavery in the territories; but finally the formulation of the doctrine of Popular Sovereignty seemed to offer a way out of the

dilemma. According to this doctrine, Congress should forgo the exercise of its power of regulating slavery in an organized territory and leave the settlement of the question to the people thereof, who alone were concerned with it. The suggestion was a plausible one, and thoroughly in accord with the Democratic traditions of local self-government. Douglas staked his political career upon it, and in 1856 the party officially committed itself to the doctrine. But scarcely was this accomplished, when the Democratic majority of the Supreme Court proceeded to out-Douglas Douglas by asserting that it was not even a matter for the people of a territory, in their territorial capacity, to determine; it was an individual question—individual, that is, in the sense that there was no power, national, State, or territorial, which could prevent an individual citizen from taking his slave property into a territory if he desired to do so. This was the *ultima thule* of the Democracy, and there the choice spirits of the party found peace and content.

These two party attitudes, the one reducing national authority over slavery to the vanishing point, the other practically nullifying it through an excessive development of the spirit of compromise, took no account of the growing national consciousness on the subject of slavery. In the heart of New England the voice of the abolition orators was heard proclaiming that the people of the North were jointly responsible with those of the South for the existence of slavery. The equanimity of the conservatives of both sections was disturbed by Seward's enunciation of the "Higher Law" doctrine. But it was from the prairies of the West that the clearest utterance on our gravest problem came. Lincoln's statement: "A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this Government cannot endure half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved; I do not expect the house to fall, but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other," awoke a response in a million hearts. It sounded a new note in our politics; it was the application of the social point of view to a problem of national scope, regardless of the fact as to whether, constitutionally, it was within the sphere of national political control or not. It viewed the nation as a

unit. We were not, in Lincoln's estimation, a mere conglomeration of sovereign States; not two independent, self-sufficient sections living side by side; we were one people, indissolubly bound up together for better or worse, for good or evil. Whatever wrong exists in the country, some share of the responsibility for its not being righted rests upon every citizen. If the Government has no authority to deal with it, its power may be extended. In a sovereign, democratic state there can be no limits to the collective power of the people, expressed through their Government, save such limits as the people themselves impose.

This point of view became the basis of the new Republican party. It stands for the continuation of that line of thought which regards the existence of a strong, national Government of ample powers as a necessary and potent factor in American development; catching up, as it were, the torch of the Hamiltonian tradition as it fell from the faltering hands of the Whigs. In 1856 the new party displaced the Whigs as the chief opposition party, and, by its election of Lincoln four years later, brought the sixty-year period of Democratic supremacy to an end. The year 1860, therefore, marks another epoch in our political history.

The supremacy of the Republican party is as characteristic of the period since 1860 as that of the Democrats for the period previous, but it is not quite so complete. Of the thirteen presidential elections since 1860, the Republicans have carried all but two, though there were two others in which the popular vote of the Democratic candidate was slightly in excess of that of the Republican. Even with these exceptions, the Republican supremacy is so marked that one is led to seek for the change which had taken place among the people to account for such a revolution in their political thought. Revolutionary though the change seems, it came about gradually. Lincoln's second election was chiefly due to the patriotic determination of all elements to support the administration in a time of crisis. The next two victories of the Republicans were due to far less worthy causes: namely, their complete control of the electorate of the South. Then for a decade a period of confusion ensues; the intense prejudices engendered by the recent civil conflict, bitter

personal rivalries, and occasional revolts within party lines being its chief characteristics. Not till the eighties did the Democrats have an opportunity to wage battle with their opponents on even terms, but they then discovered that the result of normal conditions did not mean the restoration of Democratic control.

When the Civil War and the issues growing out of it had reached a final settlement, and the bitter feelings engendered by the contest had to some extent died away, the American people awoke to a consciousness of the fact that during that period social and industrial changes of the most sweeping character had been taking place in their midst—changes so revolutionary in character, so far-reaching in importance, and so vitally concerning the welfare of every citizen, that the historian of the future will undoubtedly designate those few decades as the turning point of our history. In brief, the country was in the throes of the industrial revolution. The rise of the factory system, the concentration of capital, the development of large scale production, the organization of industry on a national scale, the exploitation of our natural resources, have been the characteristic features of the epoch. Peaceful country towns have given way to great industrial centres; great cities of a million or more population, with their attendant problems of urban life, have appeared; the short railway lines of the Civil War period have been consolidated into great transportation systems; scattered industrial plants have been amalgamated into huge trusts; the exhaustion of our public lands has brought the agrarian problems of the old world to us also; great fortunes, such as the world has hitherto not dreamed of, have been created; the old intimate relation between employer and laborer has been replaced by a deep-seated hostility, and the Pittsburgh and Homestead strikes and the anarchist outbreak at Chicago were warnings of solemn import to the entire nation.

It is the prevalence of such problems as these that makes it increasingly difficult for the Democratic party to regain its lost leadership. Its conception of a Government of a few essential functions and limited power was suited to a simple, agricultural society whose chief problems were individual instead of social: that society has forever passed away. The nation has now en-

tered the industrial stage of development, and the course of history cannot be reversed. There is every prospect that our social and economic relations will become more complex in the future, rather than less so, and this renders necessary a Government of more ample powers to cope with the situation. There is no absolute or final standard by which we can measure the power of a Government. The term strong Government is purely relative, relative to the extent and difficulty of the problems with which it has to deal; and these, in turn, are the outgrowth of the common activities of the people. As they grow in numbers, in unity, and in the extent of their common endeavor, the Government must keep pace with their social development, or else become relatively weaker.

These tendencies are not in harmony with Democratic political doctrine. The party still retains that passionate interest in the well-being of the average man which has always been one of its distinguishing characteristics; but does not see how it is to be achieved under existing conditions. Amid this play of vast industrial forces, the old ideas of the *laissez faire* economic philosophy and the efficacy of free competition have largely broken down, and the party knows not wherewith to replace them. Most of the constructive legislation of recent decades has been alien to the political ideas of the party. The question of tariff reform has been the only issue upon which it has been able to wage an aggressive campaign, it being an issue which at times makes a strong appeal to the well-being of the masses, and at the same time does not do violence to the party traditions. Its utility as a political issue is, however, largely dependent on the extent to which their opponents blunder in going to the other extreme, and, moreover, it is of only occasional importance.

The intelligent Democratic statesman, and there are many of them, must necessarily be perplexed by the difficulties of his situation; he is confronted with a dilemma, neither horn of which he cares to grasp. On one hand, he sees the individual citizen, whose welfare it is his party's main purpose to promote, becoming increasingly helpless as the industrial organization assumes a vaster scale; on the other hand, the natural remedy for these

difficulties seems to lie along the lines of an extension of the power of the Government, and that is opposed to the fundamental party traditions. Since the industrial revolution has been world-wide in its extent, he will perhaps turn to the experience of other countries for light on the path; but their answer affords no comfort. Old age pensions, compulsory State insurance, the State ownership of public utilities, minimum wage acts, the compulsory arbitration of labor disputes, Government relief for the unemployed, all these involve such an extension of State authority as he shrinks from contemplating. To educate the party away from its extreme individualism might seem to offer a way out of the difficulties that beset it; but, when the persistence of party tradition is considered, the task seems almost superhuman. On his return from an extended European tour a few years ago, Mr. Bryan threw out a suggestion of the Government ownership of railways as the next line of political advance for the United States, but the response from his party discouraged him from pressing the point. Such will be the probable fate of similar attempts in the future, for on every hand party leaders of smaller calibre and limited vision will rise up to rebuke the apostate from the true Democratic faith, and the shades of Jefferson and Jackson will be again invoked to preserve the party from these latter-day heresies.

There is, however, little more to be said in praise of the attitude of the Republican party. Its long continuance in office is due largely to the lack of an aggressive opposition with a constructive programme. It has inherited enough of the Hamiltonian conception of government to enable it to accommodate itself very easily to the prevailing social and political tendencies, yet has shown some reluctance to utilize them for its own advantage. It is a question if it is not, like the Whig party of the mid-century, permitting the opportunity which the trend of events has brought its way to slip from its grasp. The party has a long list of achievements to its credit; the reorganization of the finances, the reclamation service, the conservation of natural resources, the regulation of railway rates, the postal savings bank, the pure food law, the upbuilding of the navy, and the inter-oceanic canal, are measures of which it may well be

proud; but it is only a fraction of what it might accomplish. It is within the power of the party to devise and enact an extensive programme of social and industrial reform which would be thoroughly in accord with the historic political traditions of the party, and, at the same time, so popular with the masses that the party would be assured of a long tenure of power. It is only from the Republican party that such a programme could reasonably be expected, for it has inherited those traditions of the nature of government and the scope of its authority that are necessary to carry it out.

The chief reason why the party has not accomplished more, and, perhaps, cannot accomplish more, is due to the same defect that characterized the Federalist party and ultimately brought about its overthrow; namely, its close identification with the commercial classes and its resulting tendency to look at everything from their point of view. That element which has been aptly described as "the rich, the well-born, and the able" is largely found in the Republican party of to-day, as it was in the Federalist party of a century ago. This fact is nothing to the discredit of the party, for the class in question probably comprises a considerable of the ablest talent and best intellect of the country; but it is nevertheless a misfortune, for the loose and indistinct nature of party organization generally enables this element, with its wealth and influence, to control the party development. Many of the most creditable achievements of the Republican party have been almost forced upon the party programme by the strenuous efforts of leaders representing the party at large, in the face of the persistent opposition of its dominant element. So persistent is this opposition and so paralyzing is its influence, that it seems that only a widespread and sustained moral awakening of the party as a whole can save it from the fate of its Federalist and Whig forerunners.

The American people constitute one of the most democratic nations of the world; yet they are to-day behind other countries in many lines of social reform. This is due, to a considerable extent, to the illogical relation between the doctrines of the two leading parties and the industrial development of the country: one lacking the will to do, the other the power to achieve; one

paralyzed through the deadening influence of a commercial aristocracy, the other hopelessly at sea through the breaking down of its basic philosophy of individualism. Neither, as at present constituted, affords the means through which the new social conscience of the American people can find adequate expression. Unless one or the other undergoes a radical transformation in the near future, the rise of a new party will be the natural outcome.

To predict, with the above reservation, the development of such a party is not idle prophecy; it will be the natural and inevitable result of forces which have long been at work in our political history, testifying to the settled determination of the American people that their political development shall keep pace with their industrial evolution, not lag a generation behind. If it comes into being and grows in power, it will not be for the purpose of serving the political ambitions of any man or group of men. It will not be the self-created refuge of political renegades and malcontents; for, if diverted to such ends, it will perish in the beginning. It will not be the champion of radicalism, for it will only seek to accomplish those things which England, Germany, Sweden, Australia, and other countries have already done toward alleviating those evils which have followed in the wake of the Industrial Revolution. It will not wage war on property rights, but will rather seek their fuller protection, including those of the laborer as well as of the capitalist. What its detailed principles will be one cannot say, but if it answers the need of the hour, it will be based upon these two conceptions: that the Government shall be the servant of the people in the true sense of the term, being always ready and willing to serve them wherever its services are needed; and that it shall be vested with sufficient power to enable it to perform these functions. A democratic people can ask no more: a democratic Government should do no less.

A CASE OF PREVISION

J. D. BERESFORD

THIS extraordinary case of prevision is supported by unusually sound evidence. In the first place, we have the testimony of Mr. Galt, whose account of the incidents which preceded the catastrophe is circumstantial, consistent and exceedingly convincing. In the second place, we have the valuable corroboration of Mr. Henderson, to whom the incidents above referred to were narrated before the event which gave them such peculiar value. Finally, we have Mr. Jessop's own letters to his friend. No discrepancies have been found during a long and careful examination of these three sources, and yet the precisians in this field of research have refused to admit that the case has been demonstrated beyond any possibility of doubt. This caution appears excessive to the small group of people acquainted with the facts, and it has been decided by those most nearly interested that it is advisable to give prominence to the whole of the circumstances, since this is a matter which gives us a curious insight into man's relation to eternity, and demonstrates how arbitrary are our conceptions of time and space.

Mr. Mark Jessop was a man of thirty-five. He was tall, slight and had a pronounced stoop. Mr. Galt describes him as having a high, rather narrow forehead, more noticeable inasmuch as he was prematurely bald over the temples; and mentions that he always wore gold-mounted spectacles. Mr. Jessop's name will be known to many as that of an architect of unusual promise, with a distinctive style which is commonly associated with his treatment of small country houses. He was unmarried, and at the time of the occurrences about to be set out was making a very decent income.

In the early March of last year, after repeated warnings by his medical adviser, Mr. Jessop decided to take a six weeks' rest. He had certainly been over-working and was very run down; but even so, he would probably have deferred his holi-

day if he had not begun to have doubts as to the failure of his eyesight.

The symptoms were peculiar, and it seems very probable that he was even then experiencing some form of prevision. From Mr. Galt's account, it appears that Jessop occasionally saw on his drawing-paper lines that had never been drawn, and that he suffered considerable perplexity in consequence. On one such occasion, he told Galt, he went home believing that he had finished a certain detail drawing, and was very vexed the next morning to find the work incomplete; he believed for a few minutes that someone had carefully erased his pencil marks. Unhappily, from our point of view, he was able to convince himself by an examination of the paper that this was not the case, and he did not, therefore, mention the circumstance to anyone in his office. This last instance of the increasing unreliability of his vision was the proximate cause of his leaving town. He accounted for his hallucinations by the fact that he had unusual powers of visualization, but, as he said to Galt, these powers, so valuable to him in his profession, would become an intolerable nuisance if his conceptions were thus to become prematurely objectified.

He decided, therefore, to take a complete rest for six weeks, and persuaded his friend Galt, also an architect, to stay with him for the first fortnight. They elected to go to St. Ives, a place neither of them had visited before.

There can be no doubt that Jessop was in a highly-strung, nervous state. The journey upset him, and for the first two days after his arrival in Cornwall he hardly went outside the house. The weather, it is true, was very inclement, with a north-west wind and a fine driving mist of rain; but this, alone, would not have kept him indoors.

On the third day, however, the wind veered to the east, and a spell of bright, warm days followed. Galt then persuaded his friend to go out for long walks, which he did, although still fretful and nervous about himself. Several times during the next few days he asked Galt anxiously if he could see certain vessels in the Bay, and Galt says that on more than one occasion he was unable to see the boats Jessop tried to indicate. But

whether these hallucinations were veridical or not cannot be proved, as Galt never attempted to verify them. He did not ask for any description of the boats, nor look out later to see if boats subsequently appeared in the places indicated. He was, indeed, chiefly occupied in trying to distract his friend's attention from the subject of his symptoms, and avoided any reference to the question of the hallucinations.

During the first ten days of their stay in St. Ives, the two friends seem to have kept to the two main outlets from the town. They started for their walks either by way of the Penzance road, through Carbis Bay and Lelant, or by the Land's End road through Stennack, going through Zennor or taking the path to Gurnard's Head. On the eleventh day, however, a Thursday, the weather changed again, and in the afternoon they decided not to go too far from home.

They, therefore, made their way by the harbor and the wharf to the "Island," and from there discovered the existence of the Porthmeor beach, which they had not seen before. It was not actually raining at the moment, so they skirted the beach and wandered along the footpath which leads to Clodgy.

This path follows the cliff edge. About a quarter of a mile from the town there is an open triangle of turf and cliffs run out in a small headland, a favorite place for tourists in the summer, and known as Man's Head Rock, from a resemblance to a face which may be found in a great stone that is poised on the top of the cliff. From here the path turns to the left and four rough steps lead upward to a small granite quarry. The cliff at this corner is, perhaps, eighty feet high.

It was at this point that the incident occurred.

Jessop was first up the steps, and he paused at the top and then drew back. "Good Lord!" he said. "There has been a landslip here. How terribly dangerous. Anyone might easily walk over these steps." He was inured to looking down from heights, and though momentarily alarmed at coming on the chasm so suddenly, he spoke quite calmly.

"Let me see," said Galt, and Jessop made way for him.

Galt says that when he had climbed the steps and saw a table of flat ground before him, he was far more horrified than he

could have been by the sight of any landslip. He hesitated for a moment, and then decided to treat the matter as calmly as possible.

"What do you mean, Jessop?" he asked. "It's perfectly flat, safe walking here."

"Flat, safe walking?" repeated Jessop. "You must be mad."

"Oh! well, I'll soon prove it," returned Galt, and took a step forward.

"God! man, don't be a fool!" shouted Jessop, and clutched his friend fiercely by the coat tails, dragging him backward, so that the two of them nearly fell together down the steps.

It came to Galt at that moment that the only thing to do was to take Jessop firmly in hand, to demonstrate beyond any shadow of doubt that what he saw as a chasm was in fact solid ground.

"Look here, old chap," Galt said, "this is another of your hallucinations, and I'm going to prove it to you. Now, do be quite calm about it and listen to me. There hasn't been any landslip, there's a flat table of land there, and I'm going to walk on it."

Jessop gripped his friend by the arm. "Are you absolutely sure?" he asked. "This is horrible! horrible!"

"I'm absolutely sure," returned Galt; "and when you see me walking over this abyss of yours, the fancy will leave you for good and all."

"Wait a bit, wait a bit," said Jessop, hurriedly. "Let me have another look first." He went up again to the top step and looked down.

"Well?" asked Galt, close at his elbow.

"To me," said Jessop, "there's a gap between us and the continuation of the path, at least a hundred and fifty feet across, and all the débris is piled in a steep bank"—he pointed to the left—"that runs up there almost to the surface. Just underneath us there is a clear drop of sixty or seventy feet on to a huge, fallen obelisk of rock, a monolith, oh! ten or twelve feet across. It is quite fresh from the cleavage on this side, splintered and shining where the loose earth hasn't covered it. I can't see how long it is because the end runs under the débris."

Galt looked and saw nothing but a flat table of firm ground. "You're wonderfully circumstantial," he said, "but there's nothing of the kind there. Let me show you."

Jessop grabbed him nervously by the arm again. "Oh, I can't, Galt," he said. "I can't. It's too awful."

"Don't be an ass!" replied Galt, in a sturdy, common-sense tone. "You must get rid of these visions of yours, and I'm going to help you." He wrenched himself away from Jessop and stepped on to the path ahead of him.

"Galt! Galt!" shrieked Jessop. "Oh! God, he's gone!" He hid his eyes in his hands, and began to shudder.

"What the devil do you mean?" asked Galt, standing two yards away. "I haven't gone."

At that Jessop looked up with a very scared face and for a moment peered straight at Galt. "Where are you?" he said, trembling. "Where are you?"

"Why here; within two yards of you," was the answer.

"I can't see you," said Jessop. He was now clutching the top step, and looking down into his imagined chasm.

"Look up!" said Galt. "Here I am! Quite close to you!"

"I can't see you," said Jessop again. He sat down on the second step and began to cry.

Galt immediately rejoined him, and laid a hand on his friend's shoulder.

At the touch of Galt's hand, Jessop looked up. "I couldn't see you," he sobbed. The tears were streaming down his face.

Galt saw that this was no time for further demonstration of his friend's defects of vision, and took him straight back to their lodgings; but after dinner he deliberately reopened the subject. He thought that it was essential for Jessop to realize the nature of his hallucination.

Jessop appeared not unwilling to discuss the topic, and that evening he repeated his description of what he had seen, and also explained that the instant Galt walked beyond the steps he had disappeared, "like a figure in a trick cinematograph film."

Finally he agreed to Galt's suggestion, that they should

return to the same place the next day, and that Jessop, himself, should walk on the ground that he could not see. He was sensible about the affair that evening, admitted that it was an hallucination, and speculated vaguely on the question of auto-suggestion. "With a power of visualization like mine," he said, "a strong suggestion would present a wonderfully real picture. Sub-consciously I may have been thinking of landslips when we reached that place." . . .

The next morning, Friday, was a fine, clear day, and they set out for Man's Head Rock about half-past ten. Jessop was in rather better spirits that morning, and on the way he discussed hypnotic and post-hypnotic suggestion and asked Galt whether he thought he could make a sufficiently strong counter-suggestion to overcome the hallucination of the landslip.

Galt played up to this idea, and did his best by making such remarks as "It was all pure imagination on your part," or "When we get to the place, you will see firm, flat ground ahead of you." And Jessop replied, "Yes, yes, of course I shall. No doubt of it."

When they reached the steps, he stopped and said, "Let me go first." Galt agreed and watched him attentively as he walked up the four steps. At the top he halted abruptly and then turned back, looking very white and scared. "It's still there," he said.

Galt at once decided to take the thing in hand. "Look here, old chap," he said. "You must have faith in me! You agree that this is only an hallucination. Now, trust me and walk over. The moment you touch the ground on the other side, the vision will vanish."

"All right," returned Jessop, nervously. But when he reached the top step he sat down. "I can't," he said. "I simply can't."

"You must," replied Galt.

Jessop merely shook his head.

"I say you must!" insisted Galt, and, as Jessop made no reply, he began to bully him, saying finally, "Look here, if you won't go, I shall make you."

Then Jessop began to cry in the same pitiful way he had

cried the day before. "I can't," he blubbered. "I simply can't. For God's sake don't make me."

Galt desisted. He could not stand the sight of Jessop's tears. . . .

They did not return to the steps on Saturday or Sunday, but they discussed the problem at great length. "I think I could go if I were by myself," Jessop said once or twice, and, also, "I will go back when I've recovered my strength a bit."

Galt did not insist again, and on the Monday he returned to town. Jessop's last words at the station were, "I shall go back to that place when I'm stronger. I know it's all imagination."

Galt received three letters in all from Jessop during the following fortnight. The first, unhappily, was destroyed, but Galt remembers that Jessop wrote that he was going to the steps in a few days' time to make another essay, and added that he always felt better in the early morning and would walk over to the place before breakfast.

The second letter is cheerful in tone, and the beginning describes the writer's doings, especially a long drive he had taken to Land's End. On the fifth sheet he writes, "I am feeling much better now and am beginning to look forward to a return to work. I am very tired of doing nothing down here. Touching that hallucination of mine, I feel quite certain it will not recur and mean to go over to Man's Head Rock one morning early next week. I am determined that if the hallucination still persists, I will walk boldly over my imagined landslip."

It was a couple of days after he had received this letter that Galt gave Henderson the main facts of the case as here set out. Henderson agreed with Galt, that Jessop had been under the influence of some curious auto-suggestion which he could not afterwards throw off.

In the third letter there is one further reference to the vision. Jessop wrote, "By the way, I have not been to the steps again, and I expect you will think me a procrastinator, but I mean to lay that bogey before I return. It is light at five o'clock now, and, as I don't sleep well in the morning, I think I shall go early one day. I don't quite know why, but I do

shrink a little from the place still, and at sunrise my head is always perfectly clear. I am sanest at cockcrow. You know, I have always been a little mad."

Galt received this letter on the fourth of April. He did not answer it at once; he judged from the general tone of it that his friend was practically cured.

Four days later his eye was caught by a small paragraph in the morning paper, headed, "Cliff accident in Cornwall," which ran as follows: "On Tuesday morning the body of a man was discovered at the foot of a cliff near St. Ives in Cornwall. The man was quite dead when found, having fallen head down on to a large boulder, his skull being completely smashed by the blow. The body has not yet been identified, but is believed to be that of a visitor who has been staying in the town for some weeks. It is thought that the unfortunate man was walking along the cliff in the dark, as the body was first seen by a laborer going to work at six o'clock in the morning. The inquest is to be held to-morrow."

Galt was so alarmed by this paragraph that he at once sent off a prepaid telegram to Jessop, asking for news of him. He received an answer in an hour's time from the lady of the rooms they had occupied. The telegram ran: "Mr. Jessop fallen over cliff. Please come at once."

Galt had just time to catch the 10.30 from Paddington.

On his arrival he learned at once from the landlady that there had been a great landslip by Man's Head Rock. Many people had heard it in the night, and she was not at all surprised when she heard Mr. Jessop getting up at daybreak, as she supposed he was going out to discover the origin of the noise—"like thunder it was," said the landlady.

Early the next morning Galt went out to Man's Head Rock. He found that the steps were still in place, but trembling on the verge of an abyss.

At the bottom of the chasm, he saw one huge monolith of granite; its face, where not covered with loose earth, was bright and glittering. The end of it was buried in the débris of the landslip. . . .

MOONLIGHT

JOHN HALL WHEELLOCK

AH, though I were a ghost,
To-night I should fare forth under the host
Of the immaculate stars
To seek you, though beyond the utmost bars
Of the world's bourne you were,
Though hid beyond the morning's flaming hair
And the bowed twilight's head—
On such a night, though I were doomed and dead,
I should arise, alas,
And seek for you, between the dewy grass
And the pale marble moon
Wandering, for sake of that remembered June!

The inviolate fields of space
Should know my spirit hungering for your face,
Plains where the leafage yields
Scant shadow: through the radiant moonlit fields
And meadows half-asleep
I should go gliding, and on the starry Deep,
My cerements drenched with dew,
With the immense, clear winds blown through and through,
Star beyond burning star,
And mile on moonlit mile of waves afar
Drift like a cloud. Perverse,
Through all the impersonal and void universe,
Still would I seek that refuge which is You.

Ah, and when I should come
To one low window where in dreams and dumb
You leaned for a short space,
Feeling the night-wind cool upon your face
And the calm moonlight clear—
So human and so selfish and so dear,

So careless and so strong:
After all the long years and hours long
Of bodiless dead things,
Would not my soul yearn upward to the springs
Of your sweet eyes, and all
The love within me cling to you and call,
Laying for the old sake
Across your lips poor ghostly lips that ache—
And on your forehead lay
A sombre kiss, from one far, far away!

CONDEMNED

LYMAN BRYSON

FROM dawning the joy of your spirit
Was touched with the dread
Of the wan hidden hand stretching near it,
The hand of the dead—
From those who have struggled before you,
And sinned for their bread.

Behind the high piles of fine raiment
In the luxury mart,
You dream of your own limbs' adornment,
And guiltily smart,
With the first growth of infamy's planting,
Taking root in your heart.

When your sweet body, spent and toil broken,
Is weary past rest,
And the words of your soul, yet unspoken,
Shall die, unexpressed,
And the heart that God gave you for loving
Is iron in your breast—

Then they that have kissed you shall curse you,
And invoke from their lair
Their own sheltered women, who loathe you,
Who see snakes in your hair,
Who drive you to hide with Medusas
And prison you there.

Your brothers who boast of their city,
For you have no name:
Too busy with progress for pity,
Too careful for blame,
They weave your red shroud out of silence,
Their cost—and their shame.

SENTENCE

WITTER BYNNER

SHALL I say that what heaven gave
Earth has taken?—
Or that sleepers in the grave
Reawaken?

One sole sentence can I know,
Can I say:
You, my comrade, had to go,
I to stay.

PRACTICAL SOCIALISM

A New Study in Political Economy

HUGH H. LUSK

EVERYBODY in these days has heard of Socialism, and many people, no doubt, think they understand what it means. To some it takes the form of a terrible revolution that would overturn society; to others it appears like an impossible dream which, if it could be realized, would result in confusion and failure; while to some, and it must be admitted a rapidly increasing part of our people in every country of Western civilization, it holds out a hope of better conditions, vague, perhaps, but not the less attractive on that account. The truth is that to almost everybody who uses the word, Socialism represents a theory, and nothing but a theory. There are many brands of Socialism on the market; but while each is recommended by its disciples as the only cure for evils that demoralize society, none of them has been tried on any considerable scale, and all of them therefore remain merely problematical.

As nobody questions the fact that civilization to-day is disfigured by many evils, some at least of which seem to be increasing, something more practical than this appears to be needed. No great reform has ever yet been brought about by an untested theory, while many, probably all of which we have any record, have been the result of practical experiment. Experimental Socialism, on anything like a national scale, has not up to this time been attempted in any European or American country, and it is probably fortunate that it has not. Practical experiments in social reform can be made not only more easily but also more safely on a small than a large scale; and it is also well that the laboratory in which they are conducted should be sufficiently isolated to avoid outside interference. One such experimental station, and only one, has now been in operation for more than twenty years, and it may fairly be said that the time has been long enough, and the results have been sufficiently definite, to make them not only interesting, but valuable, to the rest of

the civilized world. The country referred to is New Zealand.

New Zealand has but just celebrated its seventy-second birthday as a country occupied by a race of civilized men. It is the youngest, as well as the most distant from the mother country, of all the self-governing colonies of Britain, and lies about a thousand miles to the south-east of Australia, its nearest neighbor. The country consists of two islands, lying almost due north and south, between 34 and 47 of south latitude, and contains about a hundred and four thousand square miles of territory. In the year 1890 its population consisted of about six hundred and thirty thousand people, almost entirely of British origin; last year its white population numbered about a million and ten thousand persons. Its people have governed themselves, entirely without interference from England, for more than fifty years, and are therefore entirely responsible for the legislative experiments that have set them apart in many ways from other English-speaking communities. It will be observed that this distant island country presents nearly all the features that were specially needed for a land of social experiment: it is isolated in position, singularly uniform and temperate in climate, and wholly self-governing in its political life.

In the year 1890 New Zealand could hardly be said to be even fairly prosperous. Young as the country was, it had already become subject to some of the evils of older countries. Its land, or at least the best and most accessible of its land, had been largely bought up by corporations and capitalists, who intended to hold it in great estates till the increase of population should greatly add to its value. The people were heavily taxed to pay the interest on the loans raised to carry on the wars against the native tribes between the years 1861 and 1868, and the still larger loans raised between 1870 and 1880 to carry out a policy of immigration and public works, and to extinguish the title of the native tribes to the public lands of the country. The industries of the country were few in number, but they were carried on as they had so long been in England, and as they still are in America, by the employers insisting on the greatest possible amount of labor to be paid for at the lowest possible rate. The result was that New Zealand had grown stagnant,

and during the ten years between 1880 and 1890 immigration had practically ceased. It was under these conditions that the people of New Zealand first tried the experiment of a system of practical Socialism, which they have carried out steadily ever since.

This policy, to which for convenience we may give the name of "State Socialism," has grown up gradually, till it now embraces many things that are unfamiliar to other countries, but cannot be dealt with in the limit of this article; it has, however, dealt mainly with three things that seem to be of primary importance to the well-being of a people—the land, the public utilities, and the wages and general conditions of the Workers.

Of these three, the land was the one that first claimed the attention of the representatives of the people, as apparently the most urgent. There were not, it is true, any vast concessions of the public estate, such as have become familiar in the experience of this country and Canada, made in favor of great railroad corporations by the Government; but there were already a good many estates containing from fifty to a hundred thousand acres or more, that had been purchased at the rate of two and a half dollars per acre and were held by English corporations or capitalists. Many of these estates practically shut off settlement from the back country by greatly increasing the cost of transportation. Attempts had been made by taxing the lands of the large estates on a graduated scale to induce the owners to place them on the market, but with little or no effect. The lands could be used for grazing purposes at a profit which enabled the taxes to be paid, and the holders were willing to wait till the increase of population should secure them much higher prices than they could obtain at the time. This led to New Zealand's first definite step in a policy of State Socialism.

The step taken appeared to be an extreme one, and it was universally condemned on economic grounds by those who were supposed to be authorities on such questions. It was, in fact, the application of the old law of Eminent Domain to a new and widely extended purpose. Under its provisions all landed estates exceeding five thousand acres in extent became liable to resumption by the Government as soon as it appeared there was

a demand for them by settlers who were willing to hold them under perpetual leasehold from the nation, at a rental of four per cent. on their cost. The actual present value of the land was assessed by a court, and paid by the Government; the land was surveyed into farms for close settlement and distributed by lot among the applicants at whose instance it had been resumed, in areas not exceeding three hundred and twenty acres, on the conditions of actual residence, a certain amount of improvement during the first ten years, and the payment of an annual rental at the rate of four per cent. on the cost. No settler could hold more than three hundred and twenty acres, and the land, apart from improvements, was subject to revaluation at the end of each period of twenty-one years, the rental at four per cent. being assessed on the new valuation. Up to the present time a sum of about \$50,000,000 has been spent in this way by the nation. The principle of perpetual leasehold was also extended to large areas of the public lands, purchased from the native tribes under the conditions of the original bargain made with them by the English Government when they assumed the sovereignty of the country, and fully two million acres of such lands have been leased on these terms during the last twenty years.

The new policy was attacked by political economists chiefly on the ground that it was suicidal. It was said that it not only ignored the claims of capital, but was directly opposed to those claims, and therefore could only result in financial disaster. Capital, it was predicted, would quickly withdraw from a country like New Zealand, and a few years would exhibit the spectacle of a country of industrial stagnation, given up to the paralyzed conditions of a poor man's settlement. Fully twenty years have passed since these prophecies were made, and experience has given the lie to every one so emphatically that the political economists who made them have long ago been reduced to the expedient of finding special reasons that might account, in the case of New Zealand, for the success in that country of a policy that must lead to disaster if tried in any other.

The results of this novel policy of forcibly realizing the idea of securing the lands of the community for the use of the people,

as a whole, and no longer of a small part of the people who had money to speculate with, have been of two kinds. In the first place, the people have gone back to the land in large numbers, in preference to living in or near the towns. In 1890 there were about forty thousand farms occupied in the country by a population of about two hundred and twenty thousand persons, out of a total population of six hundred and thirty thousand; that is to say, rather more than one-third of the people of New Zealand lived on and by the land. In 1910 there were about ninety-four thousand farms occupied in New Zealand by about five hundred thousand persons, out of a total population of a million persons. So far, it is evident, the purpose of the legislation so bitterly criticised had been obtained: the people who wanted land to live on had secured it; the country that needed settlement was being filled up.

But, it may be said, this does not prove that the critics of the policy were wrong. They had supposed it possible to get people with little or no capital to take the land offered them without present payment: what they had prophesied was that under such a policy New Zealand would of necessity become a kind of poorhouse on an extended scale; that its industries would be stagnant, and its development in wealth would be at a standstill. As it is difficult to arrive at a correct estimate of the value in money of the produce of the land of a country, it may be safer to deal with the value of the produce of the land in excess of what the people required for their own use, and therefore exported for use in other countries. Dealt with in this way the results of the New Zealand land policy can be easily ascertained.

In 1890 the value of the agricultural and pastoral produce exported from the country was very nearly \$28,000,000. Of this large sum (representing about \$44 for every white person in the country) fully twenty-two million dollars was obtained for wool, mainly, indeed almost entirely, belonging to the large capitalists and land corporations, whose headquarters were in London. After twenty years of the new policy that was to have impoverished the country, the exports of agricultural and pastoral produce in a single year amounted to \$71,700,000, of which twenty-nine million dollars was received for wool. This very

large amount, representing more than seventy dollars per head of the population of the country,—or in other words nearly four times as much per head as last year's exports from this country compared with its population,—went mainly to the ninety-four thousand small farmers, and only to a small extent to the capitalists and corporations.

Capital was, of course, required by the farmers, and much of it was supplied by the Government. The credit of New Zealand to-day is second to that of no other part of the British Empire in the English money market, and its Government can borrow what is needed to carry out its policy at three and a half per cent. It has borrowed large sums on these terms which it lends again at four per cent. to farmers to improve their lands, and to workers in the cities who have saved enough to purchase land on which to make a home, to enable them to build one. It has used it to build houses on suburban lands near all the chief cities, to be rented at very low rents to Workers—and in New Zealand every person who works for wages or salary less than a thousand dollars a year is a Worker, as defined by statute. It has, in fact, used the credit of the whole nation to obtain whatever money is needed to assist that part of the nation that is most in need of assistance to help itself, with financial results so remarkable that as yet they are hardly appreciated even by the people themselves.

The land-holding corporations were the only ones that have ever seriously threatened the well-being of the people of New Zealand, but even twenty years ago there were industrial companies that might easily have become a danger to the welfare of the workers in the community. Wages, though higher than in England for every kind of work, were not high even for skilled workers, and the hours of labor were dictated by the employers. The new policy of the country was equally opposed to the ill-treatment of the workers for the profit of the capitalist employers, and to the lawlessness and violence that are almost sure to attend strikes. They proceeded, therefore, to make laws to regulate labor—its hours, its wages, and its conditions, with as little regard to the ideas of other countries as they had shown in the case of the land and its ownership.

Eight hours in any one day, forty-four hours in any week, were fixed as the hours of labor that could be demanded for a day or a week. No more than this could be demanded by an employer, but if, for any reason, more time was wanted, and the worker was willing to give it, it must be paid for at the rate of wages and a half for the additional time. The question of wages, which in New Zealand as in other countries had been regulated by the law of supply and demand, was left to be settled from time to time by a Court of Arbitration representing both workers and employers. It was provided that all trade disputes on questions that were not settled by statute (such as the hours of labor, and the age at which young people might be employed) must be referred to this court, and that its decision must be accepted as final. Strikes and lock-outs were equally forbidden, and fines and imprisonment were the penalties provided for either offence.

The new industrial legislation was denounced as fiercely by the political economists as the "land robbery" legislation had been, and it would be hard to say whether indignation at this attempt to take from capital its undoubted right to demand a full day's work for the lowest amount of wages it could induce the workers to accept, or contempt for the folly that made the people of New Zealand think capital would ever be invested on such terms, was the most universal feature of the criticisms. Industry was to come to a standstill, and work on any terms of payment was no longer to be obtainable: this was the unhesitating conclusion of the people in England and elsewhere who thought they knew all about the natural laws that regulated industry as certainly as the law of gravitation regulates the orderly arrangements of nature. Once more the experience of New Zealand has proved that they really knew nothing about the matter.

Since the laws for the regulation of industrial employment were passed by the New Zealand Parliament, industry—that is to say, those branches of associated industry that find employment in mills, factories, and workshops—has increased steadily, year after year. The capital invested has increased during that time to the extent of a hundred and forty-five per cent.; the

number of skilled workers employed had increased from less than 29,000 in 1891 to about 70,000 in 1910, and the average wages paid to the workers of all ages and both sexes employed, had increased from \$380 to nearly \$480 in each year. At the same time the hours of work had been reduced from an average of sixty to forty-four in each week. It might naturally be supposed that the shorter hours of labor must have meant less work done, but this has not been the case. The value of all manufactured articles produced in mills and factories, which in 1891 was estimated at almost exactly \$45,000,000 when twenty-nine thousand hands were employed, had increased in 1910 to almost \$149,000,000, when nearly seventy thousand were at work. In other words, the product of the labor of each worker twenty years ago, under the old system, was worth \$1,555; the product of each worker to-day, under the new system, is worth \$2,128.

Public utilities in New Zealand are almost entirely operated by the people's Government, either national or municipal. This was not always the case, by any means, though nearly all the railroads, and the whole telegraph system of the country, were originally constructed by the Colonial Government with money borrowed in England on the public credit. A few railroads were constructed by English companies, but all of these have since been purchased by the State, whose servants now operate every railroad, telegraph and telephone in the country. In all these utilities, Government management in New Zealand has proved a success. It has secured greater public facilities, with at least an equal efficiency, at a much lower cost than the much-vaunted enterprise of American corporations has exacted from the people of America. There are to-day nearly one-fifth more miles of railroad to every ten thousand of the people than there are in America; the excess of telegraph convenience is even greater; and in both cases the cost is much less. The explanation is, of course, that the capital spent on building railroads and installing telegraph systems costs only three and a half per cent., and there are no dividends to be collected from the public.

The State Socialism of New Zealand embraces many more

things than those referred to in this article. It has entered into the everyday life of the people in a hundred ways, and all, it would seem, to their advantage. Many of them have been attacked by critics whose theories or apparent interests they opposed, the most debated being women's suffrage, old age pensions, and national provisions for insurance against fire, accidents, or disablement by sickness, at lower rates than are demanded by commercial companies; but all of them have been largely taken advantage of by the people, and have been found to promote the public well-being.

Limitations of space will not permit us to enter here on an examination of these and many other experiments, nor on the still more important and interesting question, how far, and in what way, they could be applied to the conditions of older and more populous countries like America, England and Germany, with their more complex industrial conditions. The writer of this article has, however, no hesitation in saying that he believes they can be so applied with amazing advantage. He has ventured to apply to these startling innovations the name of State Socialism on the ground that they have been designed to secure well-being to a whole nation. Their application to a small nation of one million citizens during twenty years has enormously increased the wealth, contentment and happiness of the whole people, and not of a small class of that people only: its application to a large nation of ninety-five millions would, the writer is convinced, have a similar effect. If so, it is Socialism, not theoretical but practical. It is this; but it seems to him it is something more than this—it is the reign of justice and fair-play to all; of brotherhood and kindness to all, especially to those who have hitherto been deprived of these things for the supposed benefit of others. In a word, it is an effort, and already a largely successful effort, to carry rational principles to a rational conclusion.

THE RECALL OF THE JUDGES

EDWIN MAXEY

WHATEVER we may think as to theories of government, we must all admit that the art of government is a practical art. When, therefore, a change affecting all or any of the branches of government is proposed, it is not the part of wisdom or prudence to accept it without first asking ourselves the question: Will it work? And if this is answered in the affirmative, we must ask ourselves the additional question: Will it, under all the circumstances, work better than the plan which it is to supplant, i. e. enough better to warrant making the change?

Before attempting to answer these questions with respect to the present proposition, it will be of value to examine the causes which have led to the demand, where there is a demand, for the recall; as it may be that an inquiry into the causes will reveal the fact that the insistence upon the remedy rests in part at least upon an inaccurate diagnosis of the disease.

Probably the cause which has done more than any other to make the recall of the judiciary anything more than an academic question is a belief in the corruption of the judiciary. The term corruption is in this connection used somewhat loosely—sometimes to cover bribery of the judge in the discharge of the duties of his office, and sometimes to cover the methods used in securing the office as well and a general susceptibility to corporate influences. To what extent this belief is well founded we will not now stop to inquire, but its existence in the minds of a considerable number of citizens cannot, we think, be questioned.

The alleged usurpation of power by the judiciary is another potent cause of dissatisfaction, and anxiety for some sort of remedy. This usurpation is, according to these critics, manifested in two directions: 1st, in an attempt not merely to interpret the law, but to legislate, the product of this legislation being commonly called judge-made law; and, 2nd, in an exercise of a veto power on legislation, i. e. the exercise of the power to

declare unconstitutional and void the laws which have been enacted by the legislative body.

Delay in the administration of justice is a prolific source of dissatisfaction with the judiciary, as is also a tendency on the part of courts to follow precedent and to decide cases on what seem to the laity to be mere technicalities rather than upon the broad ground of substantial justice.

These causes operating together have resulted in the adoption of the recall of the judiciary by Oregon and California and the attempted incorporation of it into the constitution of Arizona. It was the veto, by President Taft, of the bill admitting Arizona to the Union, until this provision should be eliminated from its constitution, that forced the question into the arena of national politics.

Perhaps the fullest and certainly the most modern statement of the plan is to be had from the proposed constitution of Arizona, the substance of which we quote:

"Section 1. Every public officer in the State of Arizona holding an elective office, either by election or appointment, is subject to recall from such office by the qualified electors of the electoral district from which candidates are elected to such office. Such electoral district may include the whole State. Such number of said electors as shall equal 25 per cent. of the number of votes cast at the last preceding general election for all the candidates for the office held by such officer may by petition, which shall be known as a recall petition, demand his recall.

"Section 2. Every recall petition must contain a general statement, in not more than 200 words, of the grounds of such demand, and must be filed in the office in which petitions for nominations to the office held by the incumbent are required to be filed.

"Section 3. If said officer shall offer his resignation, it shall be accepted, and the vacancy shall be filled as may be provided by law. If he shall not resign within five days after a recall petition is filed, a special election shall be ordered to be held, not less than 20 nor more than 30 days after such order, to determine whether such officer shall be recalled. On the ballots at said election shall be printed the reasons, as set forth

in the petition, for demanding his recall, and, in not more than 200 words, the officer's justification of his course in office. He shall continue to perform the duties of his office until the result of said election shall have been officially declared.

"Section 4. Unless he otherwise request, in writing, his name shall be placed as a candidate on the official ballot without nomination. Other candidates for the office may be nominated to be voted for at said election. The candidate who shall receive the highest number of votes shall be declared elected for the remainder of the term. Unless the incumbent receive the highest number of votes, he shall be deemed to be removed from office upon qualification of his successor."—*Cong. Rec.* p. 3801, 1st Sess. 62nd Cong.

Such being the ills complained of and such the plan offered, let us examine the cause for action and the remedy proposed. And in this examination, our object will be to weigh evidence rather than to reach conclusions. If, however, the facts point in a given direction, conclusions may be inevitable.

As regards that part of corruption which takes the form of bribery, there is at present an adequate legal remedy—impeachment, after which the judge may be dealt with the same as any other citizen guilty of a like offence. It is frequently asserted that impeachment is not an adequate remedy. But, if not, why not? Can it be that the legislative bodies are incapable of devising machinery for doing a simple piece of work which the constitutions recognize as necessary, both as regards the judiciary and all other public officers? I have searched in vain for a single instance where a determined popular demand for a simplification of the machinery of impeachment has failed of fruition, and it certainly could not be the case in those States where the initiative and referendum are at the disposal of the people. Of this I am thoroughly convinced: that the unsuccessful attempts to improve the remedy by impeachment have not been sufficient to warrant the conclusion that progress along this line is hopeless. So far as can be seen, those who have abandoned hope of possible improvement in this direction have simply surrendered without a fight.

If impeachment will not work in cases of real, as distin-

guished from supposed guilt, it is very probably for the same reason that violators of liquor laws are not convicted in communities where there is a strong public sentiment against such laws. Under such conditions it is clear that the recall would be equally ineffective. Where impeachment is a dead letter for this reason, what is needed is not a change of procedure, but a change of sentiment. I am aware that this suggestion, which means the expenditure of considerable time, will not meet with favor by the advocates of the recall, most of whom demand immediate results, and who must recognize the fact that a change in public sentiment cannot be achieved in the twinkling of an eye.

As regards corruption in the selecting of a judge, clearly, recall is not a remedy. For in those places where corrupt influences are a deciding factor in the selecting of a judge, they would not only be a deciding factor in preventing the recall of a bad judge, but would be enabled to effect the recall of a good judge. In other words, the adoption of the recall would not change the forces in control of the electorate, but merely increase their power. If it be argued that, in an election, partisan politics plays an undue part by reason of the long ballot, which would not be the case in the recall, the obvious reply is that this element may be eliminated by electing judges at a separate election, as is done in some States.

The tendency of the courts to favor the corporate class raises a much more serious question, and one far more difficult to deal with. There is undoubtedly a strong tendency for men to see things from the point of view of those with whom they associate. And it must be admitted that most judges, both before and after their elevation to the bench, associate in the main with the corporate class. There is then nothing more natural than that they should come to see things from the point of view of this class. Though this bias may in many cases be unconscious, it is none the less dangerous on that account. But as the recall offers no solution for this, which is at bottom a social problem, we will not discuss it at greater length here.

The act of the judiciary in reading into statutes meanings not intended by the legislators is no doubt an encroachment

upon the prerogatives of the legislative branch of the Government. It is, therefore, a theoretical violation of the principle of separation of powers. But this is not necessarily an evil and no one familiar with the development of the common law will say that the extent to which it has gone in the United States is such as to constitute a real danger. An adverse public sentiment as shown by the refusal to reëlect a judge who erred in this direction would in our judgment be an ample check.

With respect to the power of the courts to declare unconstitutional an act of the legislature—a power which constitutes a distinctive feature of American jurisprudence—there is room for an honest difference of opinion. Yet it seems to us clear that the exercise of this power by the courts is a necessary corollary to a written constitution. For if we are to have a written constitution which the judges are bound by oath to interpret and apply in the decision of controversies, they ought not to be put in the awkward and inconsistent position of having to apply an act of the legislature which is at variance with the constitution. In *Marbury v. Madison*, 1 Cranch 137, Chief Justice Marshall has stated the proposition with a clearness which leaves nothing to be desired:

“The powers of the legislature are defined and limited; and that those limits may not be mistaken, or forgotten, the constitution is written. To what purpose are powers limited, and to what purpose is that limitation committed to writing, if these limits may, at any time, be passed by those intended to be restrained? The distinction between a Government with limited and unlimited powers is abolished, if those limits do not confine the persons on whom they are imposed, and if acts prohibited and acts allowed, are of equal obligation. It is a proposition too plain to be contested, that the constitution controls any legislative act repugnant to it; or, that the legislature may alter the constitution by an ordinary act.

“Between these alternatives there is no middle ground. The constitution is either a superior paramount law, unchangeable by ordinary means, or it is on a level with ordinary legislative acts, and, like other acts, is alterable when the legislature shall please to alter it.

“If the former part of the alternative be true, then a legislative act contrary to the constitution is not law: if the latter part be true, then written constitutions are absurd attempts, on the part of the people, to limit a power in its own nature illimitable.

“Certainly all those who have framed written constitutions contemplate them as forming the fundamental and paramount law of the nation, and, consequently, the theory of every such Government must be, that an act of the legislature, repugnant to the constitution, is void.

“This theory is essentially attached to a written constitution, and is consequently to be considered, by this court, as one of the fundamental principles of our society.

“If an act of the legislature, repugnant to the constitution, is void, does it, notwithstanding its invalidity, bind the courts, and oblige them to give it effect? Or, in other words, though it be not law, does it constitute a rule as operative as if it was a law? This would be to overthrow in fact what was established in theory; and would seem, at first view, an absurdity too gross to be insisted on.”

Nor was Marshall setting forth a new or revolutionary doctrine; it was one already familiar to American jurisprudence. For in *Commonwealth v. Caton*, decided by the Virginia Court of Appeals, in 1782, Justice Wythe, speaking for the Court, said:

“Nay, more, if the whole legislature, an event to be deprecated, should attempt to overleap the bounds prescribed to them by the people, I, in administering the public justice of the country, will meet the united powers at my seat in this tribunal, and pointing to the constitution, will say to them, here is the limit of your authority; and hither shall you go, but no further.”

And in *Trevett v. Weeden*, decided by the Supreme Court of Rhode Island four years later, it was held that a legal tender act passed by the legislature was void because in conflict with the Charter. And Alexander Hamilton, writing in No. 78 of *The Federalist*, says:

“The complete independence of the courts of justice is peculiarly essential in a limited constitution. . . . There is no

position which depends on clearer principles than that every act of a delegated authority, contrary to the tenor of the commission under which it is exercised, is void. No legislative act, therefore, contrary to the constitution can be valid. . . . The interpretation of the laws is the proper and peculiar province of the courts. A constitution is, in fact, and must be regarded by the judges, as a fundamental law. It therefore belongs to them to ascertain its meaning as well as the meaning of any particular act proceeding from the legislative body."

It has been insisted by some that the court has no power to declare laws unconstitutional and that a proposition to give them such power was four times voted down by the Constitutional Convention of 1787. This statement is inaccurate. A proposition to make the Supreme Court a part of a council with the President for the purpose of exercising the veto power was presented four times and as many times voted down. A majority of the convention were of the opinion that the courts should in the performance of their judicial duties pass upon the constitutionality of acts of the legislature. No proposition to give to the courts this express power was presented to the convention, but it was taken for granted that in the natural course of things it would be exercised. Among those who are on record as being of this opinion we find the names of such constitutional lawyers as Blair, Dickinson, Ellsworth, King, Madison, Martin, Randolph, and Wilson. We find further that a number of the conventions which ratified the constitution did it with the understanding that the courts possessed this power. Nothing could be clearer than the language of Wilson in the Pennsylvania Convention: "If a law should be made inconsistent with those powers vested by this instrument in Congress, the judges, as a consequence of their independence, and the particular powers of government being defined, will declare such law to be null and void. For the power of the constitution predominates. Anything therefore that shall be enacted by Congress contrary thereto will not have the force of law." (Elliott's *Debates*, Vol. III, p. 548.)

If, however, we do not agree that the court is the proper repository of the power to interpret the constitution, this power

can be taken away by a constitutional amendment. This method has the advantage of driving directly at the problem for solution and does not carry with it the evils connected with the recall. If it be objected that the amending of the United States Constitution is a very slow and well-nigh impossible task, we would call attention to Art. III, Sec. 1, which provides that "the judges, both of the supreme and inferior courts, shall hold their offices during good behavior." In view of this provision it would be illegal to attempt to recall Federal judges without first amending the constitution. The amending of the constitution is, therefore, a factor to be dealt with whichever road we take.

Having called attention to the negative side of the recall and seen that it is for certain purposes an unnecessary and for others an incomplete remedy, let us examine its positive defects. And in this we shall necessarily be confined almost entirely to reasoning upon the basis of theory, for the very limited experience we have had with the actual working of the plan is so slight that it cannot be said to furnish a practical guide. And it may be well to call attention to the fact that the experience with the plan as applied to other classes of officers does not furnish a safe basis upon which to judge of its merits when applied to the judiciary, for we are here dealing with a different class of functions and a different type of mind.

Among the criticisms urged against a republic, perhaps none are more warranted than those directed against the instability of its laws and the inefficiency of its officers. In so far as these criticisms are warranted they constitute a serious indictment against our system of government. If we are to stand for a government by law as distinguished from a government by men, law should be something more fixed, certain and permanent than the passing whim of the moment. And if offices are to justify their existence, it is not enough that the officer be good; he must be good for something, he must be efficient.

Now, if law is to have that permanence which will constitute it a safe rule for the government of mankind, it is desirable, nay even necessary, that it shall be something more than the expression of the will of the momentary majority. While change should not be made so difficult that the development of our legal

system cannot keep pace with the evolution in our social and ethical ideals as well as with the adjustments made necessary by changes in economic conditions, it is nevertheless important that changes cannot be made so readily as to make the rule to which human conduct is to conform a succession of kaleidoscopic views. Nor does it need argument to prove to the normal mind that the permanence of laws will be promoted by leaving their interpretation, and the final judgment as to conformity or non-conformity of acts of the legislature with the constitution, to a body of men of legally trained minds whose whole tradition impels them to act in accordance with rules of interpretation the wisdom of which has been attested by the experience of mankind, rather than by intrusting this task to the temporary numerical majority of either the legislature or the electorate. Where the body which prescribes the rule of action is also the final arbiter as to the validity of that rule, the check upon hasty and ill-advised legislation is removed and the despotism of the majority becomes an established fact. True, this despotic power may not be used unwisely or oppressively, but it may.

Since the final judgment as to the conformity of a legislative act to the constitution must rest somewhere, it is not only safer but more logical to place it in the hands of an independent and impartial body than to have it exercised by an interested party, whether this party be a majority of the legislature or of the electorate. Men do not as a rule make good judges in their own case. Where the issue is one of sustaining or defeating a plan of action, the ordinary experience of mankind tells us that to leave the decision to the actors is to remove restraint. If there is such a thing as justice, and I think there is, the person most likely to discover and apply it is the one with whose ambitions and interests it conflicts least. There are some facts so fundamental in human nature that they cannot be safely disregarded by those who would devise a system for the government of man. And this tendency of passions and interests to bias and blind the judgment when they are brought into conflict with it is one of these facts. It is for the purpose of preventing, in so far as possible, the mischief due to this fact, that a system of checks and balances finds its justification.

While men continue to have but an imperfect vision of their relations and obligations to each other, while selfishness and the lust for power continue to be factors in determining human action, while motives are not wholly altruistic and judgments fallible, power cannot be intrusted to any man or body of men without there being a possibility that it will be abused. But history furnishes us no instance where an independent judiciary has become an oppressive tyrant or has prevented the development of free institutions, though it furnishes us abundant examples of tyranny by the other branches of the Government. Neither is tyranny any the less tyranny because exercised by a majority rather than by one man. Though no constitutional limitations can permanently restrain the majority, they can, if impartially interpreted and honestly obeyed, delay the translation of thought into action long enough to give time for the sober second thought.

This restraint and delay may at times be irksome to the majority, but is it a greater protection than the minority is reasonably entitled to? One of the fundamental purposes of a written constitution, adopted by the people, is the protection of the minority—the majority can protect themselves. Nor is it mere rhetoric to say that one of the best tests of the advancement of a civilization is the degree to which it recognizes and protects the rights of its weaker part, i. e. the minority. If might and right are not interchangeable terms, if man is entitled to any rights as man, whether he have the force to compel their observance or not, those rights should be accorded him whether he belongs to the minority or to the majority. If we are not willing to provide safeguards for securing the observance of this obligation, then much of our talk about government founded upon justice becomes mere phrasing.

But the justice and permanence of our laws is not sufficient. For the successful operations of government, we must have reasonably efficient officers. During the past century the United States had moved in the direction of increasing the efficiency of its officers by increasing the certainty and permanence of tenure. To this end we had from time to time increased the number of officers to which civil service rules apply. And we thought that

we had made some progress, as we undoubtedly had. But now a certain school of reformers tells us that this was all a mistake, that what is necessary is to countermarch and substitute at once and all along the line tenure at will for a fixed tenure.

If uncertainty of tenure is a hindrance to efficiency as applied to administrative officers, it is a much greater hindrance when applied to judicial officers. For while a person who would make a good administrator might be willing to accept office on condition that his tenure of office should depend upon his ability to guess accurately as to the popular will, few if any of pre-eminently judicial mind would be willing to accept upon such terms. Office under such conditions does not appeal to their temperament. The men who make the best judges are men of a type of mind not fitted to gauge accurately the force and trend of popular sentiment, and they recognize their limitation in this respect. They are therefore not willing to gamble on their ability to do the work of the political leader and will seek employment where this is not necessary. It is therefore unwise to lay down as a prerequisite to holding an office a condition with which the type of mind best fitted for performing the duties of the office cannot comply.

It may do very well for those making a stump speech to say that it would be a good idea for judges to take their ear from the railway tracks for a while and hold their ear to the ground. But like a great many other catchy phrases this one is misleading. It is not necessary for a judge to have his ear in either place. The only place for the ear of the judge is close to the bosom of justice whose every heart throb speaks a language more subtle than the music of brass bands and which we call the spirit of the law.

As regards the evils attendant upon a dependent judiciary, we are not left entirely to theory. The darkest page in the history of the English judiciary is the page which tells us of a dependent judiciary, and its blackness is directly proportioned to the degree of dependence. Nor is this a mere coincidence, the corruption and inefficiency is traceable to the fact of dependence. One of the great reforms of the revolution of 1688 was that which brought about the independence of the judiciary. England has

had enough of a system whose legitimate product was a Jeffreys, who was a disgrace to the English judiciary. Just as the individual strengthens his mind most and increases most his self-respect by doing his own thinking, so a judge strengthens most his grasp on legal principles and deserves most the respect of all when he obeys the behests of neither prince nor populace but listens only to the voice of law and justice. Reason must ever be the source of law and the guide to its application. But reason is a plant that never flourishes save in an atmosphere of freedom. Faith in the censor is, as a rule, inversely proportional to the degree of acquaintance with the history of human thought.

Had the system of recall been in operation during the first half of the last century, so that the adverse public sentiment and adverse political sentiment could have been brought to bear officially on Chief-Justice Marshall and his confrères of the Supreme Court of the United States, they would very probably have been removed from office and the masterly line of decisions which adorn our jurisprudence and which made of us a nation have been stifled and offered as sacrifices upon the altar of States rights. I shall not venture an opinion, but will leave the advocate of judicial recall to answer how long a judge in Mississippi, who would attempt to make of the provisions of the last three amendments to the constitution, guaranteeing the rights of negroes, something more than a dead letter, would last under a system which would permit the political machine under the control of Vardaman to direct the force of the press and of race prejudice against him in an election held for the purpose of determining his fitness to remain in office? And it will not do, when considering the availability of a system, for us to close our eyes to conditions which prevail over a considerable section of our country. Nor would race prejudice be the only prejudice which would be used for the purpose of wrecking judicial careers, but I mention it merely because it is probably stronger than any other and there has been for some years a good opportunity to observe its workings. But religious, labor, or agrarian prejudice, would be equally destructive of judicial morale, whenever given a full opportunity to assert itself.

It is difficult to study the present phase of the question without being driven to the conclusion that the recall would inject into our governmental system more of the virus of politics of which we are already suffering from an overdose. Certainly as regards the judiciary we can better afford to spend our time and energies in creating a public sentiment which will enable us to divorce the judiciary from politics, rather than in securing the adoption of a system which will, by making the judicial tenure dependent upon a majority vote, bring the judiciary back into the vortex of politics. In those States where the development of public sentiment has gone furthest in the direction of eliminating political influence from the selection of judges, we have the ablest and most respected judiciary. We should therefore regret to see disregarded the salutary lesson which should be drawn from this experience. The States now most clamorous for the judicial recall are those in which politics already subtends too wide an arc in the judicial circle; and hence the remedy suggested would be simply that of applying the hair of the dog to the wound from his bite—a remedy which we understand is now discarded by the best physicians.

Not only would the recall be destructive of the independence of the judiciary and discourage men of judicial temper from following the career for which their mental faculties have best fitted them, but it would tend to demoralize the character and method of trials. While nominally cases would still be tried in the regular forum of justice, they would really be tried in the newspaper and on the hustings. The introduction of this new factor will supplant many of the rules which the experience of judges has shown to be valuable for the purpose of expediting business and meeting the ends of justice. To conclude that this will result, we have but to draw upon our knowledge of human nature. For it would no longer be sufficient that the law be correctly applied to the facts in the case, but the trial must be converted into a drama which will catch the popular fancy and deal kindly with the popular hero. Upon this point I wish to quote from a speech by Senator Root:

“ I beg the Senate to recall the reports of trials and arguments in our courts which they have been accustomed to see in

the public press The judge is to pass upon the evidence that appears in the record, but he is to be judged upon the newspaper reports of the trial. And to whom, sir, will the judge try that case? What will become of that spirit which pervades every true court of justice, in which the facts are ascertained and the law interpreted and these alone form the basis of judgment? Is it in human nature that a judge sitting under such circumstances as are exhibited by this provision which I have read (the recall) shall do other than try his case rather to the reporters than to his conscience, to his knowledge of the law, and to his understanding of the facts? For at every step the judge is on trial. . . . His defence will begin with the first step in the trial of the cause. Human nature cannot work otherwise." (Page 3802, *Cong. Rec.*, First Sess., 62nd Cong.)

The recall would be unfair to the judge, for one of two things would happen. He might be judged by a single decision, which would be manifestly unfair, since an otherwise excellent judge might make a decision which would appeal to the populace as unwarranted or unjust and thus would wreck a useful judicial career by the decision in a relatively unimportant case, yet one on which there chanced to be a great deal of feeling. Knowing as we do how easy it is to create feeling for a given purpose, either through the operation of political machines or the yellow press, or ingenious stump speakers, we must appreciate upon how slender a thread the career of a judge would hang. Or, he might be judged upon the basis of his whole career. But for the electorate to keep posted upon the whole career of all of their judges, and other officers, so as to be ready to act intelligently upon short notice, would require the devoting of an amount of time to public affairs which cannot reasonably be expected of them. No system of government should be so cumbersome as to require for its successful operation an inordinate amount of the time of the average citizen. He has his living to earn and it takes a considerable portion of his time to do it. The political scientist in devising a scheme of government should not forget what was once the matter with Kansas.

While there is no objection to removing a judge by impeachment and ending his career in disgrace for plain violations

of his duty as defined by law, there is objection to thus treating him for a failure to conform his conduct to the popular will, unless this will has been crystallized into law. For unless it is so crystallized, the popular will, or will of the majority, forms too vague and shadowy a standard to make it an accurate test for the purpose of measuring the value of a service which requires for its performance a trained expert. To hold that a Government chemist, or electrician, or engineer should be removed from office because his ideas on some things do not conform to the popular will, does not appeal to us as being either good political science or good common sense. Yet it is but little more impractical than to advocate the same test for a judge whose service is little if any less expert in character and requires for its successful performance about as much professional training as does that of the others. That the work of the judge is the work of a trained expert is quite generally lost sight of by the advocates of the recall. The extent to which popular supervision may be beneficially exercised has its limitations.

It is frequently insisted that the judicial recall, where adopted, is not frequently used and in all probability would not be frequently used, as the fact of its existence and the threat that it may be used would be sufficient to make the decisions of the judge conformable to the popular will. While this may be true, it is equally true that the constant threat would be productive of the evils to which we have referred, provided the threat is a real one, i. e. if the plan is not generally understood to be a dead letter.

Viewing the judicial situation as we find it in the United States, it appears to us that in the reasonably short terms for which most of our judges are elected and the fact that life tenure may be changed to a fixed term of years, if deemed advisable, we have a sufficient safeguard against judicial usurpation or oppression, without resorting to a remedy attended with such evils as the judicial recall. The time may come when heroic remedies will be necessary, but we should not hasten to cross that bridge until we get to it.

WHAT THE SCHOOLS DO NOT TEACH

EDWARD M. WEYER

WHEN an artist desires to depict in allegory the progress of civilization, he is apt to select the symbol created by Lucretius—a flaming torch, passing from hand to hand, borne by running men, and kindling the fires of culture as it goes. Under this symbolism we discern the passing of culture from one generation to another; there is nothing in the picture, however, to suggest the blood and tears with which the actual progress of mankind is effected.

Our ancestors saw portrayed in this allegorical presentation virtually the whole of their duty to posterity. The passing of the fire from hand to hand suggested to them something in the nature of a debt that each generation owes to its forefathers, but must pay over to its successors. Forgetful of the blood and tears that marked their own progress to better things, they fondly hoped to transfer great blessings to their children by the gift of all their hard-earned wealth, both material and spiritual.

In the present article I wish to show that culture and progress are not to be procured merely through this act of transfer. Especially true is it that the transfer of knowledge from one age to another does not insure continued culture. The imparting of wisdom does not constitute the whole of education. It is well to scrutinize this low standard of education; we have not risen very far above it in our practical views even to-day.

Where education is conceived to be the mere process of imparting knowledge, man's sense of responsibility toward posterity rises scarcely above the plane of instinctive action. The educating of posterity, as one of the parental instincts, is essentially like any other animal instinct, only, in a general way, it is consciously directed. It prompts the elders of the group to perpetuate in their offspring certain fixed traits, and these without modification. Each generation of parents devotes itself to fashioning the next, not so much after its own specific likeness as in likeness to the ancestral type. The schooling of children, both in method and content, is modelled after the schooling that the

parent-generation has in its turn received from its ancestors. The instruction is conservative; it treats of ancient traditions and standards, and thus is intended to transmit to the future in substance the cultural heritage of the race.

So it happens that the parent pays over the debt to his child, but mostly in the antiquated coin of the forefathers. Thus, all characteristics that pertain only to living individuals and were lately acquired through personal contact with the world are not transmitted, are practically lost, and must be acquired anew. Hence the blood and tears of unprepared humanity; and indeed we ought to marvel that such education, conservative and always looking backward, one-sided in giving and getting no return, should have enabled the race to make any progress at all. But, since man has made progress, perhaps we should explain it on the ground that our slow advance has come about, for the most part, through the child educating himself.

With perfect good-will, mankind has striven to make the world a better habitation for its offspring. The same devotion that has led to the placing of household utensils and other familiar objects in the tombs of ancestors has led to the preservation of traditions, standards and ideals in the hearts of children. But there education has stopped; instruments and materials have been provided for the mind to work with, but little or no technique has been devised with the definite aim of training the mind to react in purposeful ways upon this material. As Professor Münsterburg has remarked concerning our country: "Politics and the whole social structure of the country have always encouraged the view that everybody is fit for everything . . . that nothing but the possession of intelligence and energy is necessary to fill any place." As for mental ability, strangely enough, it was the line of their dead ancestors who by heredity were to bestow on the coming generation that most indispensable blessing of all, a suitable endowment of good common sense.

Our common schools, in fulfilling the intention that prompted their establishment, have striven to inculcate the principles and duties of citizenship, and to fit the child to participate intelligently in the life of the times. In order to communicate the knowledge that it is deemed essential for every child to know, a

brief schooling might suffice, provided that the task were made a matter of mere memorizing. In 1800 the average length of schooling to each inhabitant of this country was only 82 days, or four school-months; in 1900 it was 998 days, or more than five school-years. During the century our fund of knowledge vastly increased, but not so much as to embarrass the schools. It is a fair question to ask what improvements have come with this twelvefold lengthening of the average school period.

The vast majority of our people regard education as a process of receiving knowledge; a few hope that some day it may be made a process of acquiring ability. The popular clamor is for a system that will speedily bring every child to a state of preparedness for commencing his training in some industrial pursuit; the teaching, many hold, should be made wholly vocational after the child has attained his fourteenth year. By way of contrast to this opinion, one of the foremost psychologists of this country assured the writer that he would be satisfied if each of his own children, by the age of fourteen, could saw a board straight and drive a nail well, and that he believed this test would be really indicative of true attainment, for the knowledge taught in the schools up to that age would be later forgotten, and it could be learned much more rapidly for the first time after that age.

The unrest that finds expression in such divergent opinions appears, to the writer at least, to be due to our ignorance concerning the mind of the child. The popular view emphasizes the receptive power of the mind, the memory; the other, more scientific, is based on results, consequently it estimates the worth of the training by what this training enables the child to do. Against the popular view stands one serious objection: memory is a treacherous faculty, its acquisitions are readily lost. We see in the Chinese system of education the ridiculous extreme to which intelligence may be allowed to run utterly to waste while memory carries the whole burden. A Chinese scholar, having lost a year or two of schooling, may have to start over from the very beginning. Moreover, there is an unfounded belief that training the memory trains the mind. To quote Professor James, "No amount of culture would seem capable of modifying a man's *general* retentiveness. This is a physiological quality,

given once for all with his organization, and which he can never hope to change."

On the other hand, we have the estimate based on the child's ability to think independently and to do. The school thus regarded is an establishment not for the storing of brains with information, but rather for the "manufacture of souls." The test is a little severe, and we must confess that it involves an unattained ideal. Our present knowledge of the mind does not throw much light on the problem how to teach a child to think. Leastways this is one of the things that the schools do not successfully teach. We are all empirics on this subject; we believe that certain studies—geometry and Latin, for instance—have a somewhat mysterious virtue in stimulating the mind to reason. By this indirect way, the schools, we hope, may accomplish the feat.

Is it too visionary to hope that the schools will discover some direct method that will teach pupils how to think? It would seem that the miracle is sometimes wrought, but the instances apparently occur outside of or in spite of our educational system. Mr. H. Addington Bruce has brought to popular notice lately the cases of several gifted children who in the sixties would have been termed infant prodigies. The trait common to these children is that at an unusually early age they achieve a high degree of intelligence as estimated by the school standards of promotion. Not all of them perhaps are remarkable for reasoning ability. A tenacious memory in some of the cases may be the source of a brilliant rather than profound attainment. However, as we might expect, these children are the product of careful individual instruction such as is not given in the common schools. In every case the training has been directed by one who is perfectly familiar with the needs and aptitudes of the individual concerned.

The pupils of our great public schools are conducted along one road, the approved road, to knowledge and power. Probably it is the best road, in general; but it can hardly be the best for each particular child. So long as examinations determine the ranking of pupils, and learning is measured by quantity, a tenacious memory will remain the most serviceable gift for a

pupil to possess. Originality will count for little, and may be positively detrimental in keeping up with one's class. It is open to doubt whether the exceptionally gifted child can always reveal its power under this system of training, and whether the system is such as will feed a spark of genius or permit it to flicker out. There is certainly a great disproportion at the present day between the scarcity of adult genius and the high frequency of early promise.

Professor Boris Sidis, himself the parent of a highly gifted son, brings the charge against our schools that they are exerting a levelling influence, detrimental to genius and conducive to a general condition of mental mediocrity in the coming generation. President Eliot's suggestion for teaching children how to think is wise and practicable. It consists in training the mind to perform four operations: to observe accurately; to record correctly; to compare, group, and infer justly; and to express coherently the results of these operations. If the child were trained to perform these operations, with the mind directed to things instead of thoughts, and if his vocabulary were extended to give facility and exactness in expression, I venture to believe he would advance far and rapidly in the direction of plain, clear thinking.

Thus instructed, he might find the so-called higher studies not intrinsically more difficult than the lower. As it is now, the higher branches lie to one side of the main road along which students are conducted, and come to be regarded as unapproachable except by certain roads as through a morass. Even the mathematics of the fourth dimension are rather easily comprehended by plain thinking, nor should their study be a marvellous accomplishment in a child of fourteen unless it were balanced on all sides by general, harmonious development. If such training would lead to plain, clear thinking, then we should have what, as Professor William G. Sumner used to say, has cost the world more in struggle and pain than has any other form of human activity. For so many fail at it to each one that succeeds, and when success is at last attained, then the weary struggle begins all over again.

The truth is that we are only beginning to see light ahead in regard to many problems of education. The discoveries of inves-

tigators like Binet, Montessori, and Freud are just opening to view the real mind of childhood. Of these results I shall endeavor to give some account, but, first, the existing state of things needs consideration. The best schools are now often vast establishments that must conform to a standard of business efficiency. The "manufacture of souls" has become perforce an industry, like the production of some commercial commodity. Other manufacturing enterprises try to produce a great quantity of articles that are to be exactly alike. Even in ship-building, the variety of the output is reducible to the scale of feet and inches, the purposes for which ships are intended being few and fairly similar. In character-building, on the contrary, it is as if each ship were designed especially for its own voyages, as if no two were to travel even the same seas. Yet in the schools it is not practicable to treat pupils otherwise than in groups. Considering the difficulties, it is noteworthy that pupils, and teachers too, have not ceased to be regarded as persons, and have not become, to the managers of the establishment, just so many pegs to hang hats on. But, if the child is not so regarded, what other notion of him has been formed? At all events he must be graded and grouped. Possibly we can estimate roughly what he is fitted for and treat him accordingly—allow him to learn a certain thing in place of some other. In this small matter there are great issues at stake.

Recently much effort has been directed to the making of a trustworthy scale of intelligence. The boy or girl as judged by the usual examinations and tests is graded according to the rough verdict of those familiar with his work. These estimates are found to be very uncertain, particularly as instructors tend to overestimate both the brilliancy of their bright pupils and the dulness of the dull ones. The best known of the methods for testing the mental ability of school children is that devised by Binet, the purpose of which is to rank them according to mental age. For example, a certain child is chronologically, let us say, 15 years old, yet physiologically he may be only 11, intellectually 10, and pedagogically 12. The last number indicates his past achievement at school, and may involve a number of factors: success and failure in examinations, frequent transfer

from one school to another, unfortunate crowding in the grades above him, irregular attendance, late and possibly forced delay at entrance. It does not follow, therefore, that the child's grade in the school corresponds always with his mental age, and it becomes highly important to ascertain what his mental age is—this is the purpose of the Binet tests.

The eight tasks that any child should creditably perform, who has a mental age of seven years, are (1) to indicate the omissions in a figure drawn in outline; (2) to give the number of one's ten fingers; (3) to copy a written phrase; (4) to copy a triangle and a diamond-shaped figure; (5) to repeat three numbers; (6) to describe an engraving; (7) to count thirteen separate pennies; (8) to name four pieces of money. To most persons this set of eight tasks will look very trivial, as would a thousand-dollar banknote to an unsophisticated Hottentot. On the contrary, Binet's problem was a very complex one, namely, to reach a safe estimate of mental development by the least possible number of tests, not merely a measure of intelligence, but of the memory, of attention, of muscular control, and of the powers of observation and of linguistic expression. The practical consideration of speed in applying the test was important, and the main effort is now directed to reducing the number of items from eight or ten to five or six. Each item is selected after much experimentation on a large number of children.

A good deal of discussion is waging around these tests. It is easy to doubt the fairness of some of them. Children of the poorer classes are more apt perhaps to have experience in naming pieces of money before the age of seven than children of richer parents, for the poorer classes are more commonly sent on trifling errands. Some of the tests do not exhibit, on the other hand, their true import. One of the best is that of drawing the triangle and the diamond. It is now known that the neuromuscular development necessary for the adequate performance of this task is not the result of practice, but rather arises in the fulness of time, just as walking, which is really a "delayed instinct," appears of itself at a certain stage of development.

Binet's tests are for individuals; they do not yield safe conclusions concerning the teaching in a particular city or school.

In several large cities the proportion of slow-progress pupils was found to be respectively 8, 14, and 21 to one who was super-normally rapid in the progress he was making. In New York City, where the proportion of slow-progress pupils to rapid pupils was 8 to 1, Dr. Cronin found that, among all those who were behind their proper class to the amount of one or two years, ninety-five per cent. were laboring under physical defects of eye, ear, nose or throat. Generally speaking, the delinquent pupils are the physically defective. There should be a thorough physical examination of every child whose mental development places him two years or more behind his proper place in school. Maybe his body in its growth and developmental changes corresponds with the retarded development of his mind and explains it; maybe he is handicapped by eye-strain, defective hearing, bad teeth, adenoids, or some of the numerous other obstacles that bar the entrances and hinder the development of the mind within his body. Than this no greater field for betterment lies open to us of the twentieth century. As a nation, however, we are doing less to minister to the bodily welfare of our school-children than is done by England, Germany, France, or Switzerland. For the sake of efficiency, schools need the physician and the psychologist as truly as they need good teachers.

Turning now to the central problem of all, that of actual teaching, we encounter a mass of theorizing, and soon begin to feel that a teacher's success depends on personality alone; that all our science cannot make a good teacher out of a poor one, though often it makes a good one poor, and a poor one impossible. For a decade or two we have taught theories rather than children, and the result is that the children have scarcely been educated. True enough, a child can be kept in the school-room from nine o'clock to twelve and again from one to four, an unconscionable time for a growing animal with normal instincts to be confined in a day. The result is to be expected—half of a teacher's energy and all of his temper goes toward maintaining discipline which detracts from his efficiency as a teacher. The only theory not yet tried would be that of limiting the daily school-period to the forenoon and of throwing more of the responsibility of the child's upbringing upon the parents.

But a change even more revolutionary than this is gaining rapid acceptance. It gains recognition from the fact that the educational system of Switzerland is to be remodelled to accord with principles that have been worked out in actual teaching by Maria Montessori in her "Houses of Childhood" at Rome. At several places in our own country this system is also soon to be introduced, and American teachers are now learning under the founder her methods in order to bring the knowledge of them here. Stated as briefly as may be, and with some allowance for paradox, the new teaching amounts to a neglect of order and restraint in the schoolroom, along with freedom of method that allows the child in large part to teach himself. The intention is to develop in the child the teaching instinct that does not stop at the teaching of himself but extends, under favorable conditions, to the teaching of others. It is a melancholy comment on our old methods that better results attend his own teaching, when we have relieved him of the artificial restraints that we are wont to impose upon him.

If restraint be not enforced, the need of maintaining order soon vanishes. If the child is interested he will not be disorderly. But we must not insist on his maintaining definite postures for long times, sitting still on a bench or standing thus and so in a line. Maria Montessori has movable chairs placed in any agreeable part of the room or courtyard. Apparently a preference is shown for the floor to sit or lie down upon. The pupils are not allowed to disturb one another. By tactful management it is easy to establish among them a code of good manners. A new child, inclined to disturb the peace, is placed where he can observe how the others act, and soon he has adopted their ways. Neither rewards nor punishments are offered to induce any child to "be good," and the result is that goodness, not to be confused with conventional bodily restraint and immobility, is practised as a matter of course.

These innovations have given us a clearer notion of the nature of childhood. Children are more reasonable, even more naturally intellectual, than they are generally credited with being. They think more; are more logical; need more reasons and explanations instead of parental commands; they grow excessively

desirous of instruction, and are appreciative of stimulative ideas. If we do not lay all the burden of learning on the memory, if we cultivate their power to think for themselves, and restrain our own sympathetic impulses to help them over every obstacle that they encounter, then they make sound and rapid progress by self-instruction. And this is the second great principle reached after the discarding of enforced discipline. The child must be permitted to enjoy the satisfaction of solving his own difficulties, since in this consists the whole joy of purposeful activity.

I shall not enter into the details of the Montessori method of instruction. It follows a principle long ago set forth by John Locke, that all our knowledge comes through the senses. But minds differ widely as to the amount of dependence they place on the various senses as channels through which their knowledge is acquired; some are more receptive to visual impressions, others to auditory impressions. Maria Montessori wishes particularly to avoid the injuries arising from excessive use of children's eyes. She attributes her success largely to refining the senses by early practice, especially that of touch, which is improved in acuteness by exercise even with blindfolded eyes. The muscular sense is cultivated also, chiefly with reference to the hand, which at first is guided to perform correct movements by making a pencil follow along grooves and well-defined outlines, not by attempting to copy freehand from models.

This practice in right movements as opposed to the making of frequent mistakes runs through the whole plan, and is justified on the ground that mistakes and failures make almost, if not quite, as deep impressions on the mind as do successes. Success, in fact, especially if it is self-accomplished, is the natural antecedent of all further successful attainment. Thus children at the age of four have learned to write in a month and a half, and after writing for six months are "equal in their capacity to children in the third elementary class in the public schools." We await with interest the effect of these principles when they are applied to children of a more advanced age, but we have seen enough to open our eyes to the shortcomings of the conditions prevailing in the ordinary schools.

Yet another line of investigation, which in point of promise

deserves careful study, has originated among certain Austrian and German psychologists. Space forbids that this movement be here outlined with any degree of thoroughness; suffice it to say that in many particulars the movement has culminated in the educational views of Sigmund Freud, whose doctrine in general the present writer set forth in *THE FORUM* for May, 1911, with reference to its bearing on dreams. Freud has enlarged our conception of education by showing it to be a process coextensive with the entire business of life. Not confined to the schools, it is an occupation to which society at large devotes itself. Its aim is that of converting the natural instincts of the child into the conventional habits of the community. In this sense, education does not mean the acquisition of ideas merely, but also of habits—habits of thought, but more especially habits of action. As a process, it leads through impressions to expressions, through knowing to thinking and doing.

But if education, as Freud affirms, consists in the repression of every child's natural impulses and instincts and motives, then it is a debatable question whether the type of culture thus produced is always a desirable one. Training by repression is certainly not a natural process like normal physical growth; rather it is artificial, it will vary with the particular educational system, and ultimately with the particular type of civilization we may seek to perpetuate or establish. With Bernard Shaw, then, we may feel inclined to say, "Except during the nine months before he draws his first breath, no man manages his affairs as well as a tree does." But the educational problem becomes still more momentous if we accept another of Freud's convictions, namely, that the bent of a child's character is wholly determined by the experiences that come to him during the first four or five years of his life.

The evidence on which this conclusion rests is exceedingly copious and varied. Already numerous studies of child-life tend to corroborate the theory. Professor Freud has published an interesting account of a child he calls *kleiner Hans*; Professor Jung of Zürich, another of a little girl of four years old. Such accounts disclose a similarity of the unconscious motives possessed by very different children; they give us a picture of the

foundations from which character is reared. In addition to these studies of living children, efforts have been made to connect the later lives of well-known characters with the authenticated events that might have had significance for them and occurred in their childhood. For example, there is such a treatment by Freud of the life of Leonardo da Vinci; another by Max Graf, which interprets Richard Wagner's *Der fliegende Holländer* as an expression of the composer's early childhood experiences. Ernest Jones has discussed the character even of Hamlet to show that Freudian principles explain most satisfactorily this mystery that has vexed all critics of Shakespeare.

Most remarkable of all the evidences in favor of these psychological doctrines are those arising through the medical treatment of persons afflicted with nervous diseases. They are usually of a distressful character, and with singular frequency they turn on matters of sex. That is the richest field in which to seek for repressed memories, as nearly every topic relating to the subject is tabooed by society, and children are early taught to avoid them. On the other hand, it is probable that the school of Freud has unduly emphasized this type of repressions in affirming that all lives are determined, not merely by childish memories and motives, but that these are predominantly sexual. The grounds for this assertion are forcible, although, in the opinion of the writer, they are not sufficient to warrant the extreme views now advanced respecting the rôle of sex in children of three and four years.

The inquiring mind of the child is deeply stirred by the mystery that surrounds his own origin. Evasive and mystical replies to his questions seem to make the matter only more intensely interesting to him. Freud urges that the perplexity of the child be met squarely, and that his inquiries be answered truthfully in terms he is able to comprehend. No doubt, with sufficient tact, this would be the wisest course to pursue. Even the schools might take the task in hand. It is, however, a matter of detail, like the simplifying of our method, or rather lack of method, in English spelling, and is scarcely appropriate for discussion here.

OUR FACILE MASTERY OF ENGLISH

F. B. R. HELLEMS

I

AFTER all, the use of English is largely a matter of words; and what are words that we should worship them? Is there not a fine freedom and fluency in our conversation, our newspapers, our popular magazines, and even some of our university publications? Shall we not be the masters? Has not Carroll's Humpty Dumpty proved that we can if we will?

It will be remembered that our globular friend has just established the position that an unbirthday present is much better than a birthday present. You take one birthday from the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year, and that demonstrates there are three hundred and sixty-four days when you might get unbirthday presents.

" 'Certainly,' said Alice.

" 'And only *one* for birthday presents, you know. There's glory for you!'

" 'I don't know what you mean by "glory,"' Alice said.

" Humpty Dumpty smiled contemptuously.

" 'Of course you don't—till I tell you. I meant "there's a nice knock-down argument for you!"'

" 'But "glory" doesn't mean "a nice knock-down argument,"' Alice objected.

" 'When I use a word,' Humpty Dumpty said in a rather scornful tone, 'it means just what I choose it to mean—neither more nor less.'

" 'The question is,' said Alice, 'whether you *can* make words mean so many different things.'

" 'The question is,' said Humpty Dumpty, 'which is to be master—that's all.'

" Alice was too much puzzled to say anything, so after a minute Humpty Dumpty began again. 'They've a temper, some of them—particularly verbs, they're the proudest—ad-

jectives you can do anything with, but not verbs—however, *I* can manage the whole lot of them! Impenetrability! That's what *I* say!'

" 'Would you tell me, please,' said Alice, 'what that means?'

" 'Now you talk like a reasonable child,' said Humpty Dumpty, looking very much pleased. 'I meant by "impenetrability" that we've had enough of that subject, and it would be just as well if you'd mention what you mean to do next, as I suppose you don't mean to stop here all the rest of your life.'

" 'That's a great deal to make one word mean,' Alice said in a thoughtful tone.

" 'When I make a word do a lot of work like that,' said Humpty Dumpty, 'I always pay it extra.'

" 'Oh!' said Alice. She was too much puzzled to make any other remark.

" 'Ah, you should see 'em come round me of a Saturday night,' Humpty Dumpty went on, wagging his head gravely from side to side: 'for to get their wages, you know.'

" (Alice didn't venture to ask what he paid them with; and so you see I can't tell *you*.)

" 'You seem very clever at explaining words, Sir,' said Alice. 'Would you kindly tell me the meaning of the poem *Jabberwocky*?'

" 'Let's hear it,' said Humpty Dumpty. 'I can explain all the poems that ever were invented—and a good many that haven't been invented just yet.'"

And I, at least, am ready to conclude that herein lies the central explanation of our familiar mastery of words. We make them mean what we want them to mean, quite regardless of their feelings, or family, or natural tendencies, or past history. We have acclaimed the declaration made by the president of one of our better known universities that "accuracy is atrophy" and that "a consciousness of etymologies rather impedes than helps the full movement of the mind." With the adoption of these tenets we are free to emulate his announcement that "the good teacher is now a 'pedotrieb' or 'boy-driver,'" or to startle the classicists with original applications of "banausic." Having

climbed the Hill of Presumption we pounce on innocent words, strain them and twist them, rack and rive and maul them. It is no wonder that the fledglings strive to purchase force or felicity by verbal innovations or misapplications, as well as by "extravagance of epithet or intemperance of phrase." My readers could quote countless examples; but I venture to instance one sudden coruscation, because the speaker held two degrees from really respectable universities, one of them near the Rockies, the other east of the Alleghanies. The young gentleman was describing the interest taken by one of his friends in a charming Southern girl who was spending the summer in our little town, and his bewildering words were these: "So Frank went sifting over to the shack to see if he couldn't start a one-ring fussing fest. But, say, didn't the old dame hand him out some bunch of talk? What? It was Frankie for the tallest timber in the deep, deep woods." For a moment I was staggered by this example of what Walt Whitman calls "an attempt of common humanity to escape from bald literalism and express itself il-limitably"; but I subsequently inferred that the mother of the young lady had discouraged a certain tendency to unconventionality manifested by Frank. However, the foregoing is hardly more successful in "snatching a grace beyond the reach of art" than this sentence from the academic authority mentioned above: "If not a polyphrastic philosophy seeking to dignify the occupation of the workshop by a pretentious Volapük of reasons and abstract theories, we have here the pregnant suggestion of a psychological quarry of motives and spirit opened and ready to be worked."

Between these two poles might be found every variety of the abuse of words. We have a veritable language-distorting, phrase-tormenting mania, tumbling out alleged thoughts in a weird jumble. But why should I adduce further instances from the lips of other speakers or the pens of other writers? Truly, "Their words are a very fantastic banquet, just so many strange dishes"; and this capricious fare is rapidly becoming the standard diet.

Occasionally a dull and dreary pedant may put in a plea for a reasonable treatment of words, and even quote Bacon's perti-

nent dictum: "It were good that men in their innovations would follow the example of time itself, which indeed innovateth greatly, but quietly and by degrees scarce to be perceived." But the popular advocates scoff at him, and plausibly retort that by adhering too closely to the traditions of pure English one makes the language stereotyped, thereby preparing it for fossilization. If they read Bacon, they would strengthen their plea with another sonorous sentence: "A froward retention of custom is as turbulent a thing as an innovation; and they that reverence too much old times are but a scorn to the new." Then in their zeal to save the language from even the remotest danger of fossilization they force it fantastically into all sorts of abnormal growths such as we have instanced above; and, as Dr. Johnson might have said, "the measure of their success is the extent of their departure from rectitude."

Now, this doubtless represents a successful twentieth century method of encouraging life and elasticity in our great mother tongue; but for antiquated people living in an "old and iterative world" the policy must seem dangerously drastic. A few survivors still believe that rational adaptability is one of the supreme merits of our lovable language; that with its utilization of Saxon, Greek, and Latin elements it is not less capable of prompt and unlimited expansion than of leisurely and beautiful growth; and that its finest development can only come by treating it with such noble homage and devotion as it has received from the leaders of English literature in all periods. Great writers have never hesitated to give old words a new application or enrich them with enlarged connotation; nor have they withheld their pens from coining fresh words that were needed to make current a new conception, a deep thought, a brilliant witticism, or a gleam of fanciful humor. But through all their modifying and innovating they have proceeded with a fine august submission to fundamental fitness.

And words are really wonderful things. We begin by such humble steps as learning to spell them, and pronounce them, and by getting their primary meanings. Then as the years roll round we find how great minds have empowered them to disengage spirit from matter and have dowered even a single word

with such a wealth of import that it brings the light of joy to our eyes or moves our heart to bitter tears, that it carries us to the dreary house of death or unspheres the harmony of heaven. And I suppose that most of us must stop at this point; but I do not question that the great artist in words, like the great master in music, may go far beyond us in his love and appreciation. Extreme forms of this belief might be found among the French symbolists; but we need seek no further than one of their admirers, Lafcadio Hearn, whom we may almost claim as an American, although on final examination he proves to be a cosmopolitan. In one of his Japanese letters that genuine artist pays the following tribute to words, a tribute which I believe to be absolutely sincere on his part, even if it does seem extravagant to us:

"The readers do not feel as you do about words. They can't be supposed to know that you think the letter A is blushing crimson, and the letter E pale sky-blue. They can't be supposed to know that you think KH wears a beard and a turban; and initial X is a mature Greek with wrinkles;—or that 'no' has an innocent, lovable, and childlike aspect." To these objections Hearn makes rejoinder: "All this is true from the critic's standpoint. But from ours, the standpoint of:

'The dreamer of dreams
To whom what is and what seems
Is often one and the same,'—

"To us the idea is thus:

"Because people cannot see the color of words, the tints of words, the secret ghostly motion of words:

"Because they cannot hear the whispering of words, the rustling of the procession of letters, the dream-flutes and the dream-drums which are thinly and weirdly played by words:

"Because they cannot perceive the pouting of words, the frowning and fuming of words, the weeping, the raging and racketing and rioting of words:

"Because they are insensible to the phosphorescing of words, the fragrance of words, the noisomeness of words, the tenderness or hardness, the dryness or juiciness of words,—the inter-

change of values in the gold, the silver, the brass and the copper of words:

"Is that any reason why we should not try to make them hear, to make them see, to make them feel? Surely one who has never heard Wagner, cannot appreciate Wagner without study!"

And in conclusion: "I write for beloved friends who can see color in words, can smell the perfume of syllables in blossom, can be shocked with the fine elfish electricity of words. And in the eternal order of things, words will eventually have their rights recognized by the people."

Now I for one, with my dull ear and dim eye, cannot realize all of these superb possibilities, but I do accept his closing thought that "in the eternal order of things, words will eventually have their rights recognized by the people"; even if there will always be a few Humpty Dumpties on the wall.

And in assigning their rights we must not forget that they still raise the individual from mere animal existence to human life, even as they have led the race in its weary clambering up the steepes of the ages. With reference to their part in personal development we could do no better than quote the felicitous judgment rendered by Edmund Gosse in the most intimate of his writings, *Father and Son*: "When I read Shakespeare and came upon the passage in which Prospero tells Caliban that he had no thoughts till his master taught him words, I remember starting with amazement at the poet's penetration, for such a Caliban had I been:

'I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour,
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble, like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known.'

"For my Prospero I sought vaguely in such books as I had access to, and I was conscious that as the inevitable word seized hold of me, with it out of the darkness into strong light came the image and the idea."

Passing from the unit to the race we find an almost miraculous bond between speech and thought, as every thinker has recognized. On this point the cold evolutionary naturalist is at one with the dreaming mystic or glowing symbolist. Haeckel, for instance, who may be taken as a perfect representative of the contemporary investigator interested in ideas rather than in words, pays reasoned and unemotional tribute to articulate conceptual speech and insists that "the higher grade of development of ideas, of intellect and reason, which raises man so much above the brute, is intimately connected with the rise of language." But his conclusion is only a scientific restatement of the feeling in the heart of a theologizing eastern seer of olden days who put forth the following phantasy: "I dreamed that God became a myriad words, infusing into each something of His own essence, that men should no longer be as the beasts of the field, but should rise to a knowledge of the divine. Thereby it was brought to pass that the race of man became even as gods, having dominion over all things upon the earth, yea, even over the powers of life and death." In one striking sense, the word has been God.

II

But whatever we believe about the rights, services, and possibilities of words, we may readily agree with the delightful Frenchman as to the ease of composition: "After you have your words, all you have to do, in order to write effective prose, is to arrange them one beside another." What could be simpler, for instance, than the following description of the life and lot of the citizens of Burgdale from the pen of William Morris? "Thus then lived this folk, in much plenty and ease of life, though not delicately nor desiring things out of measure. They wrought with their hands and wearied themselves; and they rested from their toil and rested and were merry: to-morrow was not a burden to them, nor yesterday a thing which they would fain forget: life shamed them not, nor did death make them afraid." Or what could be easier to write than this assertion about America? "For a century past she has drawn to herself, by an ir-

resistible attraction, the boldest, the most masterful, the most practically intelligent of Europe; just as, by the same law, she has repelled the sensitive, the contemplative, and the devout. Unconsciously, by the mere fact of her existence, she has sifted the nations; the children of the Spirit have slipped through the iron net of her destinies, but the children of the World she has gathered into her granaries. She has thus become, in a sense peculiar and unique, the type and exemplar of the Western world. Over her unencumbered plains the Genius of Industry ranges unchallenged, naked, unashamed." Now if William Morris, or Mr. Dickinson, or any other of the greater prose stylists can make the heart beat by such an easy and unstudied passage, and if their long years of practice generally result in some such facile simplicity, why should the rest of us not adopt, or rather indulge, a natural spontaneous style from the beginning? The conclusion is unescapable.

On the other hand, many literary men, as well as eminent scientists and other scrupulous thinkers, have really felt that there was difficulty in writing English, but that the effort was worth while. Huxley, for instance, made the following admission some twenty years ago, when he was the busiest man in England: "The fact is that I have a great love and respect for my native tongue, and take great pains to use it properly. Sometimes I write essays half-a-dozen times before I can get them into proper shape, and I believe I become more fastidious as I grow older." And it often turns out that the writer whose pen seems to move most easily is the veriest slave of his skill. The stock example for many years to come will be Stevenson. We all remember the confident and youthful critic who once said that Stevenson obviously wrote with perfect ease, at a high rate of speed, in a style that was essentially innate. But the comment about his unstudied innate style becomes deliciously humorous, when we listen to his own explicit account of the long and tedious process whereby he acquired his power. No writer has more freely and forcefully avowed his willingness to tread in nobler footprints than his own. "This, like it or not, is the way to learn to write." And his letters tell us how slowly and painfully he worked toward the final form of his pages, even at that stage of

maturity when he could be said to have won his greatest mastery over words and phrases. Similarly, we have heard Emerson quoted as an example of a writer who framed his sentences without effort; but the authentic records of his career show he would work and hunt, not merely days but weeks, to find the felicitous turn of a sentence. And many enthusiasts assert that something of the same sort is true of every great writer in every language. They even include Lincoln and Franklin. If ever there was a vigorous, incisive, conclusive style that seemed to spring spontaneously from an untutored pen that style certainly belongs to our great statesman, whom the English poet describes so happily as "He of tragic doom, the later born, he of the short plain word that thrilled the world and set the bondman free." Yet there seems to be evidence to prove that even Lincoln was as patient and wonderful in learning to express himself as he was in everything else; and when our young lawyers and budding statesmen are willing to take several months out of their lives and work at Euclid, not for his geometry, but primarily to learn the effective presentation of an argument from premises to conclusion, we shall no longer have to complain of so many speeches that are utterly jejune on the one hand or bombastic on the other. Even more pertinent is the example offered by Benjamin Franklin, another American who was great in action as well as effective in presentation; and he tells us how he fashioned his style on *The Spectator*, reading the papers, making summaries of them, rewriting them, and even turning them into verse to be reconverted into prose. But the question is whether the experience of such men as Huxley, Stevenson, Lincoln, and Franklin is really pertinent in this precocious period.

Furthermore, it is undeniable that after traversing the long and laborious path advocated by the antiquarians a man may still have no real message for his fellows. No "imprisoned splendor" can escape to the world without, unless the splendor has some way or other come to exist within. And so often the great masters have attained to their treasure of wisdom and sympathy by treading some *via dolorosa*, that we think of their sufferings as imparting eloquence directly to their lips rather than developing the greatness of soul and kindness of heart

which ultimately find expression for our strengthening or solace. Accordingly, the progressive members of the younger generation, realizing the tremendous formative power of suffering and other emotions, have not failed to throw themselves in the way of all possible experiences. But the easy sacrifice does not always seem to produce the superhuman result of which the devotee had dreamed, until one begins to question how far it is possible to make merit by immolation on any other altar than that of human duty and daily service. The experience-hunter and the emotion-monger pay a terrible price in the health of the soul, and with it they purchase the shadow of a dream.

Even before Horace penned his graceful precepts or Plato set forth his profound doctrines, it was true that a man must have something to say if he was to be heard. But withal, when we insist that a writer's message is the great factor, we do not escape the fact that he is judged largely by his success in delivering it; and it often happens that the form of the message is a part of the message.

III

Our facile mastery of English on the side of appreciation as distinguished from expression must be dismissed with a few words. It will be recalled that Humpty Dumpty not only made words mean whatever he wanted them to mean, he also undertook to explain "all the poems that ever were invented—and a great many that hadn't been invented just yet." And the average opponent of hard and close work in literature is just as confident as Humpty Dumpty.

This is no place for a panegyric on that inexhaustible mirror of life held up to us in English literature. But we may record our thanks that the immortals have been infinitely generous in bestowing our heritage of prose and poetry. From Chaucer to Swinburne, from "Sir John Mandeville" to Cardinal Newman, not to speak of the living, we have a line of glorious masters by whose help our magic mirror enables us to see what is noblest and best and most enduring, or to drift away from our daily dulness on a sea of gladdening recreation. And it is perfectly

clear that we could all understand these authors with absolute ease, if we cared to leaf them over. We only read the little masters, the toying rhymesters, the salacious novelists,—in short, the popular literature of the day, because we wish to keep *au courant*. We could just as readily appreciate Shakespeare with his “boundless cloudless view,” if we would, or enjoy Shelley’s “flush of rose on peaks divine”; but we prefer what we prefer. Let no pedant suggest that this preference has anything to do with a lack of wide and serious reading, of adequate training in the Bible, or of familiarity with the commonplaces of classical mythology and literature. Yet a gentle disputant might imagine that the appreciation of Milton’s “calm translunar music” would be hampered if one had to consult a concordance to allay a haunting suspicion that Beelzebub was one of the apostles. And I fancy the reader of almost any standard author may have puzzled moments if he thinks that the Amazons were a Gallic tribe conquered by Julius Cæsar, that Penelope was a desert island in the North Sea, or that Orpheus was a New York gentleman of Hebrew extraction who founded the Orpheum circuit.

However, I may not follow my irresponsible pen into further vagaries. It is apparent that any critic would be utterly unfair if he should even hint that there is neither a deep-seated enthusiasm for great writers on the part of most people, nor a genuine capacity for enjoying their works; while Ruskin’s famous conclusion that the kings of thought will have us dig deep and painfully for their gold is only another example of his antiquarian sentimentality. But withal, I do sometimes fear that the very easiness and assurance of our mastery may turn out to be another phase of the lawlessness, the slackness, the laziness of mind, and the stultifying self-complacency that arise so easily when a nation is prosperous without being disciplined, and literate without being educated.

It is often hard to distinguish between a deplorable *pseudodoxia epidemica* and a genuine æsthetic impulse begotten by the changing manifestations of the Spirit of the World; and eventually there may be a complete triumph for the countless good Americans who unconsciously or deliberately disdain orderli-

ness of language and belittle the sacred heights of Parnassus. But, whatever be the outcome, it is well to have a considerable remnant that shall contend for the old-time religion.

The ancient Greeks made purity of language an absolute *sine qua non* for admission to the sacred mysteries that taught the way of immortal life. Into the final significance of the requirement I may not examine; but its rigorous application to our present thought would clearly exclude from heaven any American that did not speak good English. Now it is an invidious task to lay down terms for passing the blissful gates. Some of us will have a pretty hard scurry at the best. But it would seem reasonable to suggest that the guardian should insist on a simple examination of all applicants who profess to be educated, and might turn back all those who cannot spell correctly, write and speak grammatically, and enjoy a dainty bit of prose or poetry. And all teachers who have labored in love to spread the gospel shall sit among the blessed; whereas in the great cold interspaces of the universe shall be heard the despairing wail of all those who have advocated laxity and superficiality and learned the truth only when it was too late.

IN DEFENCE OF MUSICAL COMEDY

HOFFMAN NICKERSON

DURING the last Christmas vacation President Lowell of Harvard publicly bewailed the fact that the age had so degenerated that even collegians thronged to witness musical comedies. When I read the newspaper reports of these words of our president, I was moved to a searching of heart. Ought I really not to like going to musical shows? In the end I decided I would go on liking them. As for President Lowell's remarks, I came to the conclusion that they were the result of a false depreciation of the lighter forms of art: the result of the last struggles of expiring Puritanism. Therefore I shall humbly try to set down what I believe to be at once the aim and the justification of musical comedy.

A few remarks on comedy in general may not be out of place. Mathew Arnold, in that fine essay on *The Modern Element in Literature*, puts Aristophanes on a level with Pindar, Æschylus, and Sophocles, as a poetic interpreter of Periclean Athens; indeed, he refuses to admit Euripides to an equality with him as such an interpreter. With all respect to President Lowell, we must prefer Arnold's opinions in these matters to his. And beyond a shadow of a doubt Aristophanes' plays are of the same genre as *Girlies* or *The Dollar Princess*.

Let no timid reader be alarmed for the dignity of classic letters. Dignity they do indeed deserve, not only in themselves, but also as the sources of the tradition of Europe; but of that fragile dignity which will admit of no relation with lesser things, they stand in no need. False dignity, investing them with a halo of more than Byzantine stiffness, has made classical studies dull; when considering modern letters the academic classicist laces himself up in hauteur, like a tight corset. Thank Heaven this corseting of classics and classicists is not altogether universal. Mr. Paul Elmer More said to me the other day that there was a good deal of melodrama, over-forcing the pace of real life, in Æschylus; and if Mr. More is not learned, then I cannot imagine who is. As a lover of the Greek poets, I hope that his remark

is a sign of the times, looking toward their wider, more really humanistic interpretation. Think of it, we may some day have a translator of Tyrtaeus' vigorous Spartan marching song sensible enough to render the refrain by: "It's a way we have in old Sparta," instead of, "For indeed that is the ancestral custom of Sparta."

How the be-spectacled pack yelped at the heels of Gilbert Murray when he ventured to hint at the self-evident, bland, smug conventionality of Sophocles—for all his artistry!

More and more we are coming to see that Aristophanes cared a great deal more about making his audience laugh than for any serious philosophy of life. Arnold goes on to say that his most riotous imaginings are based upon serious thoughts concerning politics, social life, and literature; unfortunately Arnold, great critic though he was, sometimes showed the English failing of taking things a trifle too seriously. Of course Aristophanes was true to his prejudices; many worse men than he are that; but to put him on such a pedestal savors of the "classic fallacy," which we have been considering just long enough to despise. Our author was even jailed for his scandalously libellous treatment of Cleon, the miniature Theodore Roosevelt of his time, in his first play, *The Babylonians*. His *Lysistrata* and *Ecclesiazusæ* are notorious skits on the contemporary suffragettes—but why go on? Anyone with a rag of classical culture, backed up by a few remnants of common sense, will recognize in Aristophanes the titanic ancestor of George Cohan. Loud-roaring patriotism, coarseness, social and political conservatism, distrust of advanced art and culture: Ibsen and Debussy, or Socrates and Euripides—the principle is the same, and the situation well-nigh identical. Comic opera always will be comic opera, as long as there is any comic opera; and that's about all there is to the matter in hand.

Undeniably it is true that, whether from conviction, or partly from mere prejudice—and prejudice shades most elusively into conviction—Aristophanes does give us a certain definite and unified "criticism of life." Now can this be said of modern musical comedy? Yes, in a measure, it can. Just as Aristophanes could not help putting his opinions into his work, so those who write our musical comedies put their ideas into their "shows."

Indeed, our musical comedies give us a distorted view of life with everything out of focus; but that does not affect the question. Is it because of a just portraiture of Socrates that *The Clouds* is immortal? The "reductio ad absurdum" is palpable. It is because the caricature is so enormously, I had almost said divinely, amusing in itself that it lives; not because it is true to life—for that it is not. In political caricature, too, Aristophanes sets the pace with his Cleon in *The Knights*. Would to God there were one among us to enstage the present governor of the Old Bay State as the old Greeks did the loud-mouthed, brawling demagogue of his time! Still, political comedy does exist, and as for the philosophers, cannot many of us remember the near-sighted, microscopic-eyed Professor in *Girlies*? Truly the school which has so nearly succeeded in turning literary studies into a cockpit for the display of philological wrangles, would lend itself well to an Aristophanes of Cambridge. Our good Professor Babbitt might nobly lead the choric dances and Mr. Paul Elmer More could be introduced as *deus ex machina* to pronounce the judgment, if comedy would admit of the device, with the seven green volumes of the Shelbourne essays, or tables of the law in his lap—all the while keeping one hand behind him, in glad promise of more essays still to be revealed!

Coming down to facts, I remember hearing a criticism of the pragmatists, by a professor of philosophy in Harvard whose name is famous on both sides of the ocean, which would have made irresistible comedy. In the course of a lecture he said something like this: "Pragmatists believe that, for man, there is and can be no essential truth, but they hang on to the word truth—because it is a nice word!" Most of the class were, as usual, blank; a few snickered feebly, and, with one kindred soul, I rocked to and fro, manfully stifling the laughter which would have been the outlet of our emotion into dim snorts and gurglings. Truly, I believe that whenever there appears an artistic genius consumed with the idea of assaulting the prevalent evils of his time, it is a sure sign of disease either in him or in his whole epoch, if he fails to put his protest in a comic form. Ibsen evidently thought that man was evil, so he railed against him, throwing his weaknesses and disillusionments in the face like so

much mud; Molière knew how strong and how insidious is hypocrisy in things spiritual, yet Tartuffe is bright with a splendid and shining laughter. There was infinite dirt, squalor, and misery in the middle ages; they were perhaps even further from Heaven than we are to-day; but in the coarsest of their comedies there blazed a faith that was enough to warm and brighten the cold and darkness in the world; man, ordinary, respectable, sensual, erring man, had the last laugh on the devil; for comedy is not the least of the daughters of faith.

Comedy, then, is, at the lowest possible rating, as important as "serious drama"; but are not the songs and music of our "musical shows" essentially inartistic, whereas Aristophanes' songs and, in their own way, Sheridan's, are works of art? Yes—but wait a minute. Beyond a shadow of doubt any man who is more than half alive takes a keener delight in seeing a good game of football or a first class prize-fight than he receives from the finest play acted by the best company in the world, because the drama, although it requires living actors, has to do with life recorded and interpreted rather than with life itself. We may be sitting hard at work with every sinew of the mind pleasantly taut, but only let us hear some one playing well upon a piano somewhere in the building, or catch a bar of a good song from a passer-by in the street outside, and we cannot choose but listen. All other arts fade and pale beside hot, throbbing, tumultuous life, song alone makes life more vivid, intense, and real. In so far as Homer is more living than statistics, so far is any good song more living than Homer. Music and lyric poetry, of whose marriage is song, alone among the arts owe allegiance not so much to Apollo as to Dionysus. "Ha! Ha!" says the high-browed Puritan. "Dionysus indeed! I knew this man (meaning me) would show the cloven hoof sooner or later." Which only goes to show that the aforesaid high-browed Puritan knows nothing of the classics if he makes Dionysus merely the bestial god of toppers. Moreover, speaking of "bestial," our Puritan, having more than likely become untheological, and therefore unintellectual, has probably fallen into the modern error of labelling anything he doesn't like bestial. Whereas all sane men, if they stop to think, know that "the

beast " is, more often than not, an amiable and kindly creature, the true personification of evil being, of course, the devil. But we digress. . . .

I suppose it would be hard to find a man who has not felt the insistent and compelling fascination of song, and only too easy to find many whom false shame has restrained from singing. For these last this little paper is especially written, in the hope of showing that song, although it may be made into an art, is in its essence more than a mere art, it is a universal function of life. It is the crown and flower of happiness, and no less, the allayer of grief, for, by Heaven's mercy, the very expression of grief in a song changes it into a thing less bitter. Therefore, brethren, let us sing often and heartily, at the top of our lungs. In church let us chant the hymns in a lusty bellow, short only of causing scandal in the congregation and thereby disturbing the order of worship. When returning home of an evening, brimming with that love for all men that comes strangely near to the love of God, let us sing cheerily and with a good conscience. If any man reprove us, let us answer him gently, without anger, and, if it may be, go and sing somewhere else. And when we sing let us be not over-nice in what surroundings we discover the rapture note of song. I myself, I protest, have at least a cordial bowing acquaintance with the work of the greatest poets of all time, and many of them I do truly love, yet I own to a lasting affection for a little ballad whose chorus runs:

" I'll put a ring around Rosy,
I'll put a ring around Rose;
We will be comfy and cozy
Some place where nobody knows!
Rose never grew in a ga-a-rden,
She grew on ten little toes.
I'll put a ring around Rosy,
I'll put a ring around Rose."

Now if any man were to disparage my innocent delight in these verses I would tell him, calmly, that he had not the faintest glimmer of knowledge concerning those things whereof he spoke—and then I should leave him in peace.

Alas, it is true that the influence of many musical comedies is evil. The charm of Sheridan's prologue to *The Rivals*, addressed to the comic muse and culminating in the lines:

“ Bid her be grave? Those lips would rebel prove
To every theme that slanders mirth or love—”

must not blind us to the fact that there is mirth less wholesome than the perpetual laughter of the skull and a love that is the minister not of joy but of anguish. The argument from these things points not to *no* musical comedies, but rather to better ones; but never mind that now. Taking our “shows” as they stand, are they good or not? Everyone must answer that for himself; only a personal judgment is possible. My own feeling in the matter is as follows: Often I have come from the woods straight to the city and, in the evening, have gone to a “summer show.” I protest that I am fond of the woods, in spite of the oceans of lying, canting ink that has been spilt over solitude ever since that arch-deceiver of humanity, Rousseau; in spite of Rousseau, I say, the woods give a man who is tired of too strenuous living the most perfect recreation in the world. But recreation is not the summit of living, and when I have gone from the monotonies of solitude to a musical comedy, there, alternately laughing and sentimental amid the lilt of the music and the thrill of the dance, I have felt myself in communion with a thing infinitely greater than mere nature; I mean humanity. And if any man feel himself in communion with humanity, in so far as he is wise, in so far as he is good, he will be inspired so to bear himself as to be of service to his kind.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL, THEOLOGIAN

EDWARD M. CHAPMAN

I

IT was a saying of the late R. L. Stevenson that "you can keep no men long, nor Scotsmen at all, off religious and theological discussion." The lecturer whose name stands at the head of this essay and whose life and works have just been published in thirteen handsome volumes was not only as other men—he was even as a Scotsman in this matter. Scarce any man of his generation bore more telling testimony to the perennial interest of religion than he; and despite his very unusual gifts as a public speaker, it is doubtful if he could have drawn or held his great audiences so easily and for so long a series of years by the discussion of any other theme. It has been said of poetry that "gods are needed if only to be defied"; and judged by this dictum the claim of Ingersoll's biographer that his hero was the chief of "prose-poets" would seem to be sustained.

The word "hero" is unfortunately inevitable. Mr. Herman E. Kittredge, whose "biographical appreciation" fills the thirteenth volume of the series entitled *The Works of Ingersoll*, is no calm and detached critic of his master's career. Never, since the admiring Trotter penned the Preface to his *Memoirs of Charles James Fox*, has the world of biography seen a more complete abandon to eulogy. Trotter, it may be remembered, hit upon the following original divisions of his hero's life:—"His YOUTH, warm and impetuous, but full of extraordinary promise. His MIDDLE AGE, energetic and patriotic. His LATTER DAYS, . . . simple, grand, and sublime!" This is tame beside the rhetoric of Mr. Kittredge, but the scheme is similar, since the first nine chapters of his book are entitled: "From Eighteen Thirty-Three to Eighteen-Forty," "From Eighteen Forty-One to Eighteen Fifty-Seven," and so forth up to "Eighteen Ninety-Nine." Then follow ten chapters dealing with Ingersoll's philosophy and teachings. They might be said to constitute an apologia, were it not that their author would scorn the word's suggestion. It is quite impracticable in a brief

essay to reproduce or even adequately to suggest the rapture with which he contemplates Colonel Ingersoll's character and achievements, the ease with which, following his master—though at some distance,—he drops into “prose-poetry,” or the royal purple of his dithyrambs. Common fairness both to the author and his subject demands, however, an occasional illustration. Hear him, for instance, speaking of the Rev. John Ingersoll and his infant son: “How distant from his thoughts, as he set out to spread the Christian gospel in the ‘West,’ that the motherless child in his arms, born to poverty, adversity, and all that was provincially orthodox, would return a half-century hence, the central figure of an epoch of intellectual progress—the most unique, and yet the most lovable personality, the wisest and sanest thinker, the most formidable controversialist, of the modern world, and the greatest orator of all time!”

Mr. Kittredge, it will be observed, makes large demands upon his stock of superlatives; so large indeed that he does not hesitate to compare words like “unique,” which less ardent writers find more useful and significant in the positive degree. Let not the careless reader, however, argue from this large manner of his that there is no precision in his praise. On the contrary, it is doubtful if the language of eulogy has ever attained greater definiteness than in the following reference to Colonel Ingersoll's first lecture upon Shakespeare:—“And when, after many years of contemplation, the possessor of the most eloquent and felicitous tongue that has expressed thoughts in English since April 23, 1616, stepped upon the platform. . . ,” etc. One's first impulse is to wonder why Mr. Kittredge should choose to be so exact, not to say meticulous, in his chronology; and then with the second thought that April 23, 1616, is the commonly received date of Shakespeare's death, the full scope and range of his appreciation dawns upon the mind. The question will arise whether an addition of the words “Old Style” might not further accentuate the verisimilitude and therefore the charm of such encomiums. It would doubtless be gilding the lily, but Mr. Kittredge is so great an adept in this art, that one cannot refrain from the suggestion.

These excerpts may serve to indicate the discrimination and

delicacy of touch which Mr. Kittredge has brought to his task; they give little idea of the extent of his mental resources or the variety of colors upon his palette. The following passage—I am not quite sure whether “word-picture” or “prose-poem” be the proper term for it—is taken from a chapter which sets forth the “Philosophical Foundation” upon which Colonel Ingersoll stood. “Not the most entrancing feature of nature’s endless panorama could make him forget that, notwithstanding the blessings which we experience—the few fleet moments when Joy with rosy lips defying mocks at Fate,—this life is a heartless maelstrom in which millions of mankind are caught. When he saw the dawn—saw the sombre granite bastille of the east, trembling change to rubied gold and topple down—saw the sun, the unprisoned god, walk scornful the fallen ruins into a palace with sapphire domed and with diamonds strewn,—he thought of what had just occurred on the other side of the globe. He was not content to know that this sun had come to weave for another day a robe of verdure for the fields and hills; to vie with its old companion in building fairy forms where babbling brooks are canopied with leaves, nor yet to gild the billowy seas, and weight with red the bending boughs, for autumn’s tawny arms.”

It is to be expected that one whose powers of approbation are so strong should exhibit somewhat correspondent gifts of reprobation; nor will Mr. Kittredge disappoint his readers. He makes much of freedom of thought; words like “broad-minded” and “liberal” are lavishly bestowed upon his hero and incidentally claimed for himself. But when men exercise the right to believe and put their minds to the positive aspects of religion and its phenomena, he cannot away with them. Freedom of thought, it must be understood, is a privilege of children of the agnostic covenant. Those who believe, by that very fact thrust themselves beyond the bounds of charity. Now and then a ray of austere favor falls upon a man like Henry Ward Beecher, but even in his case the home which nourished him and Harriet Beecher Stowe is referred to as an “orthodox penitentiary.” Again our author treats agnosticism as a filter in the stream of human thought. He does not say whose brand of ag-

nosticism it is, but we suppose it to be his. "The clear and sparkling liquid which passes through" is what Mr. Kittredge believes. What he delicately calls "the turbid slush, the pathogenic sediment and scum" is what his pure mind rejects; and in this doleful residuum he assures us that Colonel Ingersoll "found all the theologies of mankind."

Of course this puts a reviewer at disadvantage. Without a more explicit definition of the true faith he wonders whether he himself may not be beyond the pale. The present writer has in honesty to confess a predilection for parts of the Bible both as literature and as furnishing guidance to life. A good many people have read "When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up," and found it to be not only a beautiful expression of long-ago experience, but a source of immediate comfort in present difficulty. Others have seen in the words of Isaiah, "A man shall be as an hiding place from the wind and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land," not only a noble picture of the worth of great souls to their hard-pressed fellows, but an inspiration to patience, courage and some measure of magnanimity upon their own account. These passages, it must be admitted, are somewhat old-fashioned in style; as "prose-poems" no judicious critic would class them with the more exuberant utterances of Colonel Ingersoll or Mr. Kittredge. Moreover they are the products of religious faith and therefore it is impossible to deny to them certain theological implications. But we appeal to our author's second thought. Is there not a slight exaggeration in characterizing them as "turbid slush" or even as "pathogenic sediment and scum"? Or take the life and words of Jesus Christ as recorded in the Gospels. Is it true "that in none of the attributes which we revere was he superior to. . . . Socrates or even Cicero"? Mr. Kittredge says that Colonel Ingersoll claimed this, but he ought to revise either this statement or else the other passages in which he emphasizes his hero's illustration of some of the great Christ-like qualities. Space does not permit a further demonstration of Mr. Kittredge's critical and literary powers; unless it be to quote his opinion—or is it Colonel Ingersoll's?—that the Bible

“lies to-day upon the path of progress, the greatest stumbling-block of the human race”; and his characterization of those who are still so misguided as to think Christianity a practicable faith, as its “pseudo-religious, pseudo-scientific, vacillating, abashed, and vertebrateless apologists.”

II

It has seemed proper to give a considerable amount of space to Colonel Ingersoll's Biography as a work of art and to call attention to the manner and style of his Biographer, because Mr. Kittredge, in both his ways and works, pretty honestly reflects his master. The main features of Ingersoll's life must now be sketched. He was born in Dresden, New York, August 11, 1833, to the Rev. John Ingersoll and his wife, Mary Livingston. The father was a Congregational minister who spent a rather peripatetic life in the service of many churches, most of them Presbyterian. He was an earnest man; well educated, too, and always a reader; a rigorous but by no means cruel disciplinarian in his home, his son bearing witness that he was a kind and loving man, and that there was no sacrifice he would not and did not gladly make for his family. The mother seems to have been a woman of force, character and charm; but she died when Robert was still an infant, and her influence upon his career was that of an ideal and a memory. She bore five children, two girls and three boys, of whom Robert was the youngest. The elder Ingersoll was an evangelist and a militant abolitionist. It was natural under these circumstances that he should have passed on from Dresden soon after his son's birth, to New York, where he acted as co-pastor with the celebrated Finney and where Robert was baptized; then to Cazenovia; then to Belleville, and later to Oberlin. Later still he seems to have preached in Wisconsin, Michigan, Indiana and Kentucky. The family was thus of the pioneer type and rootless so far as local habitation went. How profoundly this peripatetic habit of life and mind has influenced American political and social history is yet but partially understood. It is not merely the nomad habit in actual experi-

ence; it is quite as really the will and expectation of change that has entered deep into the constitution of multitudes of Americans, making them as eager, resourceful, and self-reliant as they are impatient, bumptious, and extravagant. No more competent people for the devising of practicable means for getting on and bringing things hastily to pass has probably ever lived; but the defects of wastefulness, intolerance of experience, and a disrespect for the past that frequently develops into a fundamental and pervasive irreverence, have followed close in the wake of these qualities. Ingersoll admirably illustrates this. As a recent critic has observed, he was a "completely uprooted man." Nor was manhood's experience to transplant him into any environment with which his own life should permanently identify itself.

His education was of the most informal and desultory character, gained partly from such schools as the family wanderings brought within range, gleaned in some measure from his father, and supplemented by pretty wide general reading. Both attention and affection seem to have focussed themselves upon Shakespeare and Burns, two poets who not only became law and gospel to his life, but whom he turned to most profitable platform account. He early made his mark as a clever talker and a good companion. Of course he taught school for a time, as the struggling young American of ability in his day so generally did; and when his somewhat caustic and quite unregulated tongue brought him into difficulties with his patrons, he began the study of law. This was in 1853, at Marion, Illinois. His legal apprenticeship seems to have been of a leisurely sort, but he studied hard enough to be admitted to the Illinois bar with his elder brother Ebon in December, 1854. The following year saw them begin the practice of law as partners in Shawneetown, whence in 1857 both removed to Peoria.

This growing Illinois town continued to be Ingersoll's home during the most eventful period of his life. It was while resident here that in 1860 he became Democratic candidate for Congress, despite a frank proclamation of his anti-slavery principles. The rising Republican tide, however, swept his opponent into office and a year or two later Ingersoll himself embarked upon it,

though with no doubt as to the honesty of his motives. Here, too, the outbreak of the Civil War found him. He raised a regiment of cavalry and served creditably with it until his capture and parole in December, 1862. Hither in February, 1862, he brought his bride, Eva A. Parker, a woman whose theological views were cognate to his own. Early in his Peoria residence he had begun to lecture upon theological topics and to excite interest by his treatment of them. The first lecture entitled *Progress* seems to have been delivered in the neighboring town of Pekin in 1860. It was some four years, however, before it was repeated, and Ingersoll's career both as politician and lecturer can scarcely be said to have begun until after the distraction of the Civil War was past.

For the rôle of politician Ingersoll possessed considerable gifts; but his theological views stood in the way of advancement to high office, and it is to be said to his credit that he showed no disposition either to trim his sails to the winds of popular favor in this respect or to use his powers as an orator at any time for personal advancement; and the place of attorney-general of Illinois, which he held from February, 1867, until January, 1869, was the highest position to which he either attained or seems very seriously to have aspired. There was indeed a rather fine vein of political independence in his character which kept him from ever becoming a mere partisan. He was in entire sympathy with the attitude of the Republican party in regard to slavery, and seems in general as time went on to have retained that sympathy with reference to other Republican policies. His florid style made him an exceedingly popular campaigner and during the free-silver controversy of the later nineties, he unquestionably contributed something to the matter as well as manner of the debate. What his attitude in the political fields of the present century might have been, involved as he must have found himself in a multitude of new social questions, is an interesting speculation,—and can be nothing more.

He was still resident in Peoria and in successful practice there when his speech in the Republican Convention of 1876, putting the name of James G. Blaine in nomination for the Presidency, gave him national reputation as an orator. This is, of

course, to state it baldly. Mr. Kittredge records the fact as follows: "As the *Elegy*, in a moment, made Gray immortal; as the *Cotter's Saturday Night* instantly rendered deathless the name of Burns; so Ingersoll received upon his brow the fadeless laurel of Polymnia, as he tossed from his fervent lips the 'shining lance' and argent 'plume' of James G. Blaine."

The case is really not quite so bad as that. The speech is perhaps as characteristic of Ingersoll as anything he ever uttered, with the possible exception of certain theological lectures. The earlier portion is admirable. It is eloquent in the better sense, since it states facts succinctly and with power, appeals to reason rather than to prejudice, and does it all with ease and grace of manner. As the speech goes on, however, the adjectives become more numerous and superlative; the rhythm increases, though it is never forced to the extreme that reduced many of Ingersoll's most characteristic paragraphs to a dreadful sing-song; there is a tendency to multiply melodramatic figures like "plumed knight" and "shining lance"; there is, too, the failure to perceive how near to the ridiculous the repeated use of an abbreviation like the middle initial of "James G. Blaine" is bound to bring an impassioned speaker. Of course the "plumed knight" figure with its element of bombast might have passed muster, had not the politicians of the day seized upon and over-worked it. But it is the part of a great orator so to order and direct his passion even in the presence of applauding thousands as to keep its forms from seeming grotesque when the winged word has been caged in type. This Ingersoll failed to do, and the discerning reader, while gladly acknowledging the high quality of the speech as a specimen of stump oratory, will scarcely read it through without a smile. Nor had Ingersoll in this instance the excuse of overpowering passion. He is said, on authority good enough to justify his Biographer in repeating the story, to have remarked to Morton afterward: "I could have made a better speech for you than I made for Blaine." Whatever the quality of the speech, however, it made the orator a national figure and led to a zealous demand for his services upon the stump in several presidential campaigns,—services which were apparently rendered with entire conviction and with-

out any compensating political or pecuniary reward. Upon the whole, Colonel Ingersoll's political career may be said to have redounded distinctly to his credit as an individual and a citizen.

His growing reputation led to a removal to Washington in 1877; whence, in 1885, he passed on to New York, residing there until his death in July, 1899. Mr. Kittredge pictures his family life as ideal and there is no question of Ingersoll's kindness and generosity where his theological prepossessions were not involved. His success at the Bar was considerable, and this with the popular demand for his lectures brought him a large income which he spent, however, in many cases so generously and always so freely as to forbid the accumulation of a fortune. His conduct of the defence in the so-called Star Route trial of S. W. and J. W. Dorsey for frauds against the Government illustrated his power with juries, inasmuch as he succeeded in dividing the jury on the first trial and securing an acquittal on the second. There was no question of his right to defend these men, or of his obligation to do his best for them; but the world at large remains convinced that the public welfare was but lamely served by the verdict, and Ingersoll's reputation as a disinterested lover of justice suffered some damage from his part in the case; damage which, it may be said, is not altogether repaired by his Biographer's plea that he lost his expected fee through the financial failure and ingratitude of his clients. No unprejudiced person, however, can accuse Ingersoll of malfeasance in this or any other case. He was, in short, a man of very considerable mental gifts, of quick intelligence sharpened by much controversy, of warm heart and ready feelings, of genuine æsthetic instincts (which were, however, almost equally devoid of cultivation and restraint), of a keen sense for the surface appearance rather than the essential substance of the questions of his day, and of an almost unique theological bias in dealing with them.

III

The memorial statue recently unveiled in Peoria is said to represent Colonel Ingersoll in a favorite speaking attitude, with

shoulders thrown back and arms akimbo. Upon purely æsthetic grounds this design may seem open to criticism; but as characterizing Ingersoll the theological thinker and lecturer, it is as happy as the biographical ideals and the literary style of Mr. Kittredge. Ingersoll's attitude toward those religious experiences, beliefs and ideas which were among the most sacred possessions of millions of his fellows was precisely that of a man with his thumbs in his trousers' pockets, or in the arm-holes of his waistcoat.

It is a well-recognized fact that a man may so insist upon his independence as to become a sort of slave to it; he may so antagonize an opponent as to feel lost and undone without the companionship of the controversy; and he may so inveigh against dogma as to turn dogmatist himself. Something of this experience Ingersoll tasted in his theological career. He emphasized what he called "freedom of thought" in such a fashion as practically to deny to his fellows any right to treat religion constructively. He chose to identify Christianity and the Church with a few exaggerated crudities of belief or practice; and when it became evident that these were yielding to the general progress of thought within the Church quite as much as to any assaults from without, it began to seem to Ingersoll himself as though his occupation were gone. There is a half-wistful note in his remark to a friend: "There is but little left for me to do. Jehovah is with Jove. The fires of hell have been extinguished." It does not seem to have occurred to him that the Jehovah whom he pictured was not the Christian's God; and that the hell in whose imagined flame and torture he used to revel so had ceased long before his day to be presented to intelligent congregations except as a symbol of the inevitable truth that the wages of sin is death. He was bitter against dogma; and the dogmatic temper in the cant sense which the word has come to assume has done so much mischief to religion as doubtless to deserve his invective; but invective, especially when it assumes the forms of scorn and derision, is a treacherous antidote wonderfully apt to infect the physician; and in Ingersoll's case the inoculation was pretty complete. His "Monism" was a scholastic thing taking account of only a portion of human experience; yet the man who did not accept it was likely to be consigned by him to the outer

darkness of contempt. His definition of a miracle was authoritatively announced to be "the only honest definition of a miracle." And if this be not dogmatic enough, let us hear Mr. Kittredge's wholesale excommunication of Christianity: "If there be those who still believe in the existence of a legitimate Christianity. . . they will find that Ingersoll, the supreme general in controversial warfare, touched with 'withering fire' every inch of the enemy's field; every inch of the vast Christian edifice, from the shattered and crumbling foundation-stones to the tarnished and toppling dome; every point 'essential' or otherwise; every so-called 'fundamental truth'; every particle of 'evidence'; absolutely everything connected with the Christian system. . . . from its barbaric and idiotic cosmogony to its unthinkable heaven." No papal bull could be more definitive than this; no council could speak with more of the air of authority.

It only remains, apparently, for Mr. Kittredge to administer his pinch of snuff that Christendom, sneezing, may know its head is off. But there's the rub. It is so easy to dismiss religion from the circle of our rational interests; it is so hard to make it go and stay: it is so easy to wound faith to the death; it is so difficult to make it really die: that the lot of a man like Ingersoll seems almost unduly hard. Nowhere else except upon the field where he fought is it necessary so many times to slay the slain. To no one than to the apostle of universal scepticism does the lot of ultimate disappointment more surely come. The twelve volumes of Ingersoll's speeches, lectures and "prose-poems" will have their day. They will be bought and read by the faithful. The cadences of their lush sentiment will make one man wonder, another smile, and lull a third to sleep. The statue in Peoria's park will doubtless endure through many generations. It will gaze out upon a changed and changing world, shoulders thrown back and arms akimbo; and it will see unless all signs fail, even as it sees to-day, men and women whose hearts still cry out for the living God; it will see them trusting in and having recourse to a Spirit which informs and gives significance to the Universe as the soul informs and gives significance to man's mortal body. It will see places of worship still standing and resorted to; it will hear a gospel of love, forgive-

ness, and mutual service preached; it will discover that the Spirit of Christ is still abroad and that through the impulse of it hospitals are being maintained, missionaries of light and health sent out into the world, and a sense of responsibility for one another awake among men to keep them restless under injustice and to make them zealous of true brotherhood.

If any one ask why this man's words should so often sound like a vain echo to-day; why, before he died, his occupation seemed in one sense to be so nearly gone; and why his influence—which he unquestionably meant to be good—should have proved in general to be destructive and in some individual cases to be distinctly mischievous, an answer can be framed in one or two paragraphs that shall be free from either vituperation or contempt.

In the first place he was too much the creature of a half century which made more discoveries in the realm of natural science than it could digest. One of his lectures is called *Why I am an Agnostic*; and "The Great Agnostic" is the title which his biographer loves best to apply to him. The word is legitimate enough; but it is too small and negative a word to measure a thinking man by; far too small a name for a sect which claims to be scientific in its membership or its ambition. For the true agnostic is a man who suffers what he does know to be put to confusion and often to be brought into contempt by what he does not know. All negative words are enfeebling when they become names. The anti-slavery party had to become positive and federal before it could wage a great civil war. A Protestant Church must become more than merely protestant before it can accomplish its purpose in the world. And while "agnostic" may justify itself among the cant phrases of a day, it can never characterize the really scientific progress and result of a century. Ingersoll was probably right in assuming the name for himself. He found much moribund matter in that field of systematic thought upon religion which we call theology. He saw that claims were often made which could not be substantiated; and non-essentials emphasized to the exclusion of essentials. His task of spreading doubt and denial was easy. It was equally easy to descant upon the extent of our ignorance here as

elsewhere in the realm of experience; and he essayed the task with such zest as to produce an almost wholly negative result. Faith, to his disciples, seemed synonymous with superstition. Religion was the invention of priests. The Bible was merely a stumbling block in the path of progress. In short, since there were so many questions in the fields of religion that could not be fully answered and so many others that had been answered wrong, he would have men abandon them for the future, and look back upon them, not with regret, but rather with reprobation and contempt.

Here lay a second reason why his influence was so largely that of a rhetorician rather than of a leader and inspirer of men. He was a half-hearted and inconsistent evolutionist, but partly true to the very philosophy which he professed. Of all men the evolutionist should have an historic sense and feel most keenly what Tennyson once called the "Passion of the Past." Since out of the past the present has grown and in its soil the roots of contemporary experience are nourished, it is the part of the scientific believer to deal reverently with it. This Ingersoll could not do. Out of the plenitude of his adjectives he loved to choose words like "base" or "ignoble" to characterize the past; and we scarcely wonder when we realize the limitations of his historic sense. In a highly wrought passage he used to picture his vision of the past: "I see a world at war—the lovers of God are the haters of men. I see dungeons filled with the noblest and the best. I see exiles, wanderers, outcasts—millions of martyrs, widows, and orphans. . . . I see a world beneath the feet of priests; Liberty in chains; every virtue a crime, every crime a virtue; . . . intelligence despised, stupidity sainted, hypocrisy crowned; and bending above the poor earth, religion's night without a star."

Professor J. Arthur Thomson in a recent scientific article has remarked that "about the middle of the nineteenth century there was a remarkable mechanistic boom." Ingersoll, like a multitude of better informed men, fell a willing victim to the promoters of this boom. He was so sure that physics and chemistry accounted for everything, that he seemed prepared to excommunicate from the congregation of intelligent men all who

did not assent to a physico-chemical theory of the universe, with the men and women in it. Standing in the brilliant circle of the new electric light he looked back and saw "religion's night without a star." It never seemed to occur to him that possibly the light, in spite of its vast usefulness, could obscure some things while it illuminated others; and that time was needed to see even the wonders of latter-day Science in true perspective. Hence he suffered from that type of narrowness which is the nemesis of those who boast of their breadth of mind and liberality. He judged the past by its worst rather than by its best. He measured religion by its accidents rather than its essence. He might have attended the services of "orthodox" churches for the thirty years previous to his death and never heard a sermon upon "hell-fire"; or turned over volume after volume of published sermons and never found one. He might have heard, on the other hand, multitudes of devout and faithful men instructing their congregations in the fundamental principles of right-living before God and with their fellows—the principles of honest dealing, patience, loving-kindness, reparation for wrongdoing, and the control of passion; and also of joy in a world which was God's world, and of the obligation to understand it better. It is true that this instruction was always partial and sometimes faulty, since the men who gave it were very human. But it all came to this—that there was a place in every man's life for reverence and the spirit of teachableness—a place where he could best interpret his manhood upon his knees—and that there was an equal call for him to stand upon his feet, a free man, confident in his ability to go forward along paths of service and progress. Yet of this side of Christian teaching Colonel Ingersoll seemed wholly oblivious; as well as of the passion with which vast multitudes of his fellows cherished a belief in some divine plan for their own lives and in a continuity of experience which would finally justify the vicissitudes of their earthly careers and which death could not put to confusion. He must fail to exert the lasting influence which he coveted because sometimes explicitly, more often by implication, he denied the element of purpose in life; and men will not suffer their lives to be put to intellectual confusion in this way. His sympathy re-

sponded readily to many human appeals; his intelligence penetrated quickly into the upper reaches of man's experience; but sympathy and intelligence combined failed to acquaint him with the truth which a great contemporary felt and voiced in saying: "Low grades of being want low objects; but the want of man is God."

FACTORS IN THE REMAKING OF COUNTRY LIFE

E. E. MILLER

I

MUCH is said and written these days about "the progress of agriculture," about "what science is doing for the farmer" and so on, so that it is scant wonder if many people have formed very exaggerated ideas about the actual results of scientific investigation and the teaching of better methods of farming. What American agriculture would have been to-day without the help given the "practical" farmers by patient investigators and enthusiastic teachers can, of course, be only a matter of conjecture. The fact is, however, that all the new knowledge that the investigators have acquired, that the teachers have proclaimed, and that the farmers have put into practice, has just about enabled the farmer to hold his own. All the progress in seed breeding, in methods of cultivation, in knowledge of fertilization, has scarcely equalled the decrease in soil fertility. Let him who doubts this look at the following figures:

Average Production per Acre by Ten-year Periods.

Crop	1866-1875	1876-1885	1886-1895	1896-1905	1906-1910
Corn, bus.	26.1	25.5	23.4	25.2	26.9
Wheat, bus.	11.9	12.3	12.7	13.5	14.6
Cotton, lbs.	176.4	171.4	175.9	182.6	180.5
Oats, bus.	28.1	27.6	25.6	25.6	28.5
Hay, tons	1.22	1.25	1.18	1.44	1.41
Potatoes, bus.	92.9	81.2	73.2	84.4	96.9

This record of forty-five years shows just how little has really been accomplished.

This is not saying that the research and investigations and propagandas of the scientist and the teacher have not been worth while, for they most emphatically have. The average farmer of to-day may raise no larger crops than the farmer of

forty or fifty years ago, but he is a better farmer. The reason his crops have not increased is to be found largely in the farming methods of preceding generations. These methods were such as tended to make the soil poorer instead of richer. Soil depletion has been steadily practised by American farmers since the days when tobacco was first planted at Jamestown or corn at Plymouth Bay. The bulk of the farming lands to-day is probably getting less rather than more productive. Certain it is, that to make the crops of to-day requires a much greater expenditure for commercial fertilizers proportionally than was necessary to make the crops of fifty or forty or twenty years ago. American farmers have been a race of persistent soil robbers.

Probably the same charge could justly be brought against any race of farmers in the world's history. No agricultural country has ever built up the fertility of its soils through a long term of years. Except for a few specially favored regions like the Valley of the Nile, the tendency has been toward depletion. England and France and Belgium and Germany now make average yields of the principal crops which make the American averages look small indeed; but three or four centuries ago—when those countries were truly agricultural—their yields were much smaller, according to the available information, than are those of this country to-day. In fact, it has been almost a literal impossibility for any extended section of farming country in any long term of years to keep its soils from getting poorer. Even with the best of farming there will be removed from the soil more than is replaced in it. This draft must be met in one of two ways: Either foodstuffs for men or feeds for animals must be brought in from abroad, or commercial fertilizers must be used. England and France and Belgium have imported foodstuffs and feedstuffs in the last century or so and have thus increased the productivity of their soils. The United States has all along been an exporter of both foods and feeds. The use of commercial fertilizers in large quantities is of comparatively recent development, and has in many cases been extravagant and unwise; but they have saved the day. The time, of which some farmers dream, when the use of these fertilizers can be dispensed

with, will never come. On the contrary, their use is bound to increase. The Illinois or Iowa or Nebraska farmer, if he keeps on selling corn and wheat, or even steers and hogs, will sooner or later have to buy phosphorus in some form or see his land go down below the point where it will pay to tend it. A country, a State, a farm from which the products of the farm are shipped must either draw upon some outside source of fertility, or become less productive.

The consciousness of this fact is just now reaching the great mass of American farmers. It is probable that the great majority still realizes it dimly, if at all. But steadily the conviction that "it is time to stop making poor land" spreads and deepens. And this is the first great factor in the remaking of American rural life. Whenever the farmer can be filled with the thought that it is not only unprofitable, but positively wrong, for him—for anyone—to "wear-out" land, to let it wash away or become lifeless and unproductive through bad handling, the dawn of the new day in agriculture is at hand, and the dawn of the new day for the agriculturist.

Of course, the mere use of commercial fertilizers will not keep a soil productive. The restoration of plant food to the soil is of no more—if of as much—importance than is the care of its mechanical conditions, and the most expensive of the needed plant foods—nitrogen—can be obtained much more economically through the growing of legumes than through the use of fertilizers. The cotton-growing South shows what will result from dependence upon commercial fertilizers alone to keep the soil fertile.

Indeed, the care of the land is about the most complicated as well as the most important of the farmer's problems. The scientist can give him a formula for killing insects or curing diseases; but no formula will insure an increasingly productive soil. There need be no fear that when the farmer "gets down to business" in his work of soil rebuilding he will fail to profit by the teachings of science along other lines of his work. The value of the scientists' work has been too amply demonstrated for even the conservative farmer to fail to profit by it. The soil-improving farmer will be a "scientific" farmer.

II

In the remaking of country life, it must not be supposed, however, that the increase of the farmer's productive capacity is all that is needed. Better soils, better seeds, better livestock, better methods, more efficient machinery—all these will add to the farmer's ability to produce and to his income and independence, but there is another factor in the remaking of rural life to which altogether too little attention has been given. The farmer is not only going to get more out of his dealings with the soil; he will get more out of his dealings with other men.

It has not been so long since the newspapers were making much of the facts that Western farmers were becoming large buyers of pianos, automobiles, Persian rugs, and other things generally regarded as belonging specially to city folks. To one not used to things as they are, it might seem strange that it should be thought more remarkable for farmers to have these things than for merchants or bankers or manufacturers. Surely the farmer has worked as hard, served his fellow-men as well, done as much to deserve the good things of life as has any other business man. Yet the fact remains that he does not get them in the same degree. The percentage of farmers who are able to buy luxuries of any kind is small indeed.

To put it plainly, the farmer has not had a square deal, and he is coming to realize it, just as he is coming to realize the folly of depleting his soil. The middlemen who handle his products too often get more out of them than does the farmer who produced them. Less than 50 per cent. of the consumer's money to the producer is not a sound basis for business to rest upon. The making of fortunes from speculation in cotton or wheat or corn which has yielded the grower only the scantiest profit, is not in accordance with either justice or economics. An almost complete monopolization by a very few men of the facilities for delivering the products of the cattle ranch or the hog farm to the eaters of beef and bacon—one of these men possibly making more money in a year than a thousand of the farmers whose products he handled—cannot be expected to remain a permanent condition.

The farmer is not only going to do better work; he is going to get more for it. It would be hard to say to which of these two matters the farmer of to-day is giving more thought, but there can be no question that he is giving the latter serious consideration.

Two ways of getting a fairer part of his earnings present themselves just now to the American farmer's mind:—one is a more business-like selling of his products; the other is political action to remedy what he feels are existing discriminations against him.

The marketing of their products by an organization of farmers instead of by the different individuals, and the selling of goods direct to the consumer, or to the man next to the consumer, are steadily increasing factors in the world of commerce. Admittedly, only a few products from a few localities are now successfully handled this way, and many failures of coöperative marketing associations are to be reported; but there is year by year a substantial gain, and the number of farmers interested in these better methods continually increases. The wild-eyed plans for an organization of all farmers to fix a minimum price on everything; the impracticable schemes of those who would have the State enter into the warehousing business—these and other such projects may be important only as showing the deepening belief of the farmers that they have been selling at a loss; but underneath this froth of impracticability and exaggerated class appeal rises the slow tide of settled conviction that a change of method is essential and that a calm, determined effort must be made to eliminate unnecessary intermediaries and intermediate “rake-offs” in the marketing of farm products.

The farmer ten or twenty years from now will have much more to say about the price of what he has himself produced than has the farmer of to-day, and he will get a larger share of what his products bring. Better methods of marketing, the elimination of unnecessary middlemen, the decline of injurious speculation in farm products will not, however, give the farmer all that he feels himself entitled to in his dealings with other men, individually or in mass. The farmer at present is politically insurgent. He has come to the conclusion that his interests

have been neglected in the making and enforcing of laws because other classes have been in closer touch with the law-making bodies. All American farmers, of course, do not believe in the initiative and referendum, the recall, compulsory primaries and all the other measures which enable them to put their hands directly upon the law-making machinery; but the man who takes a look at the agricultural States and notes the progress they are making along this line must admit that a great and increasing number of farmers certainly do want these things. They want them, not because they are reckless experimenters or because they have lost their reverence for the constitution and the men who made it, but because they believe that there are governmental abuses which need correction and that, since this is their business, they might as well attend to it themselves. Farmers, as a class, are not concerned in "trust busting" because they are envious of magnates or fearful of capital; but they do object to having a Tobacco Trust rob them, or to seeing a Sugar Trust rob the Government while it grows fat on Government protection. The farmer knows that the railroad is necessary to his prosperity; but to his mind, this does not excuse exorbitant or discriminating rates. The charge that the insurgent farmer is merely envious of those with more money than he, is a foolish one, by whomsoever made. The farmer's demand for various reforms—and he is demanding reforms, even if as yet in many sections with little unanimity of opinion—may be right or wrong; but it is founded on a conviction, steadily becoming deeper, that he is about the last man to be considered when it comes to the making of his country's laws.

He sees the rural mail carrier go by with a load of twenty-five pounds. Yet if he wishes to send a pound of butter to town he must pay sixteen cents for a four-cent service. Then the statesmen prate about the deficit caused by the rural free delivery, as if he were a pauper on the nation's bounty, while they deny him a parcels post for fear he will buy goods cheaper somewhere else and thus do less trading with his local merchants. Is it to be wondered at that he believes the merchant's welfare is deemed of more importance than his? Will any of the men who oppose his wishes on this point deny it?

North-western farmers are demanding tariff reform—in limited quantities as yet. The demand cannot but increase in intensity and in extent. Let any man palliate it as he may, it is hard for the man who knows the farmers, or who studies statistics, really to believe that they have had their share of the wealth they have produced.

They are going to have a larger share. The things they are now fighting for may not bring it; but they are in earnest in their demand, and have justice on their side. They will do nothing to endanger the stability of government, the welfare of other men, or the security of property; but until there is a more equitable distribution of the profits of human labor in this land of ours, they will continue to be business agitators and political insurrectionists.

III

A third factor in the remaking of farm life, and one as important as greater earning capacity or juster methods of distribution, is the farmer's increasing desire for a better standard of living. * A rural community in which the farmhouses are equipped with home waterworks, with modern labor-saving kitchen utensils, with vacuum cleaners; in which telephones are common, and firm dry roads, and rubber-tired buggies and automobiles, is bound to be a very different, and a much better place to live in, than one in which the household tasks are done in the old hard way, in which the farmer's family has to stay at home a large part of the year because of poor transportation facilities and bad roads, and in which neighborliness may not thrive as it should simply because it is hard to be neighborly. The man who installs a system of home waterworks, thus saving his wife and daughters the labor of carrying water from the spring or drawing it from the well, and also making it possible for any member of the family to take a bath with ease and in comfort, is remaking country life just as truly as is the scientist who breeds up a variety of corn to greater productivity. The man who by example shows his neighbors how a farm home can be made

beautiful by the tasteful planting of everyday grass and trees and shrubbery, thus transforming bleakness or squalor into beauty and freshness, is as surely helping to revolutionize the ideals and the practices of country dwellers as is the man who organizes a coöperative marketing association.

Farm folk are becoming not only more efficient and more aggressive, but also more æsthetic, more fond of the good things of life, more appreciative of comfort and convenience, beauty and culture. The progress along this line is not less marked than along the others mentioned. The farmer of the future, and his wife, will belong to clubs, will read good books and see good pictures and hear good music, will have homes of comfort and beauty, and will leave home in a style and with a facility almost beyond the dreams of the majority of the generation now passing. The recent purchases of automobiles, fine furniture and other such luxuries by farmers have probably been due as much to this new conception of the right way to live as to the increase in bank accounts and surplus cash.

This does not mean that farmers are becoming spendthrifts, or that they are going to lose the virtues of industry and frugality and neglect the welfare of farm and home to attend society meetings and go joy-riding. They are only realizing, in increasing numbers and to a greater extent, that modern conveniences and comforts are within their reach and that it pays to have these things. The woman who must draw water for family use out of a forty-foot well with a bucket tied to the end of a rope, or with a creaking wooden windlass, soon wastes enough time and labor to pay for a gasoline engine which will pump the water and do a hundred other such jobs. A telephone will cost perhaps \$1.50 a month and may save as much by obviating one trip to town, to say nothing of the loneliness and feeling of isolation it prevents. A poor road really costs the farmer more than the taxes levied on him to build a new one, and he is beginning to realize it. If the women of the community give two or three hours each week to a school betterment association or neighborhood improvement league, they not only get recreation and broaden their outlook on life, but also find that with a better school and more attractive home surroundings the children

are more content to stay at home and the farms in the neighborhood are worth more money.

In short, to make the farm more beautiful, and farm life easier and more satisfying, is just as important as to make the farmer's work more fruitful or his profits more certain.

Slowly, but surely, the farmers are realizing that they can do all these things,—that they can, by better care of their land and better methods of farming, greatly increase their earning power; that they can, by business coöperation and independent political action, secure a fairer share of the profits from what they produce, and that they can live more comfortably, amid more beautiful surroundings and keep in closer touch with the progress of the world's thought and activity. These three developments must inevitably remake the rural life of America, and bring to it an independence, a dignity, and a charm beyond anything farm life has ever known.

Each of these movements is yet in its childhood, and in some sections all seem as yet to be strangers; but all are growing in strength and promise and they must go forward to the consummation of their great work side by side and hand in hand.

PRESENT-DAY ASPECTS OF CREMATION

ALBERT HARDY

QUIETLY, but steadily and surely, like the undercurrent of a great river, the modern cremation movement has slowly gathered force, since its rise at Washington, Pennsylvania, in 1876, until to-day there are modern and model working crematories in nearly half the States of the Union. Since 1882 more than half a hundred crematories have been established throughout Great Britain and Europe. Canada has one at Montreal. But, like the river, the reform has been beneath the surface.

There have been few champions of cremation brave enough to take up verbal battle-axe and hew down the high wall of almost universal prejudice that had for centuries stood in the path of human progress and individualism. During the past quarter of a century and more, the honest advocate of cremation has had much with which to contend. Objections have been raised on every hand; his way to reform has been beset by prejudice, legislation, fanaticism. But to-day he has the satisfaction of knowing he has surmounted them all. Cremation is no longer an experiment; it is a firmly-established institution.

While the editors have, as a rule, been in sympathy with the reform movement, as have scholars, scientists and thinkers from all fields of life, surprisingly little has appeared in the public press in support of the cause. Considering the importance of cremation—its hygienic, economic and practical bearing on everyday life—the dense ignorance shown by many regarding the *modus operandi* of incineration is something almost beyond belief. The idea still remains firmly implanted in many minds that the modern scientifically constructed crematory is a sort of funeral pyre, not unlike the huge pile of fagots employed by the ancients for the incineration of their dead.

The only arguments I have ever heard advanced by anti-cremationists are: because earth-burial has been in practice by Christian nations for so many centuries, custom has made it right, while cremation, being an innovation, is wrong; that the

rapid destruction of the human body, by incineration—the “dese-cration of God’s holy temple”—instead of the slow process of inhumation, is idolatrous because it was practised by idolatrous nations; that it destroys all evidence of crime in cases where murder by poison has been committed; that, in some mysterious way, which the objectors themselves cannot explain, when the body is consumed by heat, not flame—that never comes in contact with the body during incineration—the soul is at the same time destroyed.

Reversing the shield, comes the cremationist, who puts forward the arguments that cremation is the only hygienic, sanitary, cleanly and economic method of disposing of our dead; that earth-burial pollutes the ground in which the body is laid, this applying especially in cases of contagious diseases, sowing the seed of contagion and spreading it broadcast. He seeks to prove by mathematical computation that our rapidly filling burial grounds will, in course of time, and in no great period of time, spread to such an alarming extent, especially where they are in close proximity to large cities, that our cemeteries will grow to be literal “Cities of the Dead,” to the exclusion of the quick; that instead of being un-Christian or sacrilegious, cremation has a deep spiritual and poetic significance; that pure flame is preferable to damp earth; that by cremation all the horrors of earth-burial are avoided; that instead of endangering one’s immortal soul, it is, to quote Dean Hodges, of the Episcopal Theological School at Cambridge, “in accordance with true religion, especially in two particulars—it agrees with the right idea of the resurrection of the body and it symbolizes the supremacy of the soul.” Cremation as practised to-day, argue its advocates, is not a turning back to the crude and often insanitary methods of cremation adopted by the ancients, but the modern scientific application of a time-tested custom.

One writer on the subject puts it thus emphatically: “Our cemeteries, indeed, exemplify the law of nature that causes trees to produce fruit after their kind. They are really vast storehouses and nurseries of disease, and as the magnet attracts the oar, so they, like loadstones, draw the living to eternal companionship with the dead.” Again, in the words of the

English Bishop of Manchester: "I hold that the earth was not made for the dead, but for the living."

Considered from an economic viewpoint, cremation may, at any crematorium, cost far less than the old form of burial, there being no necessity for a burial-plot, grave-digging, elaborate casket or monument. A cenotaph in memory of a departed loved one may be erected in one place as well as another. On the other hand, the casket and all that appertains to it may be, if one so desires, as rich and costly with cremation as with earth burial. But in some way the simpler and less elaborate display seems more in keeping with the dignity of cremation.

King George of England, the Kaiser of Germany, King Gustave of Sweden, Queen Wilhelmina of Holland, all advocate cremation, but in these countries, where custom continues to rule when it comes to "the burial of kings," it would indeed require a miracle in the progress of the cremation movement did the loyal subjects of these monarchs tolerate so great an innovation as incineration. Here custom overrules reason and sanitary laws. For obvious reasons the rulers of the Catholic countries of Europe do not favor cremation.

As the exact attitude of the Catholic church toward cremation may not be fully understood, I quote the Rev. Fr. William Devlin, S.J., of Woodstock College, Maryland, a recognized Catholic authority on the subject. "There is nothing directly opposed to any dogma of the Church, in the practice of cremation," he says, "and if ever the leaders of the sinister movement so far control the government of the world as to make this custom universal, it would not be a lapse of the faith confided in her were she obliged to conform."

In epitome, the Church emphatically forbids cremation, yet, as may readily be seen, our Catholic friends have followed the handwriting on the wall and look apprehensively forward to the time when cremation may come to be compulsory, or when war or pestilence—as in other periods of the world's history—renders it necessary.

The Rev. Dr. Bucellatti, a professor of theology at the University of Pavia, one of the most learned Catholic ecclesiastics of Italy, had the courage and independence, a few years ago, to

say: "As a reasoning Catholic, free from any prejudice, I do not hesitate for a moment to declare openly that cremation . . . is not inconsistent with the teachings of religion."

At one time the late Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, a churchman noted alike for his learning and his wit, was interviewed by the writer. "My son," said the venerable prelate, sternly, but not unkindly, "cremation is a topic we Catholics never discuss."

If uncertainty as to the disposition of the souls of her departed dead is to-day the obstacle which bars cremation from discussion by Catholics, certainly it was not so in early times, when the Fathers of the Church compiled her magnificent ritual. In the Litany of the Saints now, as then, is repeated at every mass when the Litany is used: "All ye holy Innocents . . . All ye holy Martyrs . . . All ye holy Bishops and Confessors . . . Doctors, Priests and Levites, Monks, Hermits, Virgins and Widows . . . All ye holy Saints of God: Make intercession for us."

In any of the Catholic lives of the saints and martyrs of the early Church one may read of those who sacrificed themselves for their faith and were burned at the stake. Certain it is, according to Catholic belief, incineration in these instances did not debar the faithful from the joys of Paradise. There is, too, the solemn and noble *Te Deum*, attributed to St. Ambrose in the sixth century, used as frequently in the service of the Church of England as the Church of Rome, with the stately line: "*Te Martyrorum candidatus gaudat exercitus.*"

From a Protestant point of view, I again quote Dean Hodges: "If the burning of the body has any malign spiritual meaning, what shall be said of the choicest of the Saints, of the holy men and women who have died for love of God at martyrs' stakes?" And Canon Liddon, of the English Church: "The resurrection of the body from its ashes is not a greater miracle than the resurrection of an unburnt body; each must be purely miraculous."

The practice of cremation is contrary to Jewish law, inasmuch as that law, with rare exceptions, prohibits the mutilation of a corpse. The Rev. Fr. Devlin makes the following state-

ment in his article on cremation mentioned before: "History reveals no trace of incineration among the Jewish people, except in extraordinary circumstances of war or pestilence."

I read in Genesis xviii:2, God's command to Abraham: "Take now thy son, thine only son, Isaac, whom thou lovest . . . and offer him for a burnt offering." Also in Genesis xviii:9: "And Abraham built an altar there, and laid the wood in order, and bound Isaac, his son, and laid him on the altar upon the wood."

It was the opinion of Dr. Le Moyne, the pioneer of cremation in America, that the first authenticated case of incineration in the world's history was the proposed cremation of Isaac, and although the burning was not consummated, yet it was fully authorized by the Deity. Dr. Le Moyne went further, so great was his belief in the sacredness of his mission, arguing that cremationists stand in the shadow of the Lord, and that anyone who opposes them commits a sacrilege. In his enthusiasm the good doctor carried his point to an extreme, but he was as sincere as he was enthusiastic; he accomplished so much toward promoting the cause, both here and abroad, that his exaggerated view may well be overlooked.

In the earliest history of the Jews we find the penalty for unchastity, not only for their women, but for their men, was burning. "And Judah said, bring her forth and let her be burnt." Genesis xxxviii:24. In Leviticus xx:14: "And they shall be burnt with fire, both he and they." Also in the same book, xxi:9: "She shall be burnt with fire."

History tells us that during the time cremation was practised in Rome, during the Empire, the garments of mourning were white; but when incineration was displaced by inhumation, the raiment of the bereaved became black, sombre as death itself. Dr. Erichsen makes a point of this in his excellent work, *The Cremation of the Dead*. He fails, however, to note the significant fact that history repeats itself, that in our day, since cremation is slowly coming to be the "fashion," our mourners are no longer swathed in unbecoming and unhealthy black crêpe, nor is it the fashion for our women to wear what was once denominated "widow's weeds."

Instead, if black is used—there is, according to fashion's mandate, a more marked tendency each year toward the adoption of white—it is of a less sombre material and the period during which it is worn is much shorter than of old.

The cinerary urn—a relic of paganism, if you will—the final resting place of the incinerated body, may, under proper treatment at the hands of potter and decorator, reach a high degree of art, grace and beauty. It is as old as the Egyptians, but what better or more sanitary method for the preservation of human remains has ever been discovered?

As it is with Catholic and Jew, so is it still with many Gentiles. Custom, tradition, sentiment hold them in an iron grip. They cling with tenacity to earth-burial, for no better reason than that their fathers did so before them. The idol of the father becomes the fetish of the son. They are slaves to custom and that prejudice which springs from custom. The great army of modern Progression sweeps by. They stand still. The twentieth century wonders of discovery, invention, construction, are not for them. These things were not approved of by their fathers. Earth-burial is ancient; it is honorable; it is almost as old as prehistoric man. *Esto perpetua.*

The present-day cremationist views the world from another and broader window; he considers his other arguments for cremation so conclusive that he does not deem it necessary to cite the almost countless number of well-authenticated cases of burial before death; he grasps modern inventions and improvements, applying them to cremation; he accepts scientific truths after they have been thoroughly tested and not found wanting; he sees the dawning of a new and brighter day, when cremation shall be universally practised, when there shall no longer be unsanitary and disease-breeding burial-grounds to pollute and encumber God's green earth.

PIERRE LOTI

BENJAMIN DE CASSERES

IT may be said of Pierre Loti, as of Lafcadio Hearn, that he phantomized a universe. He is the Prospero of Impressionism. His world is the baseless fabric of a vision and his adventures nothing but the insubstantial pageant of his own mind. His books are an aromatic hasheesh. His creations—*Aziyadé*, *Madame Chrysanthème*, *Ramuncho*—file by like wraiths who have a swift passion to be buried.

The difference between Pierre Loti and the modern world is the difference between the Orient and the Occident, a difference fundamental and eternal, and one that can only be settled at the Armageddon of races. The Impressionist is Oriental. The soul of Loti has its roots in India, where life is a mirage invented by Maya, the Evil One. Impressionism cages the world in the brain. Only images and sensations are real. Matter is a myth. Resistance is a legend of touch. The external universe is a superstition of the senses.

Guy de Maupassant invented a being called Horla, a creature of some unimaginable world. It absorbed into itself whatever it touched. In all of Loti's works there is a Horla. Phantasmagoria and Terror are the protagonists of all his books—and Mystery, that sense of mystery that overcomes one in Gothic glooms and tropic distances.

Read *Fantôme d'Orient*. There is no book just like it in existence. It is nightmare; it is life; it is the psychology of illusion. Loti seeks the tomb of his sweetheart in Constantinople. That is the theme, as simple as a fairy story, and as true. It is all atmosphere built up of pity, tenderness and the unreal.

Flaubert has been called the "Colossus of Ennui." Pierre Loti is Ennui itself. Like the Proserpina of Swinburne, Loti has gathered "all things mortal with cold, immortal hands." An unconquerable nostalgia for the *Néant* wells from every page he has written. For him to discover the spectre Ennui it is only necessary to rend a shadow—that is, act. He yawns behind each gesture. Pleasure is, to Loti, only the glittering scabbard

of Ennui. His thoughts are the sad, ironic dreams of the demon Ennui. All gods and demigods and humans will gray and pass through the twilight of senescence into the Nothing—except one, that reigns from everlasting to everlasting. It is Ennui.

The incurable melancholy of Pierre Loti is the purple mantle that robes his genius. He has fallen in love with the reflection of his own nothingness in the monstrous mirror of Time. The black Cup of Despair from which he has drunk has become his Holy Grail.

But it is as the supreme literary Impressionist of his time that Pierre Loti will be known to the future. He never comes into contact with things. He has never seen the real, only effigies of the real. He has not pursued "subjects," only the reflection of subjects. He does not possess things, but only the sentiment that things inspire. Images and thoughts being the very pulp of his consciousness, it follows that Loti's impressionism is Impressionism itself. The universe of sense-contact has passed through the spectrum of his mind and only color and vibration remain.

Loti's hatred of the practical and his bitter antagonism to the most practical people in the world, the English, is rooted in his metaphysical romanticism. He is the enemy of the Ugly—that is, of the real, the practical. There is a kind of mind that grows more beautiful and more delicate the closer it comes into contact with the ugly and the mean. It is the kind of mind that grows in direct contrast with its physical and economic environment. It becomes stronger through an unkernelled principle of revolt and dissent as it comes into contact with the things that tend to weaken it. In Pierre Loti there has been since his birth a continuous reaction of his personality against the age and the world he lives in. Hence, in his literary life there has been no "evolution." There is no "early Loti," no "later Loti." From his first book to *The Daughter of Heaven* the style and the implied dissent are the same. Loti cannot change. His is the Eternal Vision. Only the beautiful and the transitory have value. All else is a lie.

"Spectators of life" are in reality spectators of their own emotions. Amiel—who was the Loti of philosophy—cried that

he was doomed forever to stand motionless on the bank of Time and watch the triremes, the vikings and the galleons go by. But Amiel did not see the stream, but millions of shadows which he projected on the stream. It is so with Loti. He has foisted himself upon things. It is Loti's desert; Loti's Stamboul; Loti's Japan; Loti's Roumania; Loti's sunset; Loti's Egypt; Loti's China; Loti's Pyrenees. And they are immortal because no other being has ever seen those things in that way before. It is the miracle of isolation; a miracle worked by Théophile Gautier and Lafcadio Hearn and "faked" by the Goncourt brothers.

Pierre Loti is the Spirit of the Exotic. Whatever is foreign is poetic. Whatever is near is ugly. It is a beautiful illusion—those Blessed Isles that we call Abroad. The hunger for Elsewhere has driven Loti all over the world. To be in the place where one is not, if not physically, then mentally, that is the psychic base of the love for the exotic. Add to this the "call of the wild," the beckoning of a perpetually retreating Unknown, the perfume of impossible paradises that haunts the nostrils, and the love of adventure.

When Loti describes a "bock" that he is sipping he gives us the impression that the "bock" is ten thousand miles away. His passion for the exotic caused him to change his European attire for that of a Moslem and espouse the cause of the Crescent. All of us, some in lesser, some in greater ways, have this passion for the exotic. Some feed the craving with alcohol, others with the blasting dreams of religious mysticism. The pirate of the South Seas and the hermit of the Thebaid, Balzac dressed as a monk, Tolstoy masquerading as a moujik, Loti in Moslem attire—all are moved by the same impulse, love of the novel, the strange, the exotic, the Elsewhere. In Loti and Poe the exotic is a life-principle. In Wilde and the Goncourt brothers it is pure attitude.

The passion of distance is the original sin. Distance, psychological or real, is the mother of desire, and its unattainable horizons the cause of all pessimism. Loti is a distance-drunkard. He invents distances that were never in air or sea or firmament. He is distance-mad. The Hindu seer travelling his up-

ward Path rises from prospect to prospect with a rapt joy blazoned on his soul, indulging that passion of distance, the frenetic desire to be lost in the Infinite, to be the hub of a million perspectives. It is something of this divine intoxication which has taken possession of Loti of late years. The Infinite has petrified him and he creates like a man in a dream.

Loti is the enemy of the familiar. The average person holds fast to the limited; the boundaries of the territory in which he strolls are as clearly marked for him as the streets of his native place. He ambles through life the smiling prisoner of use and wont, chilled by the unfamiliar, a scarcely manumitted automaton of instinct. He feels well housed, safe in the concrete, in the very real walls of his mental abode, surrounded by his lares and penates, his unchanging God of Sundries back of it all.

To Loti only the spectral is real. He bears about him the air of one sent on a strange, perplexing errand, and his life, as much as his books, has been a Search. Whatever he has touched he has transfigured. He has put the glamour of dream and mystery on the most commonplace objects. Like Blake and Whitman, like every artist of the first rank, he has restored the world to the magic and wonder of the First Morning. Nautch girl or Sphinx, Jerusalem or the sea, catacomb or sunset, desert or hovel—all dissolve and become fugacious and inexplicable as they pass through the spectrum of that strange temperament.

EDITORIAL NOTES

IN less than thirty years the expenditure on our navy has increased eightfold. This has not been in accordance with a consistent plan, based on a careful analysis of conditions, and leading to a definite result. We have taken a haphazard course, building up a certain strength for uncertain purposes.

Either we require a strong navy, or we do not. If we do, the reasons should be clear and convincing, and the standard to be maintained, relative to other navies, should be settled. We have an enormous and vulnerable coastline, on two oceans. We have undertaken responsibilities in the Philippines and elsewhere. We are fortifying the Panama Canal. The Senate has just emphasized and remoulded the Monroe Doctrine. If we are to protect our coastline and be in a position to enforce respect for the senatorial resolution, we require a strong navy.

The actual strength must be measured by the strength of our probable or possible opponents. Japan, Germany, Great Britain and France are the only Powers that need be considered in this connection. Three of these Powers have expressed their willingness to enter into permanent arbitration agreements, so that every dispute, of whatever nature, should be referred to judicial settlement, and not to the crude stupidity of war. The fourth nation—Japan—would have been glad to follow the example of the others. But the Senate, in deference to Colonel Roosevelt, refused to accept this guarantee of perpetual immunity from invasion. It preferred to saddle the country with a constantly increasing naval and military expenditure, without taking steps to insure protective forces sufficient for all emergencies. He who refuses peace, threatens war; and we cannot complain if the threat is returned, sooner or later. A policy of bluster demands therefore a policy of adequate preparation.

* * *

THE Mayor of New York has been rather harshly criticised lately. This need not be regretted, though the necessity for it would not have occurred in a properly governed community,

where the citizens took the trouble to distinguish between effective and defective administration.

Mr. Gaynor is able to defend himself. He has had plenty of practice, and he possesses the very valuable gift, to a politician, of arguing without reference to the facts. Whenever any criticism has been offered, in good faith, reflecting upon his administration or the city over which he presides, he has not paused for investigation or consideration. He has instantly accused his accuser. Ingeniously, through the medium of his popular pastime of letter-writing, he has identified the critic with the abuses criticised. If anyone has objected to the vicious condition of New York, he has proved himself, *ipso facto*, a criminal in intention, if not in act. Only a vicious mind could detect or suspect vice, and "befoul the fair fame of the city." No man without the instincts of an assassin could insinuate that the murders so prevalent in New York were not perfectly normal and admirable indications of healthy activity. The slanderous and scandalous press which has wasted its own time, the time of the Mayor, and the time of the public, by drawing attention to such details as the incompetence and corruption of the police, has been justly rebuked. Steadfast, though a little querulous, the Mayor has pursued his course unwaveringly in the face of every obstacle brought forward by those who foolishly demand efficiency and decency in government. On the basis of mere negation, of refusal to recognize obvious truths, he has attempted to establish a reputation as the most successful Executive the city has known.

No one will desire to withhold from the Mayor any appreciation, however slight, that may be due to him. But it is time that the community ceased to accept querulous self-assertion as evidence of strength, and began to judge by reference to facts, and not to clever or stupid evasions or invective. What are the facts? Nothing else matters, and nothing else need be taken into consideration.

* * *

It was pointed out in THE FORUM for last March that one hundred and forty-eight murders were committed in the city during the preceding year, thirteen convictions being obtained. In other words, only one out of eleven murderers was brought to

justice, ten out of each eleven escaping. Even of the small number convicted, not one was sent to the electric chair during the period considered. It was therefore quite clear, according to Commissioner Waldo's own report, that the condition of the city was deplorable; and it was equally clear that the police, and perhaps the courts also, were culpably incompetent. This position of abnormal insecurity of life, and abnormal security of criminals, would have attracted the attention of any able and sincere man intrusted with the administration of the city; and such a man would have considered it his duty to institute a searching investigation.

* * *

THAT was the situation with regard to murder alone. Lesser crimes were abundant; the under-world flourished; and the police were duly commended by the Mayor. It would seem, therefore, that the Mayor did not read or did not believe the report of his own Commissioner, or that he considered the escape of ninety-one per cent. of the city's murderers entirely creditable to the police. In any event, it did not occur to him to institute an investigation. He merely resented the attitude of the press and the public in inquiring into the causes of this extraordinary inefficiency.

* * *

WHAT was the situation with regard to "graft"? One point alone need be taken. On every Sunday almost every saloon in the city was notoriously and obviously not closed, as the law requires. There was no question of uncertainty; the most casual observation would have brought repeated and unmistakable evidence. It seems curious that the Mayor should be the only man connected with the city who did not know the truth. If he did not know, he is the most childishly incompetent man who has ever held public office. If he did know, why did he permit the defiance of the law to continue? And why did he not ask himself who received the money that was inevitably paid by the saloon keepers for this privilege of defying the law? As he himself had previously taken steps to transfer the real supervision of the saloons to special headquarters men, it is clear that he had not implicit faith in the bribe-proof constitution of the ordinary members

of the force. He had reason to distrust the force, reason for careful and continued supervision, to insure the success of the change he had made. Yet the saloons persisted, with only a pretence of concealment, in keeping open. It would seem, therefore, that the chief effect of the Mayor's action was to concentrate the "graft" in the hands of comparatively few men, instead of diffusing it among the larger number who formerly appropriated it. If the Mayor was not able to discover this, and did not discover it, he was clearly unfit to hold his high office.

* * *

THIS, then, was the situation with regard to "grafting"; that the police were unmistakably corrupt in one instance, of general and most profitable prevalence. It did not require an exceptional mind to draw the inference that investigation might disclose corruption in other instances. It has already been shown that the inefficiency of the police had been established. They were therefore both inefficient and corrupt. If the Mayor could not draw these elementary conclusions from the evidence before him, he has strangely forgotten the habits of the days—not long remote—when he was a learned and able judge.

* * *

AT the time of the Rosenthal murder, therefore, the Mayor had no excuse whatever for not knowing that he was dealing with a corrupt and inefficient police force. But what was his attitude? He rightly deprecated mere clamor; but he did not point out that an insistent public demand for a thorough investigation is certainly *not* clamor. He attacked the dead man as a scoundrel and an outlaw, when the question at issue was not the life of the victim, but his death. He attacked various "corrupt" newspapers with their "infamous" statements. He stigmatized the request of the aldermen for a special meeting as an attempt to embarrass him in his efforts to clear up the situation. His apparent desire was to secure delay; to minimize the ominous importance of the case; to disguise the issue and persuade the public to ignore the incompetence and corruption of the police, and regard the whole affair as an attempt of

"hunted gamblers and other criminals to break down the police administration." Why did the Mayor pursue this course? He has since admitted, in the excitement following Lieutenant Becker's arrest, and with the desire to exculpate himself, that he knew of the existence of "grafting" in the police force, and had tried to eradicate it. Why, then, did he not welcome the fullest and promptest inquiry into the scandal?

* * *

It is not necessary to speak here of Commissioner Waldo personally. He may be a competent officer, unable to secure satisfactory results because of his restricted powers and lack of initiative. After the arrest of Lieutenant Becker, he assumed full responsibility for the condition of the force, and invited investigation. This was a straightforward and manly course; but no special credit attaches to it. There is no reason why a Police Commissioner should not cordially welcome a searching investigation into the condition of the force; for if he has done his duty and maintained the control and oversight that he is bound to maintain, any inquiry can only redound to his credit and strengthen his hands by discovering, perhaps, a few individuals who had still contrived to escape official detection.

But Commissioner Waldo does not enter into the case as an independent factor. It is clear from his letter to the Mayor asking whether he should suspend Lieutenant Becker, and from other indications, that he either was not allowed sufficient initiative, or was too irresolute to exercise it. He was so assisted or hampered, as he chooses to view it, by the Mayor's specific orders and general directions, that he passes to a comparatively subordinate position. If the Mayor has tried to be his own Police Commissioner, retaining in his own hands the final disposition of all questions not entering into the mere routine of the department, he must accept full responsibility for the condition of the department. If he disputes this responsibility, on what grounds can he explain his constant interference with the Commissioner's work?

* * *

IN view of these simple facts, it will not serve any useful purpose for the Mayor to continue his pretence that he is a successful administrator, with high ideals of efficiency in public departments. He himself is on his trial for incompetence; and though he will no doubt continue his policy of resenting and ridiculing legitimate public criticism, his fellow citizens have had sufficient experience to estimate the precise value of this parrot-cry. They are no longer interested in the Mayor's views of his critics, or in his denunciation of everyone who chooses to exercise the right of free discussion, without bias and without blindness. His astounding statement that the sordid Rosenthal affair was a deliberate attempt on the part of the gamblers to "break down the police department" shows that either the Mayor or the department is even weaker than had been supposed. With a strong police department and a strong administration, a section of lawless men could not dream of such fantastic schemes; and if the Mayor intended the extraordinary statement to be taken seriously, he at once admitted that his administration was as complete a failure as the public now considers it.

* * *

COMMISSIONER WALDO has apparently done all that he considered necessary to promote the efficiency of his department; and he has complained more than once of the attitude of the courts and their tendency to nullify the work of the police, especially in directing the return of gambling implements to the gamblers. The Commissioner may well have been hampered in his work by the ordinary legal requirements, accentuated by the predilection of some judges to overstrain the subtleties of the law in favor of the prisoner and to the discouragement of the police. But Mr. Waldo has made a specific and grave accusation against the courts. He is not complaining merely of the magisterial disposition to split hairs, often to the perplexity of the layman. He makes a direct charge of improper motives. "Gambling can exist," he says, "only because the gamblers can obtain what amounts to protection from the courts. Gamblers do much of the corrupt election work of the political parties, who place the judiciary on the bench." And again: "Gambling

would not be a police problem if the courts would convict a man of gambling on the same evidence as they would convict him of murder or burglary."

This is not the statement of an irresponsible and discontented citizen, unfamiliar with the conditions that he criticises. The Commissioner should speak with authority, surely, in such a matter; his statement is entitled to careful consideration; and it must be proved or disproved without delay. The counter-charge has of course been made that the police have in many cases presented unsatisfactory evidence, in order to make a conviction impossible—the accused paying handsomely for the leniency. The people will scarcely be contented with a superficial inquiry. They will do well to set their house in order, and to keep it in order. The taint of Tammany has too long vitiated public life and degraded private conduct. The laxity, the corruption, the criminality that disgrace our administrations and render nugatory the efforts even of able and conscientious administrators, can be traced to the influence of that cancerous organization. Without the example and the impunity of Tammany, there would have been no police system, dominating the city and assuming more and more aggressively a prætorian attitude; and charges of collusion between the courts and the criminals would be incredible in a community not calloused by generations of flagrant corruption and the cowardly acceptance by the public of a régime of spoliation and vice.

* * *

ONE direct question may be put to Commissioner Waldo: Can he explain the existence of the extraordinary conditions of gang-rule on the lower east side? The names of the gang-leaders have veritably been familiar as household words. Lawlessness could not possibly have been more insolently flaunted. Why have these gangs been allowed to terrorize their neighborhoods? Are the forces of (ostensibly) law and order reduced to such a state of impotence that they can only look on supinely while avowed criminals parcel out the city into "spheres of influence"; carry on their feuds in the streets; intimidate, rob, and murder? Are respectable citizens the only persons who

cannot secure protection? If the law is so framed that gang-rule is a legitimate institution—possibly this excuse will be put forward, substantially—is there no one capable of initiating legislation that will make such organized intimidation a felony, and not a pleasant and profitable occupation? And is there no one able to insist and to insure that the law shall be enforced, thoroughly and permanently? Fitful energy and spasmodic reform are useless. What we require is the habit of expecting the law to be obeyed as a matter of course, and the habit of taking very good steps to realize the expectation.

* * *

CONGRATULATIONS are due to our athletes for the high position they secured for the United States at the Olympic games. They have done excellently. But, while we have faith in the sportsmanship, as in the ability, of our representatives, it is well to draw attention to the general tendency to take mere results rather too seriously. The value of athletics is not in a few record-breaking prodigies, but in the hundreds of thousands who find health and pleasure in reasonable exercise. It is desirable to win; it is essential to try to win; but it is ridiculous to be chagrined at not winning, after a plucky effort. The game is more than the result, which may be influenced by chance; and the spirit of sportsmanship cannot recognize the feverish eagerness to win at all costs. In these days of large cities, of insufficient open spaces, and of the prestige of professionalism, far too many take their sport by deputy, and a spectacle is substituted for a game. This, of course, is largely inevitable, and need not be uselessly deprecated. But until spectators, as well as players, are habituated to a high standard of sportsmanship, there can be little true pleasure and no real profit in such exhibitions. Baseball umpires will testify that reasonable impartiality cannot always be relied upon. Yet a team, however good, has failed, if it has not taught its supporters to be sportsmen.

* * *

COLONEL ROOSEVELT acknowledged at Chicago that he was "deeply sensitive" as to the way in which the nomination had "come" to him. He has reason for sensitiveness.

The word "come" expresses the procedure perfectly. After pursuing the object of his ambition relentlessly; leaving no stone unturned to secure it; violating every tradition of public decency and private modesty; and, beaten in the contest for the regular nomination that he coveted, hastily fashioning a party for the express purpose of registering his edicts—he announced that the nomination, chased over the continent, had "come" to him. Thoughtful students will naturally be reminded of Cincinnatus responding to his country's call.

* * *

WHETHER the new party has come to stay remains, naturally, to be proved. But there can be little doubt that the whole trend of our history points to the necessity for a new force in our political life, to give expression to the new ideas that have developed inevitably with the growth of industrialism. Throughout the world the people are knocking at the doors of parliaments, and knocking down the doors of privilege. Many of their demands are inchoate; some are based upon fundamental misconceptions; some are, at the best, doubtful, and must give rise to grave misgivings; others are avowedly selfish. But capital, aristocracy, and vested interests have a record which does not entitle them to complain. Only by accepting the spirit of the new order, while rejecting its extremes and extravagances, can they hope to escape, in truth, that Armageddon which will submerge the centuries and inaugurate a new epoch.

The old parties have had their days, and their chances; and their final opportunity is now before them. They have need to remember—platitudinous though the statement may seem—that elasticity is life, rigidity death. While maintaining the basic principles of their inception, they cannot immure themselves in the nineteenth century, as in a house with closed windows and drawn blinds. They must be open to the free air and sunshine; open even to the great winds that sweep away corruption and the mustiness of stagnation. It is theirs to make "the bounds of freedom wider yet"; to justify themselves by works, not by faith alone. They cannot view with content the results

of their past indifferent efforts: so futile seems the political product of a decade or generation, so idle all the complex machinery for doing nothing worth while.

Yet within the regular Republican and Democratic organizations there is room for all the reform that the country requires and will insist upon. For what we need is not measures; not even men: but the spirit that gives value to measures and vitality to men. We can dispense with the third-term party, which comes handicapped—perhaps fatally handicapped—by the disingenuous and disquieting tactics of its versatile founder. Whether he is now sincere or not, does not matter. He has been so obviously influenced by personal pique and thwarted ambition that he cannot be accepted as the leader of any party that does not rely sheerly upon demagogic methods. To be a follower of Roosevelt is to accept the principle of dictatorship, of the *coup d'état*, of imperialism. Louis Napoleon was President of the French Republic before he became Emperor. It was a vote of the people that sanctioned the destruction of the Republic.

So, quite conceivably, a vote of the people may sanction the destruction of this Republic, though the forms and ceremonies, the outward manner and observance, would continue. No one need anticipate the crudeness of crown and sceptre. But Augustus wore no crown and ostensibly destroyed no institutions.

We cannot spare time to set up a régime which we should have to destroy; and the worst that the third-term party can achieve is to throw the election from the Electoral College, in default of the necessary majority, to the House of Representatives. This contingency should be considered, with all its implications.

* * *

THE true progressive and the true conservative are Americans before they are partisans. Let them join to give power, not to an individual, but to that voice of the people which should be irresistible. And the voice of the people will be irresistible when it represents an informed and just public opinion, unashamed of high ideals; ashamed only of the ignorance and indifference of the past. We do not want third terms or third

parties. We want the universal dominance of the true American spirit, that will insist upon being heard, and upon being obeyed. So shall we have a country where the laws are enforced rigidly and swiftly, without regard to wealth or poverty; where character counts most in public and in private life; where the standard of civic and commercial honor is high; where labor troubles are practically unknown; where freedom is real, not imaginary; where the people are the actual rulers, not mere pawns in the hands of political gamblers; where newspapers and periodicals are devoid of the sensational and the prurient; where courtesy is familiar, and life is modelled on saner and kindlier methods. For this is what is meant by, and shall result from, "Government of the people, for the people, by the people."

* * *

WILLIAM J. BURNS is rapidly developing into one of the most important figures in American life; but he owes a good deal to his country and his fellow citizens. Without incompetent Executives, venal courts, "grafting" police, "protected" criminals, corrupt politicians, and a general debased standard of public duty, he would not have received so many opportunities for showing his own competence and exceptional value. He succeeds because he has imagination, and because he does the work which he is employed to do. This is an innovation in a country where the opinion still prevails that the primary function of a public official is to defraud the public, directly or indirectly. A permanent national bureau might well be established, with Burns at its head, for the purpose of detecting and stamping out such corruption.

* * *

FOR forty years Andrew Lang was a living protest against the fallacy that in order to succeed it is necessary to be narrow-minded, or to accept a narrow range of activity. He showed that it is possible to be versatile, without being superficial. He saw no reason why the monotonous specialization of industry should be introduced into literature. He disliked politics, because he disliked opportunism. He was not deeply interested in metaphysics or physical science, though the reason sometimes

given—that his mind was too concrete for the one and too picturesque for the other—is scarcely satisfactory; the adjectives should be transposed. But, with these exceptions, his interests were catholic; he roved easily, though not casually, from salmon to totems, from literary pastorals to the Gowrie Conspiracy, from Homeric unity to psychic research. Yet his versatility did not quite justify itself. His mind tended to be episodic and staccato. The trees obscured the wood. He walked in the plains, and saw no vision from a high mountain.

When he was at Balliol, Jowett foresaw in him a great poet; but this promise was not fulfilled. Verse came too easily to him, and tended to take light and transient forms. He competed with Henley, Austin Dobson and Stevenson in the revival of the ballade, the villanelle, rondeau and sestina. Clever and delicate as many of these efforts were, he might have been more satisfactorily employed. He was happier at home on the Borders, “where Ettrick and where Teviot flow.”

Never physically strong, he did his work often with weariness, but always without vanity. He detested humbug and false sentiment; was wholesome and human. As Johnson said of Boswell, he was “longer a boy than other people.” He could desire no finer epitaph.

THE FORUM

FOR OCTOBER 1912

LORDS OF THE CITY

HELEN BULLIS

*V*OICES in-and-out of the voice of the tide
Rising slow and cold about the shores of the city;
A voice at heart of the wind that winnows the
streets,—

New-carven and desert gulfs, filled with the ancient night.

Fools, who dream that ye have builded the city,
And with solemnly foolish seals devise and bequeath it,
Fools, who dream that the Dead no longer are potent,—
We are the Builders and we are the Lords of the city!

Inch by inch have we crept through the twisted roots of the earth,
Drilling and blasting and shoring, and dying at last
The unnamable deaths of nameless men in the darkness:
Foot by foot have we lifted incredible ladders
For the mounting of men who covet the gold of the stars;
And of all the strength of our vital, vigorous bodies,
Young with the youth of the world, we have left in the sun
Only a stain on the pavement, in a half-hour faded, forgotten.

*Voices in-and-out of the voice of the tide,
Voices at heart of the ever-winnowing wind,
Murmuring endlessly on in the echoing cañons,
Voices of undulate streams of prophesying ghosts,*

Thus have our swart generations arisen and labored and
vanished,
Celt, Saxon and Slav, Mongolian, Latin and Semite,
Drawn from the ends of the earth by the secret call
Of the unhewn stone and waiting furnace and dreamed-of
tower;
Thus shall those now forgotten arise and labor and vanish,
And their memory be as the dust of the streets they have
straightened—

Only, beware of the dream that the city is his who inhabits,
Nor boast in the blindness of day that the Dead have forgotten;
We are the Builders and we are the Lords of the city!

THE SPINSTER

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

I

HERE are the orchard trees all large with fruit,
And yonder fields are golden with young grain.
In little journeys, branchward from the nest,
A mother bird, with sweet insistent cries,
Urges her young to use their untried wings.
A purring tabby, stretched upon the sward,
Shuts and expands her velvet paws in joy,
While sturdy kittens nuzzle at her breast.

O mighty Maker of the Universe,
Am I not part and parcel of Thy world,
And one with nature? Wherefore, then, in me
Must this great reproductive impulse lie
Hidden, ashamed, unnourished, and denied,
Until it starves to slow and tortuous death?

I knew the hope of springtime; like the tree
Now ripe with fruit, I budded, and then bloomed;
We laughed together, through the young May morns;
We dreamed together, through the summer moons;
Till all Thy purposes within the tree,
Were to fruition brought: Lord, Thou hast heard
The Woman in me crying for the Man;
The Mother in me crying for the Child;
And made no answer. Am I less to Thee
Than lower forms of nature, or in truth
Dost Thou hold somewhere in another realm
Full compensation and large recompense
For lonely virtue forced by fate to live
A life unnatural, in a natural world?

II

Thou who hast made for such sure purposes
The mightiest and the meanest thing that is;
Planned out the lives of insects of the air
With fine precision and consummate care;
Thou who hast taught the bee the secret power
Of carrying on love's laws 'twixt flower and flower—
Why didst Thou shape this mortal frame of mine,
If Heavenly joys alone were Thy design?
Wherefore the wonder of my woman's breast,
By lips of lover and of babe unpressed,
If spirit-children only shall reply
Unto my ever urgent mother-cry?
Why should the rose be guided to its own,
And my love-craving heart beat on alone?

III

Yet do I understand; for Thou hast made
Something more subtle than this heart of me;
A finer part of me
To be obeyed.

Albeit I am a sister to the earth,
This nature self is not the whole of me:
The deathless soul of me
Has nobler birth.

The primal woman hungers for the man;
My better self demands the mate of me;
The spirit fate of me,
Part of Thy plan.

Nature is instinct with the mother-need;
So is my heart; but ah, the child of me
Should, undefiled of me,
Spring from love's seed.

And if in barren chastity, I must
Know but in dreams that perfect choice of me,
Still will the voice of me
Proclaim God just.

DREAMS

FRANCES GREGG

I

THE LUTE

AH,—give way,—give way,—have pity!
The hand you lay upon me is too heavy with dreams.
Are there no little dreams among them
Of white flowers and clear water,
That you could dream through me?
You dream of flame;
And I quiver and grow dumb.
See, I am rent and torn with Beauty,
From your too heavy hand.
You grip my strings——
Ah,—give way,—give way,—have pity!

II

FALLOW

THE blade thro' the furrow, the blade thro' the furrow,
Over and over again.
They have slashed me and wounded,
Breaking the ground for the grain.
They have left me alone, with the gray sky above me,
Brooding, and nursing my pain.
A dull dream torments me, something forgotten,—
The thrill of the germ, a gold glory of flame;
But now I am weary and sodden and broken,—
Waiting the gift of the grain.

THE CRISIS

MURIEL RICE

DEAR, do not ask for more.
What more than friendship; the quick clasp
of hand,
Those words, when wordlessly we understand,
The smile enriched with every smile of yore?
Dear, do not ask for more.

Dear, do not ask for less.
What less than friendship; the hands free again,
The careless laughter, careless of Love's pain,
And thoughts a little wayward to confess?
Dear, do not ask for less.

And must I give thee all,
All beyond friendship; my bright years to be
Caught up in thine, a single destiny,—
Or wilt thou pass forever from my call?
Dear, must I give thee all?

BERTRAND TO TIPHAINE

DOROTHY LANDERS BEALL

O MUCH-DESIRED, thro' the willow's glooming
I stray. I come upon the moon's first blooming
Into a fragrant pearl and flower of light!
Thro' the vague hush and tenderness of night
I come, O Much-Desired!

O Delicate-Fingered, has the Woman Dawn
Taught thee her own swift touch on silvern lawn
And laggard stream and silent mountain-peak,
That on my brow and lips and blanching cheek
Thy fingers stray like light to make me speak
My soul, O Much-Desired!

O Much-Desired, as the twilight draws
Her tranquil cloudy reticence, and awes
To peace the joy of ruddy Lover-Sun
And maiden Earth, their passion-struggle done,
So thine own silence veils the pulsing heart,
The exquisite strain of mouth and mouth apart,
Till in that silence I can hear thy soul!
Love me—and leave thy world, thy heaven, the whole;
Love me, O Much-Desired!

O Much-Desired, thro' the ways of time
Pale lovers shall be singing pitiful rhyme
Beneath thy darkened window. And again,
Drawn powerfully to the world of men
Thy beautiful limbs shall die a thousand deaths,
Thy tender body draw hard human breaths,
Forever and forever, Much-Desired!
Till, by the flame of ecstasy new-fired,
Thou, thou shalt love!

O thou shalt yearn and die
The last great death of love-denial! I
Proclaim there is no worship but to give
All!—in one impulse, hope and dream and live
As now, O Much-Desired!

WOMAN AND THE STATE

ANNA GARLIN SPENCER

WHAT is the State? "The State? I am the State," declares the political despot. A few women have been despots and successfully proved that sex is not an absolute disqualification for an absolute monarchy. "The State? We are the State," declared the reigning families of Feudalism; and women were heads of these great families in the absence of the lord of the manor, and when widowed, or as spinsters, solely represented the family power. Hence, sex has been proved in many civilizations and in many eras of our own civilization no practical disqualification for aristocratic leadership in the State.

"The State? We are the State," said, for ages, the owners of landed property; and the "freehold vote," the "property vote" has often included women. Hence, sex has been proved no positive disqualification in a political order based upon lands and dollars. The State has passed or is rapidly passing from despotism, from aristocracy resting on militarism, from the control of landed proprietors and the owners of large estates, to what we call democracy based on manhood suffrage. In this process, women have lost for a while their footing in the political arena. When the eighteenth century made its plea for the rights of man, women were generally forgotten. If the rule of the State goes by blood of one reigning family, then it has proved easy to escape a Salic law and, for the sake of holding a dynasty secure, make a woman queen in default of a male heir. If the rule of the State goes by blood of several reigning families who hold the fighting strength of the people at their disposal, then it is easy to ordain that those great houses shall be represented in the councils of the nobles and have their soldiers on the fields of battle which determine the history of the State, even if a woman's hand sends the troops and wields the political power. If the rule of the State goes by rent-rolls, broad acres, and chests of gold, then it is easy to see that "the dollar should vote," no

matter whether man or woman holds it, and that the land should speak, even if a spinster or a widow is its sole heir. Now that the rule of the State goes by human quality it is not yet easy for all to see that women should rule with men in democracy.

Hélie defines the State as "the people organized into a political body." He declares it "becomes a free people, organized into a democratic State, when all the citizens can participate in the direction and examination of public affairs." As regards men, our civilization has moved rapidly in the last two hundred years toward such a State of "one man, one vote." At first white men only were full citizens, now men of all colors may be, racial distinction tending rapidly to disappear as qualification or disqualification for the electorate. As Renan, speaking of race mixtures in government, says wisely, "Ethnography is a science of rare interest, but to be free it should be without political application." The subject of still greater interest, the subject of sex, is not yet freed from political application even in the minds of most leaders of thought. When Bluntschli says, the "State as a manlike, composite person, produced by the union of men, is not merely a civil person but a moral civil person," he means only a moral civil person composed of the masculine sex alone. And, when Maurice Block declares that the "Principle of nationalities is legitimate when it tends to unite in a compact whole the scattered groups of the population, and illegitimate when it tends to divide them," he seems not to consider women as a group of human beings who should become conscious parts of that compact whole. Indeed, Paul Janet "distinguishes the family from the State," in that "the State is composed of men free and equal, but the family rests upon inequality"; from which it seems that in his view even adult woman can never emerge to a free and equal position. If Janet's theory were true, that would, of course, mean a perpetual guardianship and control of all women by all men and especially of all wives by all husbands; and yet no political expert now clearly preaches that logical outcome of the theory.

Aristotle, who defended slavery as the proper control of inferior races, found some trouble in defending the perpetual legal minority of women; and, to quote Janet again, it was in-

deed a "delicate achievement of Aristotle when he distinguished conjugal from paternal power, calling the first a republican and the second a royal power." If, however, "the family is the social unit" in the literal meaning of those words, and the phrase "universal suffrage," as the basis of a democratic State, includes only men, then the head of the family, the man, does and must exercise "royal power" not only over his children but over his wife, for he speaks for the whole family when he votes. This might pass without much question while democratic States were demonstrating merely a new mechanism of political order; but when the democratic State becomes consciously moved by social sentiment, the submergence of one-half of the race in the family order, in a sense that leaves it without political entity, becomes a source of uneasiness, both moral and intellectual.

To go no further back than our own United States history, the first legislative body in America, inaugurated at Jamestown, Virginia, in 1619, was elected by all the male inhabitants. Monarchy, nobility, landed estates and money had suddenly ceased to be a basis of the suffrage. A common manhood was fallen back upon as the one great reason for equality of rights in government. But women, at that period, were not considered human in the same sense that men were. They owned no property if married, their husbands possessed all they inherited or earned. They could not exercise the slightest contract power. They were unable to act as legal guardians for their youngest children; they had no power to protect their persons against their husbands, even in gross misuse; they must live where and how their husbands determined. Legally, they were perpetual minors. We must remember that at this period women were still under the common law in which an ancient enactment thus outlines a husband's duty: "He shall treat and govern the aforesaid A." (meaning his wife) "well and decently, and shall not inflict nor cause to be inflicted any injury upon the aforesaid A., except in so far as he may lawfully and reasonably do so in accordance with the right of a husband to correct and chastise his wife." Said Blackstone in 1763, "as the husband is to answer for her misbehavior, the law thought it reasonable to intrust him with the power of restraining his wife by domestic

chastisement in the same moderation that a man is allowed to correct his apprentices and his children, for whom the master and the parent is also liable in some cases to answer." The Civil Law as well as the Common Law gave the husband the right of corporal punishment of the wife, "a severe beating with whips or clubs for some misdemeanors; for others only a moderate correction." The husband who killed his wife committed murder, but a wife who killed her husband was believed to commit "petty treason," and could be punished in the most cruel manner as a rebel against duly constituted authority as well as a common criminal.

This family subordination, as John Stuart Mill so clearly showed, was the basis of political nonentity for women when equality of rights for men was first insisted upon. In 1797 Charles Fox said: "It has never been suggested in all the theories of the most absurd speculation that it would be advisable to extend the elective franchise to the female sex." Five years before that, however, Mary Wollstonecraft published her *Vindication of the Rights of Women*; but doubtless Charles Fox had not heard of it, or, if he had, imagined it the ravings of a lunatic. It could hardly seem otherwise when almost all women were wives, and wives were without any legal standing as human beings under the law. The effect of this legal condition upon their economic status is well illustrated by a true story related in 1856 in *The Westminster Review* as follows: "A lady whose husband had been unsuccessful in business, established herself as a milliner in Manchester. After some years of toil, she realized sufficient for the family to live upon comfortably, the husband doing nothing meanwhile. They lived for a time in easy circumstances after she gave up business; and the husband died, bequeathing all his wife's earnings to his illegitimate children. At the age of 62, she was compelled, in order to gain her bread, to return to business." The effect of this legal condition of wives upon the moral nature of men can be best understood by a pretended "chivalry" which left the "age of consent" of little girls from 7 to 10 years, and claimed for men as their right every immoral indulgence denied to women. In England no woman protested publicly against her husband's infidelity

until 1801, and not until 1857 was a special court for divorce established; all relief from the most intolerable marital conditions being, previous to that date, a luxury for the rich only. The full and logical outcome of this family tutelage was given by the Rev. John Knox-Little in Philadelphia as late as 1880 when he declared "Wifehood is the crowning glory of Womanhood; in it she is bound for all time. To her husband she owes the duty of unqualified obedience. There is no wrong which a man can do which justifies his wife for leaving him. It is her duty to subject herself to him always and no crime that he can commit can justify her lack of obedience."

As in feudalism, "Every man must have his Lord" or drop into abject poverty without place or lot in life, so, of old, every woman, as an inferior sort of human being, must have her husband or be cast adrift to hopeless disaster. The present happy time of usefulness, honor and well-paid work of the successful spinster shows clearly how far we have come from that day when, without a husband, a woman was nothing; and, having one, she had nothing else of her own. It was natural and inevitable, therefore, that woman, thus held as an inferior grade of human being, should have been forbidden at first a share in a suffrage based on humanity alone.

Says Woodrow Wilson in his useful and able textbook on *The State*: "From the ancient State, the despotic, the military, has emerged the economic, and last the democratic order, when human quality is declared the just basis of political equality." We are happy to have so fine a statement of the woman suffrage position from the man whom we all respect for his intellectual and moral power, even if he fails to make the full application.

"The Western township," to quote Woodrow Wilson again, "sprang out of the school as the New England township sprang out of the church." Women as parts of the school and the church sometimes entered the body politic when the germ centres of the modern State produced our American Republic. The only difficulty was that men were so busy getting themselves all counted that they did not remember to apply their own principles to women. And women, in the pioneer days of both

East and West, were so overburdened with drudgery at home and in the fields and with spinning, weaving and the rest, that they could not think of anything but the day's work. Besides, they were so left out of educational currents of thought and information that they could not "sense" their own rights and duties in the larger life. No one can affirm that this is now the case of women in general; and exceptional women were able and brave to apply democracy to themselves long ago.

Jamestown in 1670 restricted its suffrage to "freeholders and housekeepers," granting a "voyce only to such men as by their estates, real and personal, have interest enough to tye them to the endeavor of the publique good." This showed that full manhood suffrage was only allowed when no one as yet owned large estates; thus indicating the persistent "economic element" in political concerns. In the Plymouth Colony in 1620, all male inhabitants voted, all being alike "poor emigrants"; but in 1630 it was declared "that no man shall be admitted to this body politic but such as are members of some of the churches within the same." This shows that although all the first pilgrims came "for freedom to worship God" in their own way, very soon other motives increased the population of the colony. This religious exclusiveness kept disfranchised for thirty years three-fourths of the male population. It would probably disfranchise a much larger proportion if enforced at the present time. New Haven Colony had the same church-member clause very definitely stated, restricting "free burgesses" to church-members, who alone had the "power of transacting all public civil affairs." From 1634 onward none could vote in the Colony of Massachusetts who were not "freemen"; and the value of this freehold estate, which was the necessary basis of suffrage, was duly defined in dollars and cents in the Massachusetts charter of 1691. The electorate, therefore, had both a money basis and a church-member basis in all our Colonial life. The last survival of the religious restriction is found in the constitution of South Carolina, which, as late as 1790, allowed only "free, white men who acknowledged the being of God and believed in a future state of rewards and punishments" to vote. The distinct qualification of sex was,

however, not found in the earlier charters; and doubtless if the Pilgrim Mothers had not been so overworked and under-educated, they might have taken advantage of that fact and "got in on the ground floor" of the American Republic. Indeed, in New Jersey, the law defining the basis of the electorate read "all inhabitants," and directions were given for those "worth fifty pounds clear estate" to deposit "his" or "her" vote; and from 1691 to 1780 women in Massachusetts Colony voted under the old charter for all elective offices. When, in 1884, "manhood suffrage" in New Jersey took the place of "freehold suffrage," the women lost their vote and the Massachusetts constitution disfranchised them; thus giving another historical proof of the wavering and illogical nature of social reforms. It may be that the New Jersey and Massachusetts women were remiss in not insisting upon being retained as eligible to vote when the property qualification was given up; but the political and social changes incident to outgrowing that property qualification were so numerous and so absorbing that women doubtless forgot themselves as truly as the men forgot them. Some women were alert, however, and tried to secure their own citizenship in very early Colonial times when the ownership of estates was a necessary qualification of suffrage. Mistress Margaret Brent, in 1647, as attorney for Lord Baltimore's brother, asked for "playce and voyse" in the legislature, on the ground of her property rights, but she was denied; we must infer in fear of establishing a bad precedent. Mrs. Corbin also, a sister of Robert H. Lee, sent in her sole petition for a vote in Virginia elections in 1778. Although Condorcet, on July 3, 1790, appealed for equal citizenship for French women, all women were, for the most part, ignored in the great eighteenth century struggle for the "rights of man"; and not only in America, but wherever the demand for human rights secured enlargement of the basis of the suffrage.

The first voting privilege given to women as human beings and on the democratic suffrage basis was, as was natural, in matters connected with education, and to those women who "had no man to represent them"; as when, in Kentucky in 1838, "widows with children" were given a voice in "school suf-

frage." This limited educational ballot was extended to all women in Kansas in 1861, and each year since has marked an extension of this minimum of woman suffrage. Tax and bond suffrage has been given to women in several States, and the women of New Orleans made splendid use of it to make their city healthy in a notable struggle for drainage and sanitary measures of various sorts. Kansas, now in a campaign for full suffrage, has had municipal suffrage for women since 1887, and many women have served as high officers of municipalities in that State—over twenty women as mayors of cities. Full suffrage has been used by women in Wyoming since 1869 without causing the social fabric of the American Republic to dissolve into chaos, and with such dignity and usefulness that the following resolution was passed in 1893: "Be it resolved by the Second Legislature of the State of Wyoming; That the possession and exercise of suffrage by the women of Wyoming for the past quarter of a century has wrought no harm, and has done great good in many ways; that it has largely aided in banishing crime, pauperism, and vice from this State, and that without any violent and oppressive legislation."

It is common knowledge that six sovereign States of our Union now have women voters on the same terms as men; and that five others are at present engaged in active campaigns to wipe out sex discrimination at the ballot box; and that in every State there is going on an agitation for equality of political rights between men and women unparalleled by any other movement for a social change. It is also known, if not often remembered, by the politicians, that the largest petitions ever presented to the National Congress or to the several State legislatures have been those by women for their political enfranchisement. These petitions have been headed by the most distinguished women of the country, not alone noted for their interest in this matter, but for their devotion to the public weal and to private philanthropy and the home. It is also in evidence in the public press, the magazine and book world, that this movement for the enfranchisement of women encircles the globe. Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, as President of the International Woman Suffrage Alliance, is going around the world to meet

and help the women of every nation, even the peoples of the Orient, in this new effort to "free" sex, like ethnography, "from political application." It is too late in the day, therefore, for any student of social or political science to ignore the matter; and too late in the day for women who prefer "a lord" of their own to the justice of the body politic, and personal privilege to the social conscience, to stem the tide of the increasing humanizing of government. In 1821, a "Lady of Distinction," writing to a "Relation shortly after Marriage," urges upon her to "have the most perfect and implicit faith in the superiority of her husband's judgment and the most absolute obedience to his desires, as giving the greatest success and most entire satisfaction in her wedded life," and also "relieving her from a weight of thought that would be very painful and in no way profitable"; and now, at this late date, we have the Anti's desiring to be relieved of the political "weight of thought most painful and not profitable." A new proof, if one were needed, of the cramping effect of the past subjection of women.

The chief argument of the Anti's is that "Government is force" and women neither can nor should have force, nor exercise it. Let us quote Woodrow Wilson again: "The force which the democratic States embody is not the direct force of a dominant dynasty nor of a prevalent minority, but the force of an agreeing majority." That force of an agreeing majority is always delegated force, representatively embodied in chosen agents. It wipes out of existence all actual basing of the suffrage upon physical force. It makes its fundamental appeal to public opinion. It is easily expressed by the choice of men alone, by the choice of women alone, or by the choice of men and women. Whatever class most embodies and best expresses the major opinion of society can fitly choose such agents. The mechanism of the vote is devised expressly for the purpose of enabling "an agreeing majority" to execute its decisions without an appeal to force, physical or military, save as that is embodied in a duly constituted police. That women cannot fight therefore, or should not do so, is no more a disqualification for the suffrage than that men over a certain age or under a certain standard of physical strength should be deprived of their

vote. This would seem too obvious for argument. By proxy, and by substitute, and by representative, and by chosen officers, the forceful business of the State is now carried on. Some time, if war is not outlawed for good and all, the nations will be wise and humane enough to choose one pugilist to settle disputes instead of bearing the economic burden of standing armies, great navies and millions of idle men. Some such course will have to be pursued if the "common people" continue their present aversion to serving as food for cannon and to supporting men who stand idly ready to be such food in case of war. Sensible people cannot much longer mistake the true nature of the actual "force" of the modern democratic State.

The significance of the woman suffrage movement is twofold; it is a response to the general movement of democracy toward the individuation of all members of all previously subjected or submerged classes of society; and it is also a social response to the new demands of citizenship which have followed inevitably the new and varied increase in the functions of government.

The response to the general movement toward democracy has in less than one hundred years changed the condition of woman in the chief centres of so-called Christian civilization from that of "status" to that of "contract"; from that condition in which the married woman while her husband lived could not hold property, make a business contract, receive wages in her own right for her own work, acquire legal power over her own children, act as guardian for a minor child, her own or another's, or in any manner acquire the rights of an adult individual, under the law. During her marriage, she was, as a perpetual minor, protected in some manner against "abuse" (of which in quantity and in quality men and not women were the judges), and she had the same right to "support" commensurate with her husband's means that her children were entitled to; but she was in no sense a full "person" in the law.

It was, of course, inevitable that the doctrine of the rights of man should come at last to include the rights of woman, just as it was inevitable that the rights of white men should come at last to include the rights of black and yellow and brown men.

The great eighteenth century struggle in human progress was for the recognition of what Charles Sumner called "That equality of rights which is the first of rights." It was for a scheme and practice of political organization which should deny special privileges to any, which should secure liberty and justice in all the relations of life to all classes. Although the winning of such measure of democracy in government as we have attained does not bring in the millennium, and has not yet been applied perfectly enough even to men to measure fully its influence for good, any student of history can challenge the most pessimistic observer of American life to furnish an example of any more aristocratic form of government which has resulted in as high an average of physical, mental and moral well-being for the majority of the people as even such a partial democracy as our own. Since Abigail Adams demanded of the framers of the constitution some recognition of the rights of women in their deliberations, many have seen that there is no argument that can be framed for equality before the law for all classes of men that does not also apply with equal force to both sexes. The woman suffrage "movement," however, is only as old as the immortal Seneca Falls meeting of 1848. That was a "Woman's Rights Meeting," and only incidentally and with hesitation pledged to a demand for the ballot; its chief stress being laid upon higher education for women, better industrial conditions, more just professional opportunity for qualified women, and larger social freedom; together with a strong appeal for the legal right of adult women to have and to hold property and to secure that "contract power" that marks the legal dividing line between a responsible person and a child or an imbecile.

There are two arguments, and only two, that can possibly be brought against the application of the general principles of democracy to law-abiding and mentally competent women: one is that women are not human beings; the other, that they are a kind of human being so different from men that general principles of right and wrong proved expedient as a basis of action in the development of men do not apply to them.

Few now subscribe to the ancient belief that "women have

neither souls nor minds," but are a "delusion and a snare" invented for practical purposes of life, but not to be counted in when the real life of humanity is under consideration. Are then women of such a different sort of humanity that they do not need individual protection of the law, do not require the mental and moral discipline of freedom and personal responsibility for the development of character, are justly and fully provided for through the political arrangements of men, by men and for men, and therefore should be forcibly restrained from complete citizenship? Some, many, seem thus to believe.

The fact that women as a sex—not the favored few of a privileged class, but women as a sex—have suffered every form of exploitation at the hands of men and without redress until very recently (an incontestable and easily demonstrated fact, attested by every law book of all Christendom), is sufficient answer to that. The further fact that until women initiated and carried through a great struggle, which although bloodless and pacific on their part, lacked no element of martyrdom, no woman could learn anything but the most elementary scraps of knowledge or develop her vocational power or attain industrial opportunity of any sort commensurate with her needs, is a further proof that women's interests are not fully cared for by men. Women are not so different from men that they can be educated without a chance to go to school, or be able to protect themselves against prostitution or ignoble dependence through self-support without the legal right to earn their own living or the legal right to hold and manage their property. Women are not so different from men as to become strong in character without having the discipline of moral responsibility or to become broad-minded and socially serviceable without the opportunity to "learn by doing" the duty of a citizen. Men and women are different, but not so unlike that they can become fully developed human beings in circumstances totally different. Therefore unless you repudiate democracy altogether, you must finally include in its range all classes and both sexes.

The second element in the significance of the woman suffrage movement is the social response to the new demands of citizenship made by the new type of State which has been de-

veloped in this latter stage of human progress. The family and the Church used to take care of education; industry used to be a personal concern of domestic handicraft. Now all the functions of social order have been differentiated and started on separate and interrelated careers. The Church is not now a legal power; the school has become a function of the State; the new industrial order has necessitated legal protection of the weak and ignorant against the strong and shrewd. The State has gradually, and in these later days with astonishing celerity, taken over not only education, but charity and constructive social effort toward the common welfare. A thousand details of truly spiritual activity, which once were held solely within the sphere of domestic and religious life, are now concerns of government.

Government has ceased to be military and static, it has already become social and dynamic. As Governor Wilson says, it has large "ministrant as well as constituent functions."

What are the great functions of social service for which "human beings of the mother sex" have been held chiefly responsible since society began? The care, the nurture, the development of child life; the care of the sick, the aged and the infirm; the relief of the unfortunate; the protection and care of the defective; the general ministry of strength to weakness. These are the functions that the modern State has taken over from the home and from the Church. These are the functions the modern State *cannot perform without the direct and varied aid of women*. These are the modern State activities that make the largest army of public employees the teachers, of which ninety per cent. are women; and the next largest army, the caretakers of the sick and insane and unfortunate of every kind, of which at least three-fourths are women. "Yes," the anti-suffragist says, "women should work as subordinates for society through State employment, but they should not become a part of the political power of control and supervision." Then, if that be so, women are degraded from their ancient position in the office of personal ministry; for women, under the old régime of education, had command of the training of all the girls and all the little boys; and, under the old régime in charity, not only did the work but determined what the work should be.

Now, at last, struck with this fact, the anti-suffragist has taken the monstrously grotesque position that women should fill "appointive" positions of supervision and even of control in education and philanthropy, but should never be voted for, or vote even, on the political side of those functions. But an office like that of judge or overseer of the poor, which in one State is "appointive," may be in another State "elective." The constant tendency in the United States is for private initiative to create models in the educational and in the philanthropic field; for the appointive powers of executive officers and legislative bodies of a few States to adopt these new models as a part of the State provisions through specially appointed commissioners or boards; and for other States finally to copy the new idea through the regular channels of elective procedure. In private education and philanthropy, women are expected to bear more than their full share in support, control and activity. When the State takes over tentatively, as an experiment, some private enterprise, then, say even some of the most conservative anti-suffragists, a governor or mayor might properly take over also a selected woman or two to manage the interest of education and charity thus absorbed. When, however, the people take over the school for the blind, the custodial home for the idiot, the asylum for the insane, the children's home, the care of the poor, the establishment of the city playground, the manifold enlargements of the public-school provision for our cosmopolitan population, at what point does it become unwomanly for women to retain charge of their own special and inherited business? Where does it become improper, or useless, or unnecessary, for women to protect children and youth, and to determine the conditions surrounding their sister women in reformatories and prisons, and to secure right care for the aged and infirm and unfortunate? No living human being can find that point. Thousands of the students of the modern social order and its historical bases in more primitive social organization can prove to any unprejudiced mind that social harm has resulted whenever and wherever these new functions of charity, of education, of social control of public amusement, and of social effort toward personal welfare, have been taken over by the State from the

home and the Church and the domestic shop and factory, without taking over also some recognized power of control by wise and good women.

If, then, women are human beings and not so unlike men as to render all human experience useless in the matter of their character-development, they, too, as well as men, must be sent to school to political duty and responsibility if they are to serve rightly as mothers and teachers of potential citizens of democratic States.

If, then, the State, as can easily be proved, has taken on in modern times functions of social influence and social service in education, in charity, in protection and development of the personal life, thus undertaking the things which, from the foundation of society, have been peculiarly "woman's sphere," it is as absurd as it is unwise and socially harmful to deprive the State of the service of women in all capacities of both subordinate activity and of trained supervision and control.

A DEFENCE OF MAN

MAY SINCLAIR

IT is commonly supposed that no man really understands woman, and that no woman understands man. Genius (in the male sex) is held to be an exception. When George Meredith had the courage to draw women as he saw them, each with a brain and a conscience of her own, it was said that he drew women as God sees them. And Shakespeare is admitted to have known a thing or two about them. But genius in a woman is not considered to involve any such supernatural insight.

Genius apart, people seem to have made up their minds that the two sexes are and must ever be a mystery and an enigma to each other, and that their mutual attraction lies in this. Stripped of their mystery, presented, woman to man and man to woman, as they are, uninteresting, if not repulsive in the baldness, the ugliness, the poverty of nature's suicidal scheme, their indifference to each other would, you are to imagine, positively imperil the continuance of the race.

Brutal cynics among men have done their best to take away her mystery from woman; and woman's mystery has only grown around her more mysterious, more magical than ever. But—whether from tenderness, or from her greater care for the race—woman, until yesterday, has spared the mystery and glamour of the male.

And now we are confronted with the Woman Question, and with it comes Miss Cicely Hamilton and strips man bare.* Not the shred of a veil, not the film of a halo, not a virtue, not a grace has she left him, beyond the doubtful splendor and courage of the brute, and physical force, the power to subdue and intimidate his mate. Oh, and the power to create comfort, the genius that evolves menus and designs easy chairs. And even this poor virtue springs from his vices, for man is before all things a gossip and a glutton.

If he be indeed the pitiful thing Miss Hamilton says he is, I can see no place for him but a monastery, a modern monastery,

* *Man*, by Cicely Hamilton, *The English Review*, April, 1912.

a monastery *de luxe*, modelled on the Bath Club or the Carlton. For no woman could bring herself to mate with such a worm. Let him eat and drink, for to-morrow he dies, and Posterity with him.

Now I cannot think that things are as bad with him as all that. I have a certain knowledge of the creature. I was brought up with boys. Until I was twenty-seven (but for a few inconsiderable terms at school) I spent the greater part of my life with men, sharing largely in that open-air life which shows my sex what is best in theirs, besides being mixed up even more in those critical and intimate family relations which most infallibly reveal the worst in it. And I have observed in most of them the classic virtues of honor, tenderness and a splendid courage. It was by a man of my own generation that I was taught chivalry and charity; never to gossip, never to speak or think malignantly of any woman. And later experience has done very little violence to this impression. They were not angels, far from it, those men that I have known; and if they had been it would be ruin to my point. My point is that they were simply men, average and typically male.

I do not say that chivalry and charity, courage, tenderness and honor, are exclusively male virtues; I know that they are not. It is only that, confronted with my own experience, my own memories, I am bewildered by all this showing up of man. And I cannot but think that in her spirited onslaught Miss Hamilton has forgotten many things. Old General So-and-so, surveyed from the top of a 'bus, in his club, brooding over a menu, or snoring, mouth open, in an easy chair, may not be a heroic figure. But what if he has earned his dinner and his snooze by the hardships and appalling dangers he has faced? It is only by danger and hardship faced and endured by men that civilization and comfort have been made possible for any of us. It cannot be said that Miss Hamilton has swept the field with a comprehensive eye, that she has "ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes" to find her instances; in fact she ignores all those that tell against her case, such as firemen, and steeplejacks, and the mercantile marine.

It is not only Miss Hamilton who has shown man up. There

has been recently a perfect outbreak of revelation. First there was Sir Almroth Wright. He was out, to be sure, against Feminism; but by some logical misfortune or inadvertence it was his own sex that he contrived to give away. Woman, he informed us, will never realize her dream of working side by side with man, because man is so ungovernably an animal that his best work cannot be done within sight or sound of her. He has no virtue—no decency, no self-control that is proof against the subtly inimical suggestions of a petticoat. And other things—less distinctly stated—meannesses, vanities, pomposities, vacuities, profundities of pitiable egoism, appeared in this ultra-medical showing up of man. On the strength of it the animal himself came out from under his cover. For weeks afterward a frenzied impulse to speak out seemed to have seized upon every man you met at dinner. Revelations began with the soup and confessions with the entrée. Everywhere you went you were assured by his own once so reticent sex that man was an untamed and untamable brute, that under the immaculate whiteness and polish of his shirt-front he hid a heart of cruelty, violence and lust; that his interest in woman, though civilization compelled him to disguise its essential nature, was and could only be a physiological one; and that it would be better for women if they realized that fact at once (wherein, granting his premises, I entirely agreed).

And last of all came Mr. Laurence Housman*; on a platform, and in a speech addressed to the Women's Freedom League, he showed up man as I should imagine man had never yet on this earth been shown up before. He wiped that platform floor with him, and with the last shreds of mystery and glamour. Mr. Housman was not, of course, bringing any wholesale charge against his sex, but the mass and quality of his evidence had all the effect of it.

Now I don't for a moment contend that all this plain speaking on both sides is not good. It is good. It clears the air. It destroys prejudice. It makes in the long run for mutual understanding. I do not believe, as Miss Hamilton apparently does, that man is done for, because he has "been found out." I agree that he is being found out more and more, in the sense that he

* See *Sex Warfare*, by Laurence Housman. Published by The Women's Freedom League. 1912.

is becoming more and more comprehensible to woman. But so far from being done for, he, like woman, is only just coming into his own. The Woman Question has brought a most formidable Man Question in its train. And I believe (if *tout comprendre* is not always *tout pardonner*) man, that is to say the Race, has nothing to fear from a more perfect understanding. In the long run he can only come out purified from this fiery ordeal of women's eyes.

In the long run. But now, when you have sifted all the evidence, what do you find at the bottom of the showing-up? What does it all amount to? Simply to what most people knew perfectly well before, not that man has no virtues, but that "virtue" is not conspicuously one of them, that in matters of sex feeling and of a sex morality man (let us admit it at once) is different from and inferior to woman.

I will not say how far this difference, this inferiority is fundamental and final; how far the difference is based on a vital difference of physiological function, and the inferiority on a social tradition that has almost the force and sanction of a vital law. There is a considerable divergence of opinion on both these heads. But it would seem that, though the difference may be final because fundamental, the inferiority is by no means so. Hitherto the difference and the inferiority have been bound up together, because hitherto the social tradition has followed more or less the laws of physiological function. These demand from the one sex an endurance, a devotion, a capacity for self-immolation, which, for the ends of nature and the race, would be not only a superfluous but a suicidal tax upon the other. That only one sex should pay is nature's economy. It happens to be woman. And you are bound, on a one-sided arrangement of this sort, to get, in sexual relations, a profounder feeling, a finer moral splendor, a superior sex virtue in the sex that pays. And that, I contend against all the Feminists, is not man's fault. It is something more primordial, more fundamental, and therefore more inevitable than his lust for possession, his sense of property in woman, or the subtle allurements of chastity for the unchaste. These things may have followed from many causes in the course of ages, but they belong to the superstructure, not to

the foundation. Primordially and fundamentally the virtue of a woman is not man's, but nature's, care.

Now you cannot get behind a difference so fundamental, so primordial as this. That consecration of woman's womanhood to suffering, that fore-ordained sacrifice of her flesh, that perpetual payment in blood and tears, is no more to be altered than it is to be gainsaid. And if man is not responsible for it, neither, up to a certain point, is he responsible for the inferiority in sexual virtue that springs from the ethical inferiority of his sexual rôle. Up to a certain point that difference and inferiority is bound to be.

And that is man's tragedy. It is tragic that, in the stern economy of nature, woman's spirituality has been bought at the sacrifice of his. My friends the Feminists no doubt will tell me that the deplorable creature cannot sacrifice what he hasn't got. True—but he can perfectly well sacrifice what he might have had. He, too, has paid. He has paid with his spiritual prospects as she has with her body.

I am not sure that this indictment of man comes with a good grace from a sex that has been compelled to accept that sacrifice; a sex that not only has received the larger share of nature's stock of virtue, but that has been schooled, disciplined and tortured both by nature and by civilization into the practice of it. That sex has monopolized virtue at man's expense. He may plead in extenuation of his frailty that he is the spoiled darling of nature and that he hasn't had a chance.

It is a plea that Feminists cannot disregard. When the inferiority of woman in any branch of art or science is brought up against them, their answer is that she hasn't been so long at it as man, and that circumstances have been against her. She hasn't had a chance. And so it is with this inferiority of man in sexual morality. He hasn't been so long at it and circumstances have been against him. He has been handicapped throughout the ages. First, by this cruel economy of nature that has condemned him forever to the inferior moral rôle. Next, by the very conditions of his life. Throughout the ages he has been the getter, the procurer of life and of the means of life; and the struggle and labor of getting are not favorable to the development of

the highest spirituality. "The upward look while the hand is busy" has not been possible for man, since his very existence has depended on the alertness of his earthward gaze. Spirituality, so difficult for him to come by, has been positively thrust upon woman. Born of her sacrificial destiny, it has been expected of her, nourished in her, guarded by all the sanctions of her life. She has had time for it, all the time of all the ages.

And yet, in spite of that, in spite of the comparative grossness of the male, fostered in him by nature and by circumstances, it has been men who throughout the ages have been the founders of religion, the pioneers of spiritual progress. Man's physical rôle has asserted itself on the immaterial plane. He is the begetter and the creator there. Woman has guarded and preserved the spiritual life his impulse gave her, if she has added to it inexhaustibly of her own. Insist, if you like, on man's grossness; it is hard to reconcile with the passion and vitality that has charged his spiritual impulse, if it be not the defect of his quality, the corruption of the best in him.

That corruption has been seldom more apparent than at the present day. For it is a day of getting, of concentration on material things. At the top of the social scale there is a struggle for the means of wealth and yet more wealth—at the bottom, a fiercer struggle for the very means of life. And whatever spiritual ferment works in the present industrial disturbance, man, immersed in the material welter, is more than ever handicapped. He is handicapped also by the past. What with past and present he hasn't had a chance.

And he may plead further that what chance he might have had has been taken from him by women. Women have, up till now, so played into his hands that, like Warren Hastings on his trial, he might protest that, when he considers his opportunities, he is astounded at his moderation. Women have been sedulously guarded from opportunity. Man, throughout the ages, has had opportunities hurled at him. All the princesses of Oude have thrown themselves at his feet or at his head.

And here, before I proceed further with this defence, let me say that I am aware of every count in the indictment. Much of it is justified, for in a wholesale charge many bullets find their

billet. Much of it, equally, is bound to be wide of the mark. I have never known a wholesale charge that was not based on generalization from a collection of the worst cases. Arguments of that sort are dangerous, for they cut both ways. If man, brutal man, has preyed upon woman's weakness as well as on her strength, woman, the woman that civilization has produced, preys no less upon his. She preys with her strength, with her comparative coldness and security of temperament, upon passions whose violence and significance she realizes only as so much tribute to her power. She preys, not only with her strength, but with the irresistible appeal of her weakness. I do not hesitate to say that the pass we have come to, the extreme shakiness of man's standard of sexual morality to-day, is largely due to the debilitating, the disastrous influence of the Early and Mid-Victorian woman. Her wilful ignorance, her sentimentalism, her sex-servility amounted to positive vice, and could only be productive of viciousness in the unhappy males exposed to it. I say *hers*; because, if we may judge from the letters and memoirs of their times, the women of a century and more before her were not like her. Outspokenness, courage, an utter absence of the deceptions, hypocrisies and corruptions of sentimentalism characterized the Stellas and Vanessas of the first half of the eighteenth century and the women of Fanny Burney's generation. Prone to excess and trained to repression, the Victorian woman "took it out" in orgies of emotion. The perilous stuff in her showed itself either in supine adoration of the male, or in an exalted sensibility which was a subtle sensualism disguised. The man was not human who was not deceived and corrupted by it. His mother, his sisters, his wife, his aunts and his cousins worshipped him as a god on his own hearth, and when he left it he could not rid himself of the superstition of his divinity. No enlightenment came to him, for his women never saw him as he was. A god-like impunity sheltered him in all his lapses. He ran no risk of being found out, for he knew that his women did not want to find him out. They would have died rather. In the Victorian age man hadn't the ghost of a chance.

And the same matchless impunity hangs round him to-day; though we are far from the superstition of the hearth.

My friends the Feminists will here remind me that man made that servile and insidious woman what she was, and that man makes her successor (a more frankly sensual enchantress) what she is. And there is some truth in it; but not the whole truth. The two sexes hang together, and there cannot be a low standard of sexual morality on man's part without some corresponding, if more secret, laxity on woman's. If we are what men have made us, men are, on the most favorable showing, what we have permitted them to be.

And we must remember that it is not always man alone who is burdened with the excess of temperament that urges toward laxity. There are women who work in his own kind and in his own manner at his perpetual undoing. Whether these women are all pathological and abnormal cases I leave to medical experts to determine. If it comes to pathology I am inclined to think that the monstrous male, the creature of cruelty and brutal passion who has figured so much in recent table talk, is a pathological case not much less abnormal than the wretch exposed on suffragist platforms,—and very rightly and properly exposed—in connection with the White Slave traffic. You might as well present a dipsomaniac as typical of masculine humanity. As with the dipsomaniac, such cases are produced, not only by hereditary excess in their own kind, but by hereditary alcoholism, by the unnatural repression and more unnatural license of their adolescence, and by the ever multiplying causes that make for nervous degeneration.

They tell me that the breed is on the increase. Well, it may be, and that is the most hopeful thing about it; for when it increases beyond a certain point it will not be tolerated. The society of the future will eradicate it, and if it does not nature will. The degenerate tends more and more to become sterile. Besides, he will not be able to tolerate himself. The furious inebriety of a hundred years ago is largely responsible for the temperance of to-day. Driven reluctantly to barley-water by the superhuman six-bottle virility of his grandfathers, the modern man has ended by getting fond of barley-water. And so it may well be with other heroic displays of masculinity. Man will abandon them first of all because he finds that they do not pay,

that his fitness depends upon the Greater Temperance. He may not end by getting fond of one innocuous woman of the barley-water type. But he will end by caring and caring supremely for the virtue that preserves for him, not only the best in life, but the higher potentialities of passion. Up till now he hasn't had a chance to care. He could never have succeeded in his struggle toward sobriety if it had not been for the pressure of public opinion which began, and could only begin, in the good taste—the solitary and apparently fantastic ideal—of the few. Allowing, as we must allow, for every difference in the degree and quality of the temptation, so it will be with his progress toward the Greater Temperance; which seems now an ideal even more solitary, fantastic and forlorn.

Hitherto the public opinion of men and the private opinion of women has been all against his caring for it. For woman as a body representative of public opinion has had no existence up till now. Up till now the best of women had no knowledge to justify her opinion and no courage to enforce it if she had. Even now she has no political status to enforce her opinion. But let that pass; for up till now she herself has not greatly cared.

But look at the change that has come upon her. It is a spiritual change; a change in her whole consciousness, a twofold change. Not only is she conscious for the first time of herself as an individual with inalienable rights, as an end in herself; she is profoundly conscious of the race: the race whose guardian and saviour she is; the race that has its sanctuary in her blood and flesh. Yesterday she was not consciously aware of it. Yesterday she was tolerant of waste. On the subject of the prodigal husband, Edwardian Peggy was complacent and frivolously allusive. She closed her eyes to probability and could greet her Dicky with a dubious levity. "Dicky," she said, "if you *will* go out all night on a razzle-dazzle, you'll soon be quite, quite bald. I hate a bald man. And it's waste of hair." That was Edwardian Peggy's cheerful attitude. And Mid-Victorian Angelina was every bit as pointless. She was tender and tearful over the recurrent and incomprehensible absences of Edwin. "Isn't it a pity, Edwin, dear," she said, "to waste your time and health sitting up this way—at your club?" But the woman of to-day is

not allusive; she says nothing about waste of hair, nothing about waste of time and health—*his* health. She says: "It is the flesh and blood and nerves of *my children* you are wasting. And I won't have it. For I *know!*" And the woman of to-morrow will not need to say it, for by that time man will himself know and care.

The modern woman will have given him his chance.

My Feminist friends again remind me that he has never given her hers, that he has obstructed her at every stage of her progress, her emancipation; that he is in deadly opposition to her at the present moment. "Can you," asks Miss Hamilton, "for sheer small spitefulness exceed—can you even equal—the attitude of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge toward those women who, were they men, would be entitled to its honors?" Well, perhaps you can't. Yet medical and university women have acknowledged and praised the courtesy, the understanding, the sympathy of men, the lecturers, demonstrators, tutors who helped them to their knowledge, men who would be the first to deplore the prejudice that still bars them from the recognized advertisement of it. Many women must consider that to have compelled the irony of "Above the Senior Wrangler" is a finer distinction than the actual degree. I, for one, would be sorry to lose this historic landmark. The opposition to woman's professional career is a dead thing and that landmark is its monument. The opposition to her political emancipation will be a dead thing to-morrow. And in the possible denial to her of a place in the Cabinet, its monument may be "Above the Prime Minister." For man cannot get rid of his habit of putting her above him on a pedestal.

Naturally, in the confusion and antagonism of this present moment of transition, both sides have lost sight of the pedestal and the woman on it. Woman, with every possible vehemence, with her last breath, is protesting against that pedestal. But the pedestal is there all the same.

And somewhere in the dim future, close beside it and of equal height, there is being gradually erected a pedestal for man. The women, the "unsexed," the emancipated women, are building it for him very much against his will. For man has never

been put on a pedestal before. He doesn't know how it will feel, but he is pretty sure he won't like it. And it is partly the horror of that pedestal, raised for him so gratuitously out there in the Unknown, that is filling him with passion and fury and antipathy at the present hour. He is afraid not only of his destiny, but of he knows not what; of the invasion of the monstrous *Epicene*. He is oppressed with a nightmare vision of the *Nimmerweibliche*. But of one thing he need not be afraid. He won't be put on any pedestal till he is ready for it.

But it is there, in that equality of elevation, that the dream of the Feminists—the equality of the sexes—lies. Not, as Sir Almroth Wright would have us think, in any unnatural inversion of their rôles; not in the invasion of the *Epicene*; not even in the subjection of man (in “more licence for her and more restraints for him”), but in his deliverance. Woman is laboring at man's emancipation through her own. She desires to make easier for him what is so hard now, the approach to her quality in the spirit and degree in which she has approached his.

For what, in all these years, has actually happened? The more woman has come close to man in comradeship, the more she has shared his life in ways that are not sexual, the more she has absorbed his virtues. She is, of course, infinitely the more absorbent of the two. But man, though change in him may be slower, less apparent and more painful, is not impervious to the influences of change. You might almost wonder whether the two sexes are really so different, after all. Go down to the roots of language and you find that virtue is very much man's affair, that it signifies capacity to continue, and in continuing to guard the race. Only “by virtue” of her superior capacity, her more elaborate equipment, is woman's “virtue” superior to his. And it is in this radical sameness under all the difference that I find the justification of that hope, entertained even by advanced Feminists, that the inferiority of man's sexual morality is not for all time. Once convinced that temperance all round is good for him, he will approximate to woman's standard in this as he has already done in another direction. He is bound to come to it, seeing that his body is equally with hers the sanctuary of the race.

If you ask *how?* in terms of practical politics, my friends the Feminists will tell you that for the enormous middle classes the first step has been taken already in the increasing economic independence of woman. When the average woman can afford either to choose her mate well, or abstain from mating, let her demand inexorably a finer spiritual quality in man, and man must ultimately develop it. Nature herself will see to that. It sounds simple, but I confess I don't see how economic independence is going to carry us very far. It might even prove disastrous by consigning to celibacy the exponents of the spiritual idea. I have more hope in that spiritual change in woman that has made a man of her, and must inevitably inspire her with the sporting virtue of giving man his change.

What is there degrading to his virility in this approximation? What is there epicene in it? Where is the unsexing? It is merely the inevitable adjustment of the balance of sex on the lines of a more complex evolution. In that change there will be no danger of unsexing; least of all, of the unsexing of woman. Nature would not permit it for a moment. Whatever happens, the *Immerweibliche* will not be destroyed, for nature has too much need of it; too much need of woman's womanhood, of her eternal magic and eternal passion.

THE EARTH BOND

KATHARINE METCALF ROOF

THE tide that runs into Black Rock Inlet is swift on the rise and in the ebb, but at the flood there is a moment—hushed, portentous—when the waters pause, gathering strength for the turn, and the rapids become a moveless pool. It was then that Mary, leaning over the bridge, dropped a leaf upon their surface. We watched it as it lay there an instant motionless; then slowly the spirit that impels the waters lifted and bore it from our sight.

Beautiful, inexplicable Mary! The springs of her being remain as deep a mystery to me to this day as the unseen force that controls the tides. Years afterward I found Craig leaning on the bridge at that same crisis of the waters. Perhaps for all of us there is such a moment.

I have thought of the drama of their lives as Mary's story—for if I must start out to write romance, whom should it be about but Mary? Never was a being so inevitably created for the imagination to play upon. But since I have reviewed the curious psychology of the situation, it has come to me that it is after all Craig's story. If the tragedy of unfulfilment, as we are accustomed to rate such things, is Mary's, the human catastrophe is surely Craig's—as unlikely a subject for tragedy as was ever created, and as impotent to meet it;—poor Craig, for he has not Mary's unhuman vision which causes her to see the whole panorama of life impersonally, as might the returned spirit from some wiser, more radiant realm. That she had this power, not in her calm age—even now sufficiently remote—but in the day of her beautiful passionate youth, in the zenith of her promise and her powers, is only a part of the spiritual mystery of Mary. One disposed to occult philosophizings would have said that she was an "old soul" made perfect through many lifetimes of experience. Even the unimaginative in her presence seem dimly aware of that hovering suggestion of the light that never was. Yet it is a light that rests softly upon her, not to blind, but to

illumine. I have a feeling that no one but Noel has ever come very near Mary. I mean spiritually near. Here am I, her cousin, living in the same house—for we have slipped into the arrangement since Craig went away; we sit together in the evening about the lamp, Mary's wonderful hands busy with some humble task, yet I never entirely lose the feeling that Brünhilde has condescended to mend Siegfried's girdle of skins. For some reason Mary has chosen to live among us—my imagination unconsciously frames it that way—but the essence of her spirit is remote. There was one who for an instant glimpsed her inner temple and upon him the door closed, as it had opened, of her will; as if, having seen it, he had forfeited the right to enter. Yet the goddess, instead of blinding him in pagan fashion, sent him away with a deathless vision in his heart. That vision of her he has wrought into his art.

The bond that drew Mary to earth—or say back to earth, if you care to reconcile it with such beliefs—entwined her destiny or her mission with the lives of those two—Craig and Noel. One could not regard the course of events in their conjoined lives as accidental. Should you become impatient here with my fantasies and speculations, please remember that this is a story of strange happenings in three human souls, and for the most part a wordless drama. Mary's course concerning those two whose lives became most closely interwoven with her own remains a mystery to the world; and, after all, are we ever entirely conscious of those inner sources of our being that move to action? Even the most unimaginative must have felt at times certain deeper intimations.

II

I am supposed to know Mary better than her other friends or relatives. If I do it seems to me that my nearness consists in my realization of her remoteness. Mary dwells upon heights, yet is not lonely as such dwellers are commonly supposed to be. I have sometimes thought that it is the degree of what Noel called my impersonality that has made Mary willing to permit

me within the circle of her home, for there are things that Mary will not allow to come near her and others that she lives above, breathing her different ether. I know that in her all-wise, deep-seeing way she loves me, like a sort of spiritual mother. I am eight years younger, absorbed in my work, conscious of the outer world principally in tones and values and schemes of color; and Mary, who has inspired deep loves, wild passions and all degrees of personal attachment, knows that she has no need to fear my importunities. To me she is one of the wonderful products of life as the Mona Lisa is of art; a human being transposed to the ideal plane, too finely wrought to invoke our descriptive phrases in their common meanings. But it is no pagan art that Mary embodies. There is in her smile a more spiritual secret than that in the face of Leonardo's lady of mysteries.

She is the type of the goddess woman. Yet Ralph Ashburton loved her with a consuming passion; and Noel, while he glimpsed her as a goddess, loved her as a woman. But Craig saw her unimaginatively as his wife. Craig is a contented dweller in the plains, unaware of the existence of mountains. Perhaps you have decided that that is why she married him, secretly relieved to descend from her heights; but you could not think that if you knew Mary and apprehended even dimly the fine inscrutabilities of her spirit.

I have never tried to paint Mary's portrait, yet I am supposed to have a *flair* for likenesses. I once made a sketch of her standing high up against the sea in a blue fall mist, a suggestion, not a portrait. I should not dare attempt her face. I doubt if there is a painter living who could transpose to canvas more than her outlines. There are qualities in light that cannot be transmitted in art.

Mary was twenty-two and I fourteen when we first met. Some family feud of obscure beginnings had separated us up to that period. I saw her first standing valkyr-like upon the top of one of those stern Maine rocks, very much as I sketched her. She might indeed have gloriously flung out Brünhilde's cry, for she has the voice. I remember how she looked down at me and held out her hand to help me up. "So this is Nannie," she said with her smile, and I knew in that instant that she was beautiful

and different from anything I had seen before, for even then the inner quality was stamped upon the outer mask. Aloof, even in that early stage of her youth, yet not cold; thinly and sensitively cut about the nostrils, her lips subtly moulded yet warm. Her quality, if transcendental, was not—has never been—ascetic. What I felt about her, most strongly then as now, was the sense of light.

I was a little afraid of her. Everyone was but Craig and her father, the bishop. Their code was too simple, their vision too limited to realize Mary. The bishop, I often thought, had his moments of half-conscious inferiority, but he was ambitious and concentrated upon his own affairs. People said that he had made her give up her musical career, but it is not true. It was Mary who chose to accede to his prejudice. If she had elected to go on, she would have swept aside the bishop like a leaf before the wind. She composed in the intervals of her housekeeping and social duties, but it was her work that she would always allow to be put aside or interfered with, yet not, I am sure, from any idea of duty as we understand it. Her compositions, although strikingly original, were not exotic. On the contrary, they were often contrived out of the simplest harmonic means, as she herself showed me at the instrument. You remember that Wagner's divine Walhalla motive was built out of the common chord. Yet some of her songs were as unearthly as Schumann's *Vogel Als Prophet*. I don't know enough of the quality and effects of different keys to explain these things, moreover I do not think Mary's music could be entirely explained. Music is the most psychic of the arts, musical genius the most inexplicable in its nature and manifestation. I must have recourse again to the fantastic and say that it always seemed to me as if in some way Mary had caught a far-off echo of that music of the spheres said to be a reality to the trained occultist. But she could sing Schubert's *Du Bist die Ruh* so that the eternal peace seemed to descend upon one; she could fling out the valkyrie cry with a voice like all the wild winds of heaven, and she could bring tears to your eyes with the humanity of a Grieg cradle song. To me Mary has always suggested both unattainability and the willingness to give all, to forswear godhood for

love's sake. Yet it was not for love's sake that she finally took upon herself that which is reckoned woman's common destiny—that seemed another of the mysteries.

Mary and Noel met in England. He followed her to America on the next steamer. I realized the minute I saw her the something different in her face. She had a new unquiet beauty that made her for the time another being. It was then that Ralph Ashburton so spectacularly lost his head and haunted the place, threatening to shoot himself. Everyone was upset but Mary. She said he wouldn't do it, and he didn't. I felt at that time, without being able to analyze it, that in some way Mary's perfect harmony was disturbed. Obscure and contradictory currents commanded her being, yet she was wonderful, like a flower at full noon. Then Noel came and I understood. Noel was godlike in his way, too—a strong, radiant pagan god. I always mentally see him outdoors in the sunlight with green leaves in his hair. I once used him for a figure in a decoration, mythologically clad, piping upon a bank. When Mary saw it she smiled. "Yes, that is where he belongs," she said.

Looking back upon those days I can see that they had the quality of the thing that cannot last. It was like that first ineffable fleeting instant of spring with its impossible intimations. There is a kind of beauty that has that quality, a kind of love. There are some human beings who have it that die young.

One evening I came upon them on the shore. An intruder, I saw the thing that no other eye should have seen. At first I saw only their silhouettes against the sky, then Mary turned, moonlight and fading daylight revealing her face. I saw her put out her hands to him, then I fled. When they speak of Mary's coldness I recall her face as it looked then. Mary cold—as the blue part of the flame is cold, as white heat is like ice!

Then, some weeks later, came that other evening, when we walked—Mary and I—down to the bridge, and leaning upon its edge looked into the dark water at the moment of flood tide, and Mary dropped a leaf upon its surface. I felt dimly then that the thing going on in her soul was like that mystery of the waters. For I had seen her looking at Noel as a mother who knows of her approaching death might watch her unconscious

child. First in the force of her great human experience, Mary seemed to relinquish herself to love. All that Noel knew of mortal happiness was compressed into those few weeks. Then the tide began to run slowly to its pause. I felt that she struggled, an awesome struggle to contemplate in such a nature. I saw but the ripple on the surface. But to me the faintest shadow upon her fine brows meant a greater expression than the most unrestrained outbreak of lesser natures.

He knew, poor Noel, at least that one supreme moment of her surrender. Poor Noel, do I say? Rather, rich—even though the great gift was only his for a brief hour; richer perhaps in his memories than other men in their tangible possessions. "What we have had we always have," I heard him say to her once not long before the end came. Perhaps he had some premonition of that end. Certainly his life and his work have proved the reality of his spiritual possession of Mary. In his sculptured angel in Christ Church—that group about which so many pages of appreciation have been written—it seems to me that he has caught the reflection of the all-encompassing love she turned upon him at the last.

III

The occurrences of that night when the tide in Mary's soul turned to send Noel from her forever, seemed like the fantastic improbable course of a dream. The date had been set for the wedding, the invitations even were in the house—I came upon some of them in the attic the other day. The bishop—who was a worldling if there ever was one, and had been opposed to the engagement because Noel was an Englishman and an impecunious artist—was beside himself when told that Mary had broken her engagement. It is my belief that he dreaded a scandal more than the damnation of his soul.

I was washing paint brushes when a message came from Aunt Susan, incoherent yet imperative, delivered by a staring Irish maid evidently partially in the secret of the agitation. I took off my painting apron and hurried into my wraps. As we

went in the door, Aunt Susan came out of the half-lighted drawing room and drew me inside. I heard the bishop's voice from the library above—rhetorical, denunciatory, resounding.

Aunt Susan's gray hair was rakishly disarranged, her nose pink from weeping. In sentences without end or beginning she conveyed the terrible fact. Mary had broken her engagement on the eve of the wedding. She had never seen the bishop so angry. Did I think I could do anything with Mary? I smiled at that.

"Come upstairs," Aunt Susan urged weakly, distractedly, "perhaps we can"—her tone faded away before the dread sounds we were approaching. I was not afraid of the bishop, but poor Aunt Susan had been in subjection to him all her life. Truly his voice, so effective in the pulpit, was awesome if not noble in his wrath. But when I reached the door I was barely conscious of that so-imposing gentleman holding the centre of the stage, for all I could see was Mary—white, still wonderful, her hands clasped, her eyes upon her father's face.

"Why in the name of common decency," he was demanding, "what is your reason now? Why won't you marry him?"

She shook her head. It was some time before she spoke. "I can't, father."

"If you don't love him——" the bishop thundered, "for God's sake, haven't you had time to find it out before?" The great churchman's tone was not devout.

"If I don't love him——" Oh, the light in Mary's face, the tone in her voice! She never finished; instead she smiled.

"But why—what——!" The bishop became inarticulate. "What am I to say? What explanation do you expect to give?"

"I have given it to *him*." Mary's lips closed over the last words. Accused, she answered with no suggestion of apology.

"Perhaps, then," the bishop's sarcasm was ponderous, "you will condescend to pass it on to me?"

She made a gesture. "You wouldn't understand, father." And it was as if she pitied him. I am not sure that she suffered then. Her struggle was past. And looking at her, anyone but the bishop might have felt the futility of expostulation.

"What do you expect me to tell the world at large? What

reason am I to give?" The bishop could only revolve in his circle. I wondered that he dared speak so to her.

"Is it necessary," Mary spoke without sarcasm, "that they should know my reasons?"

"You are my daughter," the bishop reminded her, "in a prominent position, open to attack——" He waited for her answer, but none came. His brow darkened. "What am I to say?" he thundered.

"What you choose," she said, and turned to leave. At the door his voice detained her. "I will wait a while before making any announcement. You may change your mind again." Then for an instant some spasm like fear or pain passed over her face and she stood very still, looking at him, yet past him. "No," she said softly at last, and again after a moment, "No." She went into the hall. Then I saw that Noel stood there. She paused. They looked each other in the face. Neither of them spoke. I don't know whether her hands went out toward him or whether I have unconsciously dramatized something I recognized in her face, but in that silence of her withholding I apprehended, even more than in that other unspoken moment of her giving, how she loved him. She turned at last and went past him up the stairs. It was such a moment as that when the poignant strain of Brünhilde's human tragedy cries out in the violins.

When she had left us my eyes went back to Noel, and I perceived one thing clearly; more than any of the rest of us he understood. He had not come to importune or question her. He went into the library. What passed between him and the bishop I do not know. He went back to England soon after that. None of us have seen him since that day.

Later in the evening I went in to see Mary. I shrank from the intrusion, but thrust almost into her door by Louie and Aunt Susan, I finally went. It was their idea that I might have "some influence," or at least get at some solution of the mystery.

I knocked at her door and she answered, "Come in," calmly enough. She sat at the window looking into the street. The light was turned low.

She said my name as I entered and smiled. I went up to her and stood dumbly looking at her. "They have sent you in,"

she said. "Is it in the hope of persuading me or only to ask my reasons?" She knew that I had not wanted to come. I sank on a stool near her. "Oh, Mary," I said, "forgive me. It was dreadful of me to come."

"Why no, child," she said. Mary's voice was low, but you could always hear it at the farthest corner of the room. "Why shouldn't you? I am not going into a nunnery."

"Oh, Mary," I cried—I had had no intention of saying it, but I remembered how she had looked at Noel when I had seen them alone on the shore, and the thing swept me overwhelmingly—"How can you—when you love him so!"

She looked through the window as if she saw something at a great distance. "Something holds me back," she said at last.

There was no question of her doubting Noel. Surely no question of her doubting herself. What then? What did she mean, what was it that held her back? I did not understand, but I dared not ask.

IV

The years passed. There were always lovers about Mary. Aunt Susan hoped in vain that Mary would "become interested" in one of them. The bishop died, and we said that now at last Mary could live her own life. For a time it seemed as if that was what she intended to do. She began to compose again. Those echoes of the music of the spheres seemed to come more distinctly. Her music began to attract wider attention. Then in the midst of it, just, as one critic expressed it, as we seemed upon the eve of entering a new world of tone, she elected to marry Craig, the most unlikely, if not the most unworthy, of her admirers; and again gave up her work. Their union was indeed a paradox. As Mary is the embodiment of dream and mystery, Craig is the furthest possible remove from such things. Craig is concrete, an expression of the sensible, the every-day. He is masculine, dog-like, concerned with the practical and the immediate. To me it was almost equally difficult to explain Mary's attraction for him, so little did she resemble his other tastes and preferences. Craig is an honorable gentleman, a selfish,

devoted husband. An earthling avowedly, with no unanswered questions in his soul, nor vague yearnings after the infinite.

Mary was twenty-five when she married. At forty she was not less beautiful, rather more so to all eyes but those of the frank Philistine, for by that time what we call the soul had wrought more clearly upon the material substance. They had two children, both boys. I have seen her but rarely embrace her children, and then at the sight felt some such sense of withdrawal as I did from the look I saw in her face when she was alone with Noel. Mary knows more about the deep nature of love than the rest of us. With her children she acts only upon considerations of their highest good. There is no sacrifice of which she is not capable for them. She sent them away from her to school when they were young because they had a tendency—boys as they were—especially Peter—to love her too much for the development of their self-reliance. Other people can say that they could not be cared for as they could in their homes, but I can assure you that if anything had gone wrong with either of them Mary would have known it before anyone nearer by could have told her.

Craig loved Mary in his own fashion at a pitch less high than that of her other lovers. He did not worship her. An ardent lover at first, he soon settled into comfortable unromantic domesticity, unhesitatingly making demands of various kinds upon her. I have seen Mary waiting upon Craig, but I have never become accustomed to the sight, even though I see it always as the condescension of the goddess. Craig lived for fifteen years unaware that Mary was in any special way different from other women. Craig's psychology was primitive enough.

There is a story of the Chinese goddess Tchi-niu who appeared to a poor slave working in the rice fields and became his wife. For years she lived with him in his hut weaving wonderful silks upon her loom and selling them until she had bought his freedom. And all the time he remained quite unaware of her divinity. Then one day he looked up from his couch to see her an instant clothed in the dazzling radiance of the goddess before she disappeared from his sight forever. So it was many years after the period when mystery is supposed to survive between husband and wife that the revelation of Mary came to Craig.

Up to that time Craig had lived his comfortable mundane round, taking his petty troubles to Mary's divine wisdom very much as the children did. She was at once their divinity and their slave. She never did what is known as living her own life once in those fourteen years of her marriage. What went on in the hidden regions of her soul no one knows. I often used to wonder then if she wished things different.

Craig was happy, although I doubt if he had sufficient self-consciousness to be aware of the fact. He was just doggishly, boyishly content. He would perhaps never have realized the thing by his unaided observation, but the sign-post was furnished and so the moment came when the tides stood still in his boy soul and a hand dropped a leaf upon the surface.

Craig knew vaguely that there had been an old love affair, as he probably would have called it, between Mary and Noel, and no doubt if questioned he would have declared with a conviction guiltless of egoism that Mary was fortunate in having selected the less visionary and more practical suitor. Craig had a characteristic distrust of artists. The love of Noel and Mary was a thing I would have said that he could not apprehend, even to such extent as a faithful dog may be conscious of the things passing in his master's soul. For a dog, it must be admitted, has intuitions, and Craig would have unhesitatingly declared such a faculty unhealthy. Poor Craig! I see him now gazing Enoch Arden-like in at the window of his late home. Perhaps when he, too, through suffering has achieved his soul he may return to it.

It was a few days after Noel's group had been placed in Christ Church that we went in to see it, Craig and Mary and Ralph and I. Ralph, although long since restored to sanity, loved Mary still, the only gleam of aspiration in his frankly material make-up.

"You have only to look at the angel," he said to Mary, "to know that he loves you still." Craig glanced at Mary. Ralph moved to see the angel from another viewpoint. Craig's mind never works quickly upon a new idea, but I was conscious of something in his face, a shadow that passed after a moment into a gleam of boyish triumph. "Yet you didn't love him,

Mary," he said in a low voice for her ear. She did not answer, but that did not disturb him. The solid fact he had just formulated evidently brought him all the necessary reassurance. Ralph rejoined us then.

"But it *is* you," he said to Mary, "absolutely! Just look at it from the other side. Only a man who loved you could have done it."

"Only a man she loved," was my amendment.

Craig walked around the group viewing it from the other side, where a many-colored light from a stained glass window fell upon the angel's wings. When he rejoined us, Ralph asked him again, "Don't you see it?" And Craig answered with the unenthusiastic assent of the matter-of-fact observer, "Yes—the shape of the head and something about the forehead."

Ralph glanced at him with a queer smile. I knew he was thinking, "And that man is Mary's husband!"

Craig did not talk on the way home. We were often separated on the crowded avenue, and there was a strong dust-choked wind, a typical New York day. Our conversation was too desultory for the fact of his silence to be remarkable. Yet when we got home, as I started to go upstairs—they had gone into the library—I overheard some conversation between them that proved he had not failed to note Ralph's comment.

"Did you ever fancy him, Mary—that sculptor?" Craig asked her. I heard her quiet voice, "Of course, Craig. He was very wonderful."

"And yet"—Craig pursued the simple thread of his reasoning—"you didn't marry him. Why?"

There was a little pause and I could imagine that she smiled.

"Didn't he——" Craig's processes were not coarse, but they were ungraceful. "Didn't he ask you?"

Again her answer did not come at once, although there was no sound of embarrassment or agitation in her voice. "Yes, dear . . . he asked me."

I knew that Craig spoke again in the tone of question, and although I was walking away, I could not help hearing her reply because her tones have that peculiar carrying quality. "I am not going to answer any more foolish questions." She spoke lightly, affectionately, as if to a child.

That, as I trace it, was the beginning of the dawn of consciousness in Craig's mind. I saw it growing more clearly than he, in his boyish dumbness, could have told me. It was no vulgar suspicion or doubt of Mary's love; indeed in the circumstances he must have been an Othello to have been jealous, and there was nothing of the histrionic in Craig's nature. What he began to glimpse without ability to formulate it was the fact that there had been some greater love, some mystery of renunciation in Mary's past.

One day, perhaps through some awkward attempt to question Aunt Susan on the subject, he stumbled, apparently for the first time, upon knowledge of the fact of Mary's broken engagement. And I, who seemed destined to be a spectator, heard the conversation between them when he brought the naked facts, bald, awkward, dissociated, to Mary's contemplation, hoping against hope, I suppose, for reassuring explanation.

I was in the dining room with some work spread out on the table. Mary was at her desk in the next room writing letters. The communicating door was open when Craig came in. I did not feel any necessity to move. Mary knew I was there, and having lived as long as I had in their home, I had recognized the fact that there were few conversations between them that would not admit of the presence of other members of the family.

Craig attacked the main issue without prelude. "You never told me that things went so far as an engagement with Noel Vaughn," he said.

Mary answered as if pausing an instant in her writing. "Yes. It went as far as that."

A silence followed. I seemed to see poor Craig giving her hurried glances, then staring down at the carpet as was his habit when attempting to put his feelings into speech. "You broke it off without giving any reason just before the wedding?"

"Two weeks before," Mary answered, writing again, I felt, though I could not see.

Craig was unused to diplomatic probings. He voiced what seemed to him the rational inference bluntly. "It was, I suppose, something you found out about him?"

I knew that she paused then, her eyes looking off an instant. "No, nothing that I found out about him."

Poor Craig burst forth desperately. "For God's sake, what then?" It was a longer pause and I suppose he suffered while he waited.

"Perhaps something that I found out about myself." She put it that way at last. I wondered if she felt her inner shrine invaded, violated.

"You mean," Craig stammered in his attempted translation, "that you didn't after all love him enough?"

I heard Mary rise then. "Not just that, dear." It was seldom she called Craig or anyone by a term of endearment, for all her implied, her infinite tenderness. "Why do you want to talk about it after all these years? It all happened so long ago." She crossed the room. I saw her as she passed him lay a light hand on his hair, then his shoulder. He looked up at her, with the look you see only in the eyes of the inarticulate. She had silenced but not satisfied him. The knife turned by his own hand had not found the cause and had but inflicted the deeper wound.

V

That conversation, I suppose, marked the beginning of his deeper and more conscious pang—an apprehension of what he had never had, perhaps never could have. Living in the house as I did that summer I could see the gulf widen and I could not say at first whether Mary was not aware of it or saw it differently with her eyes fixed on the larger issues. Later I came to see that she overlooked it as she did lesser things, believing that it would come right in the end, and perhaps foreseeing that it must before Craig could come into possession of his spiritual inheritance.

Poor Craig, he was struggling dumbly, blindly, toward the discovery of that hard lesson, that the destiny of the human soul is lonely. It would be long before he attained to that other and wider vision of service. It was as if a dog must be taught to speak. It seemed to me that he had not progressed far enough in spiritual discipline to be forced to acceptance of that last hard

truth. Yet since he had inadvertently hitched his wagon to a star it became his fate to journey into a far country.

I saw that he began to watch Mary. A dozen times a day I caught him covertly staring at her. Often he would stay away evenings—Craig, who hated what he called gadding and clung to his own hearthstone. When he would come in I could see how he turned from her welcoming smile. She never asked where he had been or expressed surprise at his absences, although always looking glad to see him when he came. Yet he would turn away from her as from a sight that hurt.

After that there was a brief period when he would hardly leave her and followed her about with the wistful eyes of a dog. It seems impossible to escape from the dog simile in describing Craig. Her tenderness with him was painful, but it was powerless to heal the wound. Once he went off on an alleged business trip for a week, sending back word of his departure by telegram. He returned moody and silent.

He went up to Black Rock with us and stayed several days, settling many of the tedious matters attendant upon the opening of the house that he had usually left to Mary; then he went off again. All that time I feel sure there had been no further conversation between them on the subject. I realized that the thing had passed beyond that possibility. But all the time Mary's love encompassed him as a mother watches her child through some crisis that it must meet alone.

Craig returned at the end of the week, his ruddy face haggard. We were sitting as usual around the lamp. I heard a sound on the porch, and looking up saw his face at the window. I was the only one that saw him. Poor Enoch Arden, he saw no supplanter, only his serene goddess engrossed in her maternal mending, with their boys beside her. He vanished in the moment of my discovery, and I was struggling with an eerie impression that I had not really seen Craig in the flesh, when we heard the front door close and the next minute he entered.

He went right up to Mary. He seemed not to see the rest of us; he even disregarded the boys' cheerful "Hello, dad!" He took her shoulders in a hard grip and held her off, staring into her eyes.

"Have you missed me, Mary?"

His voice was strange, but she made light of his mood, laughing gently. "Of course, you absurd boy." But Craig did not smile. He continued to stare down at her. There was something graver than jealousy in his eyes.

At last he moved to turn away, but she caught one of his hands in both of hers and said his name, a gentle caressing sound of protest. Detained, he turned upon her suddenly and caught her in his arms as if he would have kissed her, passionately like a lover, then as suddenly he dropped his arms and drew back with an exclamation, and left the room.

Mary stood a moment doubtfully, then saying that poor Craig had been upset lately with business matters, went after him. It was the first time I had known her to make use of conventional subterfuge. I suppose she felt it a necessity with the children's staring eyes upon her. Although most often serene and hopeful, Mary was not unsympathetic. It was only that hers was the larger and wider sympathy. There were moments when the pain of the world, collective and individual, seemed to press unendurably upon her. And I saw then what I had been doubtful of before, that she had seen and felt with, as well as above, the struggle in the poor boy's nature.

The next day I found Craig on the bridge looking into the water. I stopped beside him with the idle question, "What are you doing?" And he answered literally, with unconscious symbolism, "Waiting for the tide to turn."

I stopped beside him, and saw that the swinging waters were at their pause. Craig dropped a twig and watched it silently. Suddenly he turned to me.

"Nannie," he said, "you know Mary very well, don't you?"

It was an odd question to come from Craig, and I placed it as a measure of the distance he had already travelled toward understanding when he added, "As well, that is, as anyone knows her."

"Mary is not like other women," I said at last, choosing my remark with difficulty, for all its banality.

"No," he agreed eagerly, "she isn't. You feel that, don't you, too—that we don't exactly understand her?"

I answered before I thought, as if I were not speaking to Craig, "I shouldn't dream of even daring to think I could make a diagram of Mary."

He looked up at me doubtfully. "I am beginning to see that. I mean that I have never really known her, you know." He said it in a slow, uncertain way like a child called upon to think out some problem too difficult for it. I tried to present the situation in a comforting light. "There is always something new and wonderful to discover in her."

But his "yes" came heavily. Suddenly he broke out. "Is it possible, do you think, to know some one a long time and never really know them?"

I answered more carefully that time. "I think one has those surprises with people." I felt as if I were talking with a child, yet Craig was dominant enough in the practical emergencies of life.

"To live with some one for years,"—he plodded awkwardly along the course of his new thought—"and then to wake up and find them—well—almost really a stranger." He became self-conscious in the midst of his painful reasoning and forced a pitiful smile. "It sounds a sort of fairy story, doesn't it?"

"Human relations are mysterious things," I murmured. Craig was not really at ease with words, so it always seemed as if his understanding was as inadequate as his use of them. I felt as if I were trying to make a wounded animal understand the mystery of his pain. Then I found him looking at me with tortured eyes and knew that he had reached the place where men discard all but the raw realities. He gripped my arm. "Nannie," he said, then he paused. It came slowly. I glanced aside, reluctant to meet his eyes, and noticed that the twig he had dropped into the pool was being slowly drawn out to the open sea, and I wondered fancifully if the returning tide would bring it in again. "Nannie,"—Craig's desperate voice recalled me—"why did Mary break her engagement with Noel Vaughn? Why did she marry me instead?"

I could not quite face it. I knew too much. "Surely," I tried to reassure him, "you know better than anyone else can tell you why Mary married you."

He shook his head. The storm began to shake him. I was frightened, for Craig, if simple, was no weakling. I began to realize for the first time how powerful a force was his love for Mary.

"You were her deliberate choice." I tried desperately to reassure him. "She was not a child. There were other men. Many men have been in love with Mary." I had often wondered if he had grasped that fact, so assured was he in his utter possession of her. I began to realize now that that certainty was after all only his good simple loyalty that had taken all things for granted implicitly with her promise.

"I know, I know," he repeated. "Men have always admired her."

"Although she is not quite human," I added involuntarily and he caught it up.

"She isn't, is she? As you say—she is not quite like other women. And Vaughn"—he returned wistfully to the troubling unanswered question. "I have never seen him. But he must have been more her sort than a man like me." The reflection came slowly. "I don't just understand. What was the matter? It couldn't have been a lovers' quarrel. You couldn't quarrel with Mary."

"No, it wasn't a quarrel," I said. Again I recognized that his eyes were no longer those of the Craig I had known.

"She—loved him, didn't she? But not enough to marry him, perhaps—she wasn't quite sure of herself, perhaps——" It was the ground he had gone over with Mary.

"Perhaps that was it," I agreed; but he cried out:

"No, no, she *did* love him enough! I believe she loved him more—more than——" He couldn't finish that. His agitation, although so restrained, was painful. His breath came hard. "It is just one of those things, one of those queer things we can't explain—how people get married to the wrong people——"

"To the wrong people?" I took him up there at least. "Dear Craig, Mary could not marry the wrong person, she sees too far." His wistful uncomprehending eyes clung to mine, craving assurance. I dwelt upon the simple fact. "Surely she has been—you have both been—very happy."

He turned his eyes upon the water.

"Yes, we have been happy. But if it would make her happier I would give her up, even now, to him."

He had reached the peaks of renunciation already then, poor Craig.

"You couldn't do that," I told him, unable to make clear to him that Mary had so utterly given herself to Noel in the spiritual sense that nothing remained to be given, and that indeed what Mary had denied was assuredly not in Craig's power to give.

"I suppose not," he said. He turned, facing the direction away from home, and began to walk slowly along the road. "The tide is going out," he remarked glancing back at the moving rapids. In the mood he had conjured up I was able to feel his remark as symbolic. I laid my hand on his arm.

"Don't do anything to make Mary unhappy," I urged him. I shall never forget the look he turned upon me.

"To make Mary unhappy!" He smiled and shook his head. "That isn't in my power," he said.

"You are wrong, Craig, you are mistaken when you say that." I contradicted him then positively enough, but I did not convince him.

"If I go away she will just wait till I come back. My absence will not really trouble her. She—she—sort of lives in her thoughts," he concluded wistfully.

He was right, in part, at least. Mary has lived in her thoughts this year of Craig's absence. Some of them she has written into music—but as one would note an occurrence in a diary or in a letter to a friend rather than as a work seriously focussed upon. Mary has genius just as Noel has. She brought his to flower. For her own she does not seem to care. Her attitude toward Craig's absence is still something of a mystery. I cannot see that she misses him as, for all her perfectly balanced renunciations, she misses the children when they are away from her. As with all her tender practical care of them she is preëminently a spiritual mother, so to my mind she is spiritually Noel Vaughn's mate. It is something of a mystery to me still—the nearness and the farness of Mary's relation to Craig. Of course, although she was in his daily life, she was in the deeper

sense utterly remote from it. If he had had an iota of intuition in his composition he must have known it, but he has not. He is, as I have tried to show you, the purely masculine creature, a practical business man—so I have heard him describe himself. He was at home only evenings and Sundays and that time Mary had always relinquished to him as a child is given a promised holiday. She did not seek to develop Craig morally, intellectually or æsthetically. He was very nearly tone-deaf. Her music said nothing to him and I am not even sure that he didn't dislike it. She just cared for him perfectly and let him live in her light. They spent his daytime holidays outdoors, enjoying it in their different ways. Perhaps he felt vaguely the force of her warm and radiant spirituality, giving it no name. Upon the creature of sense the first impressions must be of the senses. As he had loved her first with little conscious spiritual apprehension, so the first awakening of the spirit brought back something of the wistful lover attitude. I could see Mary dealing with it by the same law, unresisting, ungiving, until at last he felt—obscurely, incoherently, one may be sure—that he was seeking union with her by the wrong path. "Our human relationships often separate us instead of drawing us together," Mary said once. I do not say that that is my belief, only that it seemed to be the law of her being.

And so poor wounded Craig turned to retrace his steps to the foot of the mountain he had sought to circle rather than to scale.

VI

It was one evening after he had gone away that Mary and I spoke of Noel. Simply and naturally she touched upon the fact of her broken engagement.

"Even he could not quite understand," she said, "but he accepted me always without question."

"I did not understand, either," I told her after the long silence of the years. "I knew it was not because you did not love him enough."

She glanced at me. Some strange spirit looked out of her

eyes at that moment, as if at my words some not entirely vanquished current of the past had for an instant been set in motion.

"I loved him too much," she said. "It was so strong—I had to put it away."

I saw then that it was in some sort an obsession, but one of the spirit not of the nerves. There are those who might characterize Mary's rejection of Noel, her acceptance of Craig, as the inconsequent impulse or the neurotic fancy of genius. But such psychology has no place in Mary's world. There is nothing febrile or ill-balanced in her spirit. Mary is utter harmony; and, like the goddess in the legend, I feel now that she elected the experience of wifehood and maternity, rejecting where she loved too much, assuming it in such conditions as could leave that inner shrine free from the encroachment of the fever of earthly love, divining, if at first she did not realize completely, that her destiny or her development, as you choose to call it, demanded that she should reject the thing that drew her too strongly down to the earthly plane. And so she obeyed, even if to some extent unconsciously, the law of her own being.

I carried our conversation a little further then—it was the only one we have ever had on the subject. "But Noel——" I said. "You thought of his side too, of course. Where did he come in?"

She made a little gesture. "He had his message to deliver, and now—he has delivered it magnificently, completely."

I understood then that Noel's destiny had been included in her rejection, and indeed his soul had grown too with his enforced renunciation.

You see, in Mary the instinct of possession had become non-existent. The last thread of that strongest passion of humanity had been severed in her renunciation of Noel. With that act she had enabled herself to love him upon a different plane. That he was and still is nearer to her than any soul on this planet, is one of the few things in this world that I am utterly sure of. I did not understand so well then and I pushed my questions farther.

"And you, your voice, your music—have you never regretted giving up that?"

"My music?" she smiled. "Why—I still have it."

"But the career," I ventured, "the complete development?"

She shook her head. "Those things come in their time. I have given up nothing. Nothing is lost."

It sounded rather Maeterlinckian, and I demanded, somewhat in the manner of the late bishop, "But how—why? What do we know after all, except the here and now?"

Mary's eyes seemed fixed on some point farther than other eyes might see. "We *feel* certain things deep down," she said.

You can explain it as I have said before, by those Eastern beliefs in Karma and reincarnation, of the influence of the loves and hates of other lives upon this. For myself, I but dabble inconclusively in the occult; neither have I a soul to agonize with the higher issues like Mary's. Yet we could suppose the affair of Mary and Noel to be some karmic reflection of their love in other lives, and that Mary, being what is known as a soul high in incarnation, knew that that love must not meet completion on this plane. In any case she put out the consuming flame and took up the candle, and never once—of that I am certain—felt regret.

Sometimes when she pauses in her work I see a look in her eyes as if she were with poor wandering Craig, encompassing him with her tenderness, her pity and her trust. Perhaps he is right and she knows that he will return. She knows *something* that is the real secret of Mary—that the rest of us do not know.

Noel has wrought his vision of her into art. He does not need our pity. Yes, I was right at the beginning when I said that this is Craig's story. Mary is some expression of the divine essence, as other great influences in the world have been, and that human side of her that had power to tear at the hearts of Noel, of Ralph, of Craig, was left by no chance in her rare and exquisite being. It was perhaps the means to draw them to self-realization, which I suppose is what it means to achieve a soul. But sometimes in the evening when we sit together about the lamp and I look at Mary, so beautiful, so delusively human, my heart aches for poor Craig upon his soul's steep pilgrimage.

THE COWARDICE OF AMERICAN LITERATURE

HANNA ASTRUP LARSEN

APOLOGISTS for American literature, since they cannot claim for it any great heights or depths, are unstinted in their praise of its negative virtues. It is, they assert, clean and decent. It is clean, because of its Anglo-Saxon reticence. But reticence is not an especial Anglo-Saxon attribute; it characterizes all great art. Shakespeare never in his maturer works allowed himself the orgy of voluptuous imagery in *Venus and Adonis*, yet that poem is almost forgotten, while the few quiet lines in which Viola tells of the passion that preyed on her like a worm i' the bud are among the most quoted passages in Shakespeare. Goethe is reticent in *Faust*, but where in all literature do we find anything that pierces the marrow of our bones like Gretchen's lament before the image of the Virgin? Even Ibsen with his pitiless searchlight never forgets his dignified reserve, though some of his followers have used his example as an excuse for dabbling in the superficialities of their own prurience.

Reticence, however, does not mean the ignoring of essentials; it is rather a freeing them from disturbing details. A marble by Rodin with its fine planes and masses is reticent. The Laocoön, a mass of writhing muscle, is garrulous. Rembrandt is reticent, when he passes beyond the momentary mood of his model to paint a lifetime in the glance of an eye. Reticence is not puerility. It is a good, virile word, implying in its very origin that something greater is held in reserve. The trouble with many American writers is that, while they parade the veil of reserve, there is nothing behind the veil. It covers emptiness.

The avidity with which Americans read the French, Russian and Scandinavian writers shows that they are thirsting for an art that shall not be unacquainted with life. Yet they cannot entirely slake that thirst through foreign writers. In coming from our own writers to the Russian in particular, we seem to be transported to a region where the passions stalk around naked, and we do not feel at home. It is not so much that we would have the huge, shaggy, brawny creatures slightly draped;

it is rather that the monsters themselves are not of our flesh and blood. The passions and emotions among us take other forms, and we want our own writers to give them bodies that we can recognize.

We have an army of brilliant fiction writers, but they are busy manufacturing a commercial article aptly called mental chewing gum. They have turned their back on truth, till truth has forsaken them. They have worked with one eye on the gallery, till they have forgotten that the gallery—taking that word in the sense of the wider public—wants truth and reality above all things. It listens to those who have a message.

Hawthorne certainly made no bid for popularity, when he wrote *The Scarlet Letter*. He does not concede an iota to the "prurient curiosity" that is supposed to be the motive impelling people to read stories of illegitimate passion. From first to last he is consistent in his own Puritanic ideal. And what a subtle touch it is to show the effect of Hester's unfaithfulness on her husband's character, transforming him from an ordinary decent citizen into a fiend! Hawthorne himself thought *The Scarlet Letter* too gloomy to appeal to the multitude. His publisher had so little faith in its selling qualities that he ordered the type to be distributed after the first edition had been printed. The story of its reception is well known. The first edition was exhausted in ten days, and the book had to be set up again. It brought the author letters from perfect strangers who were troubled and appealed to him as to a father confessor. After sixty years it is still considered the greatest American novel ever written, and is, in fact, the only popular book Hawthorne ever produced.

The American nation just now is restlessly seeking the truth that lies between the negation of the old Puritanic ideal and the new worship of the nature forces, between the old ideal of obedience to law at any cost and the new doctrine of individualism. The wide interest roused by the books of those few present-day writers who attempt to deal earnestly with problems of sex shows that the general reader is not afraid of those who cut below the surface, even when the waters that well from the deep are bitter.

American fiction until recently was so moral as to be immoral, because it had no place for truth. It dealt largely and extensively with love, while ignoring the very basis of love. A great change has come over the range of subjects that are considered permissible in literature. Only one decade ago Mrs. Ward was censured for giving us an "immoral" heroine in *Lady Rose's Daughter*, and the daily papers wrote editorials ponderously setting forth that a heroine did not need to be immoral in order to be interesting. Last year Maurice Hewlett gave us Sanchia of a much deeper dyed impropriety, and no editorials were written. Evidently the watchers on the wall of morality were napping, or perhaps they were becoming accustomed to the attacks and had ceased to regard them seriously.

There have been many novels recently by people who think they can achieve the Ibsenesque merely by having one of their lovers married to some one else. This, however, does not bring us a hair's breadth nearer to an artistic treatment of the psychology of the emotions that centre around sex. The problems that take no account of legitimacy or illegitimacy, but rest on the dualism of human nature, are still, except in a few instances, unsolved and almost untouched. They are the tragedies of those who have followed the lower, till, when the higher shows its face, they have no strength to seek it—of those who are drawn with a part of their nature to that which their other self loathes—of those who have sinned against their own ideals, and of those who, being true to them, have felt themselves growing worse instead of better because of the sacrifice. But all of those things our alleged problem writers walk around as a cat walks around a dish of hot porridge, to use a homely Norwegian proverb.

No one would wish to see a literature like that of the younger Danish school, in which the men are imitation Oswalds and the women wantons. While these books have their place, because they picture a phase of human life artistically, with psychological insight and brilliant technique, they fail to reach the highest in literature, because they are one-sided and distorted. But if some one, seeing life wholly, were to set free with the touch of genius that imprisoned cry—imprisoned, be-

cause we are such a respectable people—what a souging of a breath of relief would pass over the land from the east to the west.

A writer in a religious journal said, not long ago, that if anyone were to dig up, a few hundred years hence, the literature of our time, he would not know from it that Christianity existed. A few years ago an occasional athletic parson, trying to infuse ideals through the medium of football, would wander through the pages of a contemporary novel. Now even this species of cleric seems to have faded into the past. Sometimes we are told that the hero has ceased going to church and has taken to slumming; but we get none of the dramas of the human soul, which are, after all, the only things worth the attention of a great writer.

There is perhaps not one thinking person brought up in the old orthodox Christianity who has not felt the same influences that are at work in *Robert Elsmere*—some to pass all the way to atheism, some to swing back into a deeper orthodoxy, more to stay in some House Between. Yet the Englishwoman's book, written more than twenty years ago, is still the classic of the movement. It is still the articulate cry of the modern doubters who have lain wide-eyed at night, feeling themselves slipping into a dark void, reaching empty hands after the faiths that eluded them.

No one can fail to realize that, in this instance, Mrs. Ward wrote what was "laid upon" her to write. Had the book been framed to sell, it might have been better technically without being so convincing. What a tract it was! Chapter after chapter of religious discussion hung on a thread of story that threatened to break under the weight. Yet schoolgirls read it, skipping the hard parts. College boys debated it, and preachers preached against it. Commonplace people, engrossed in making a living, felt it wake a response from what had been going on in some substratum of their minds. Those who cared nothing about its theories were held in its human grip. One woman of the old faith told me that she had taken the book to bed with her and finished it, weeping, at three in the morning.

It is almost time, now that the parting of ways has come, to

give us a novel of those who have definitely abandoned the tenets upon which the spiritual life of their fathers and mothers rested. Have the newer ideals held? We are waiting for a great artist and seer to interpret the spiritual chaos we live in.

Again and again in discussions on the woman question it is said that "the movement for the emancipation of one-half the human race is the greatest revolution the world has ever seen." It is a battle worthy of the greatest tragedian that ever lived, but hitherto it has only been a subject for light comedy. Some woman quits ranting from the platform and reverts to frills, babies and salads—that is all. The tremendous conflict in the hearts of women themselves, since they ceased to be only sex creatures and began to crave the wider sphere without losing their elemental passions—or the terrible antagonism that has grown up between the sexes—these are yet unexplored ground.

The novel which avoids the superficial and simply tells the story of a human soul, is rare among us. It is not so uncommon in Europe. Johan Bojer, a Norwegian writer known to American readers only through *The Power of a Lie*, has written a novel called *Our Kingdom*, which is a very subtle work. The hero, Erik Evje, has forsaken the girl who became the mother of his child and has failed his best friend in need. These two are both weak beings who are driven from despair to crime, and from crime under the vengeance of the law. To escape from the sense of his responsibility for the wreck of their lives, Erik throws himself first into the study of theology, then into the radical movements for the benefit of the proletariat, then, when his past still follows him, into the work of building up his father's estate, which he had inherited. In following the traditions of the family, he is obliged to do many things that jar upon his conscience. He feels the need of a "crucifix," something upon which to pin his faith in himself as rather a good fellow at bottom. To provide this consolation for himself, he gives away of his unused land small farms to some of his tenants and servants. When the new landholders are beginning to prosper, and Erik, involved in shady transactions, needs the balm to his conscience more than ever, a meddlesome civil engineer finds out that the newly cultivated land is resting

on quagmire and may at any time be washed into the river. Then comes the conflict in Erik's mind between his sense that he ought to warn the settlers of their danger and his reluctance to have his "crucifix" snatched from him. Bojer has emphasized the spiritual nature of the conflict by avoiding even the shadow of any material advantage to Evje. He has not even popularity to gain from his philanthropic experiment, for the neighbors of his own class all condemn his "socialistic" tendencies.

An American writer would have made Erik Evje sell the land, then discover the quagmire after the purchase money was already in his hands and needed for the support of his aged mother or pledged to the parish hospital. The moral conflict would have been there, but it would have been raw and materialistic. While striving to deal with realities, the author would have ignored the only real things, which are the things of the spirit.

Europeans call American literature "missish." They attribute its superficiality to the fact that the most numerous readers of fiction in this country are women, and the standards are largely set by women. The facts will scarcely bear out this theory. In looking for the American novel that depends for its interest on the play of psychological development rather than on material events, the name of Edith Wharton is the one that first occurs. Many of her stories are soul dramas, and as such stand almost alone in American literature. Since Hawthorne no one has treated the subject of sexual morality so seriously as Margaret Deland. Women are, in fact, less afraid of discussion on vital subjects than are men. They are more prone to seek in books a key to their own experiences and therefore crave a serious literature more than men do.

Nor has the Puritanic spirit so much to answer for in the shortcomings of American literature as many suppose. Its asceticism may have robbed life of much color and beauty, and its crude, arbitrary standards may have stunted imagination and blighted many of the finer emotions, but its terrible earnestness has produced so great a work as *The Scarlet Letter*. To take an example from European literature, Ibsen's *Brand* is a veritable hymn to asceticism, nevertheless it is very great art.

Puritanism is not so fatal to art as is the American flippancy, which we flatter ourselves by calling the national sense of humor. It is a corrosive, beneath which neither poetry nor oratory, neither enthusiasm nor earnestness can live. We deny the spiritual forces even while we are moved by them, and acknowledge only the seen and the tangible. But the time is coming when the greater writers of the country will give us literature, and not levity; when life will no longer be caricatured, or truth distorted.

WHAT ONE WOMAN HAS HAD TO BEAR

[In the letter that accompanied this personal narrative, the author wrote: "I am sending you a manuscript which I hope you can use. It was written for a magazine article, but is considered unsuitable for the purpose because of the subject with which it deals. There was a time when I might have considered this the proper attitude for popular magazines; I have changed my position since this knowledge has come to me."

So experience and pain bring simplicity and insight. But surely it is not necessary that each woman and each man should learn their lesson individually—too late to help themselves, though not too late to help others. The false and fatal prudery that sees shame in clear vision and virtue in wilful blindness, is already yielding to the truer spirit of comprehension without contamination. Yet there are still vast numbers who hold, in all sincerity and thoughtlessness, the former views of the author of this article: that such subjects are not suitable for general discussion. If they understood the terrible nature and universal prevalence of this scourge, they would realize that no subject demands more urgently and peremptorily the fullest measure of publicity that can be given to it in the press, the pulpit, the school, the college, and the home. For every home in the country lies beneath its shadow; and innocence can bring no immunity while ignorance remains the ideal of the pseudo-purists who are responsible for so much avoidable misery.—EDITOR.]

IN a girls' school in a little town on the sunset side of the Rockies, I have spent many years in a position of great responsibility. I am no longer young: my face is lined with the cares of an overburdened life; my hair is white; my appreciation of youthful pleasures is that only of the looker-on. I feel that this applies to so many in this vast territory that I shall not be recognized, or I should not dare to write so plainly.

For many summers it has been my custom to conduct parties of girls and teachers through the various scenic sections of the United States and Canada. After the retirement of the win-

ter, these excursions, with their strain and heavy responsibility, usually drove me back to my home much exhausted. Here I spent a few weeks in rest before resuming my work in the school at a distant town.

This past summer my party disbanded about the first of August, and I went home as usual. For the first time I failed to take cheer with me. I was parched with fever daily; I ached in every limb; I was annoyed by blisters on my lips and swollen glands in my throat. The usual remedies for biliousness had no effect, and I was forced to go to a physician-friend for relief. From the day I consulted him until now I have felt myself to be accursed.

He examined me carefully, asked a number of questions, and then told me the awful truth: I had contracted syphilis.

At first it was unbelievable. I knew of the disease only through newspaper advertisements. I had understood that it was the result of sin and that it originated and was contracted only in the underworld of the city. I felt sure that my friend was mistaken in his diagnosis. When he sadly exclaimed, "Another tragedy of the public drinking cup!" I eagerly met his remark with the assurance that I did not use public drinking cups, that I had used my own cup for years. He led me to review my summer. After recalling a number of times when the extremity of my thirst had found me unprepared and had forced me to go to public fountains, I came at last to realize that what he had told me was true.

I shall never forget his goodness to me. He gently stroked my hand and told me that I was not the only innocent person who had suffered in this way, that no suspicion could be attached to one whose life had been lived so worthily, that the awful trial that had come to me was God's own test, and that out of it would doubtless come the sweetest blessings of my life. As he talked I gradually rallied from the shock, the madness that he read in my eyes left me, and I began to feel that with him to help me I could fight my way back to health. Had I been able then to see the path my feet had to tread for the next six months, I really think I should have lost my reason. God was good indeed when He hid from me a future so unendurable.

When my friend told me that I should have to put myself under the direction of a physician in my school town, I refused. I could not tell my story to another, I told him. I would follow his instructions and would let him treat me from afar. Much against his will he consented and supplied me with medicines enough to last some time.

In less than two weeks I was salivated until my sufferings were intense. In response to my telegram for instructions, my physician wired me to consult a local physician. I was forced to tell my story, so I went to a stranger. God guided me aright, for that physician is every inch a man. From that time he has helped me to bear it. It has not been easy for him and has been worse for me. I find I cannot tell the story of these months so as to give an adequate idea of their awfulness. My physical sufferings were severe, but my mental pain greater by far. As a child I was impressed by one line from Hood's *Haunted House*—"O'er all there hung a shadow and a fear." I often thought of this, for I walked in shadow—the shadow of terrible dread.

On my lip was a sore, to me a badge of shame, which I bore for many months. I did not forget it at any time. I walked down the streets with a terror too wild for words. Surely everyone knew! They could see it, I felt sure, and when they saw it they knew it as the symbol of a life of degradation. They condemned me unheard. They did not think of public drinking cups. Every day I expected to be accused of unspeakable things and turned adrift. This haunting fear never left my waking hours.

At night I wandered in troubled dreams from one person to another, turning down each underlip to find one, two, and even three or four sores of this peculiar kind. At times my dreams would be of discovery and disgrace, of my pleading for recognition of my innocence or of my wordless acceptance of my unmerited fate.

Even though I was not discovered, I had perhaps a more direful possibility to face. Daily, hourly, momentarily, I was haunted by the dread of passing on the disease to another. At first I would not even shake hands with anyone; I did not use

a single article that anyone else might use; I had my meals served in my room in order that I might wash the dishes myself; I could not drink with others; the baby across the hall could not be kissed, though he toddled unsteadily up to me many times a day, lifting rosy lips for the caresses never before denied; I avoided the use of the telephone; I washed my hands frequently lest I had by accident put them to my lips and infected them. Every act of my life was carefully weighed under the influence of that feverish fear.

I had the sensation always that I could not foresee what new ordeal the day had in store for me, but that each day one would come. Before I recovered from the shock of one trial, another was upon me. I was strained, tense—afraid, afraid. Night and day, day and night I bore my burden of fear.

At one time I had reached a state of comparative happiness. The treatment had at last proved to be effective. The disease was slowly giving way. I was successful in keeping the girls out of my room and keeping myself to myself except in a business way. I felt that even for one so cursed as I there was a future. At this juncture came the most severe trial of the months.

In the room across the hall a professor, his wife, and baby boy lived. She was a sweet, pure young woman, my especial friend. One night she passed me in the corridor with the remark that she had a blister on her lip "as big as a mountain." I was paralyzed with the certainty of the calamity. It was scarcely night, but I went to bed and lay there staring into the dark in wordless horror. It had come at last, and had come to the one dearest to me. I shook with cold in a nervous chill which lasted for hours and sleep was far from me. The next day I sought my physician and asked him for guidance and help. I could not see my way. If I told, I knew that it would end my work, my very life. If I did not, she might pass on the disease before it was discovered. Her caresses would infect both husband and child.

After much discussion we hit on the expedient of taking her physician into our confidence and getting his help. Again the story was told. Again a man showed his God-like spirit.

In two days he had contrived to be called into the house, had found that my fears were groundless, had helped me in many ways to safeguard those around me and had gone into the background of my life with many assurances of his readiness to serve me further.

After some months the treatment greatly injured my gums, and I was forced to consult a dentist. To protect him I had to put the situation before him, and to-day I am waiting his verdict as to the best line of treatment.

What I have written is but a meagre outline of what I have undergone. All could not be told. They assure me that the worst is over as to pain and danger of transmission, but that months and even years of daily treatment lie before me. I am now less unhappy, less afraid, but I am still moved by a restless, feverish desire to save others from my fate.

The question that I often ask my physician is, "If this is so common as you say, if it is so highly contagious, why is not something done to protect the uninfected?" I have watched soda fountains being operated by boys who gave the glasses a hasty dip into a tub of cold water. I have noted at boarding-houses that tumblers are merely wiped out if they have been used for water only, and then this filthy goblet is put back on the table for use at the next meal. I have seen many people use a common drinking cup. I have observed that dentists are careless in regard to their tools. There must be menace in all this.

I believe that the work of suppressing this evil should come from the infected person. If each State would pass and enforce stringent laws causing persons so diseased to be isolated, just as lepers are, there would be more hope of repressing the evil. If physicians were required to swear that no patient so infected would be allowed to mingle with uninfected persons, the danger would be reduced. After months of a life that has been hell itself, I send this out to the public asking that something be done to save others from my experience.

A NEW PROPHETESS OF FEMINISM

Dora Marsden

FRANCES MAULE BJÖRKMAN

A FEW weeks ago the English newspapers were greatly excited over the report that the suffrage book-shops of London were offering for sale "literature of an abnormal, immoral and dangerous character." The publication mentioned most prominently in this connection, and, obviously, the objective of the whole attack, was a weekly review, less than a year old, called *The Freewoman*. It was charged that this paper stood for "free love," anarchy, and all the other dark and dangerous doctrines to which the mind of the frightened bourgeois public reverts when it sees existing standards challenged. All of which seems to point to *The Freewoman* as a social symptom of unusual interest.

It cannot be dismissed as a mere "crank" publication, for it has already won respectful recognition from such persons as John Galsworthy, H. G. Wells, Charles Granville, Francis Grierson, Mr. and Mrs. Walter M. Gallichan, and Mr. and Mrs. Havelock Ellis—all but the last two of whom have contributed to its pages. Furthermore, it is backed and issued by a publishing house which is distinguished for the high literary quality and the serious purpose of its publications. That it is radical, with a radicalism beyond that of any of the advanced publications of purely masculine manufacture, cannot be denied. It is the last thing we should wish to deny, for it is this very quality of radicalism that makes it so significant and compelling a sign of new developments taking place within the woman movement.

Viewed merely from the standpoint of general journalism, *The Freewoman* is so novel as to arrest attention; and when it is considered in the light of a woman's propagandist organ, it is seen to have a meaning which may quite legitimately be regarded as sinister by the upholders of the existing order.

The charge that it is put forth under the ægis of the suffrage movement, while quite natural, is altogether unjust to the suffra-

gists—that is to say, to the suffragists *as such*. True, its editor, Miss Dora Marsden, first came into prominence as a suffragist. True also that Miss Mary Gawthorpe, whose name, for the first few weeks, stood as co-editor with that of Miss Marsden, is only less celebrated as a suffragist in England than Mrs. or Miss Pankhurst. It is also true, however, that the suffragists, and especially the militants, far from welcoming the new journal to their shops, are fighting it with all their might.

The obvious conclusion would be that this was because of the attack on the militant society that was printed in the first number. This did undoubtedly draw forth some violent reprisals. But for the deep and abiding hostility to the new journal on the part of organized suffragism in England, we must look deeper.

The truth of the matter is that *The Freewoman* is “spiking the suffragists’ game.”

The suffragists, both in England and America, have been trying all these years to convince the public that they were asking to be free only in order that they might serve the more effectively. This is the keynote of the most modern of the suffrage literature and the theme of every suffrage “soap-boxer.”

“Not for herself, tho’ sweet the air of freedom;
Not for herself, tho’ dear the new-won power;
But for the child, who needs a nobler mother,
For the whole people, needing one another—
Comes woman to her hour.”

Nor is this attitude confined to the suffragists. The women who have won nation-wide recognition for their social services—the Jane Addamses and Florence Kelleys—show that their demand for wider opportunities for women is based on their appreciation of women’s untapped capacity for “usefulness.” Even the prophetesses and philosophers of feminine revolt—more radical because less concerned with the immediate accomplishment of definite ends—have preached “service”—widened and exalted almost beyond recognition, but still service—as the ideal aim of a free womanhood—whether it be the “world service of the social mother” with the self-conscious purpose “to feed and

clothe and teach the human race," envisioned by Charlotte Perkins Gilman; whether the exalted and spiritualized personal service of home and man and child insisted upon with such passionate fervor by Ellen Key; or whether the toil with hand and brain in every field of human endeavor which the poetic vision of Olive Schreiner saw as the necessary condition to the preservation of race virility.

So far the Feminists—doers and thinkers both—have played more or less directly into the hands of the suffragists in their endeavor to allay instinctive masculine fears that if women were to acquire first-hand power, they would use it for the furtherance of their own personal ends instead of applying it—as they have always done, and on the whole so satisfactorily, with their delegated power—to the enhancement of the lives of others.

Then came *The Freewoman* with the incredible heresy that all this was deception—albeit largely unconscious—and that the woman movement was nothing if not an effort on the part of women to lift themselves forever out of the "servant" class and to place themselves definitely and finally among the "masters"—using their faculties, like all masters, for the upbuilding and development of their own personalities and the advancement of their own personal aims.

It admitted freely that this would entail enormous and fundamental changes in the social structure and in the relations of the sexes—that it would involve, first of all, the achievement of absolute economic independence of men by women; the repudiation, by women, of the marriage contract, at least in its present form; developments in domestic labor and administration so vast as to have all the outer aspects of "breaking up the home"; readjustments in the world of politics and industry great enough to accommodate double the present number of productive thinkers and workers, demanding, not only admission, but pay.

Whatever the private views of individual suffragists—and, of course, they vary widely—the raising of these issues at the present juncture when, literally, women's lives are being sacrificed to put through a specific measure, was regarded as nothing less than an act of treachery. The Manchester branch of the Women's Social and Political Union, which Miss Gawthorpe had

organized and of which she had been acknowledged leader during the first stormy years of the militant movement, sent resolutions formally condemning the paper. Mrs. Hertha Ayrton, the scientist, as a subscriber to the establishment fund, and her sister, Mrs. Florence Ayrton Zangwill, wife of Israel Zangwill, who had contributed one of her stories to the first number, wrote to demand a formal announcement of the withdrawal of their support. In general, the position of Miss Gawthorpe—who was still ill from injuries sustained in a militant demonstration—was made so painful that, after the first few weeks, she withdrew her name as co-editor although still giving the paper her hearty moral support.

Miss Marsden adopted the opposite policy of staying in the fight and trying to convince the suffragists that no immediate gain was worth having unless founded upon truth and understanding. To this end the paper was thrown open for the discussion of every problem—social and individual; mental, moral, spiritual and physical—affecting women's present position and their aims and prospects for the future.

These discussions are notable for the number and variety of the points of view represented; for the range of the subjects covered; and for the height of the intellectual passion displayed in them; but, of course, what has attracted attention to them has been the candid way in which they have dealt with various problems of sex. Several times, I understand, this has very nearly brought the paper under the ban of the censor. In explanation of *The Freewoman's* "open" policy on this subject, and in answer to a criticism from a friendly correspondent, Miss Marsden writes:

"This is an odd enough criticism of a journal that calls itself a Feminist review. That it can be made arises from the difficulty of grasping the definition of Feminism, even when specifically defined. Feminism is concerned with the readjustment of the balance of sex relationships, which has been rendered necessary by the age-long acceptance of Masculinism, the present accepted, but not unchallenged theory—a theory which acknowledges the domination of men in sex relationships and in all the various activities and spheres of labor which are accommodated

to such. It will thus be seen that we regard Feminism, not as a final doctrine, but as a temporary theory of expedients and readjustments. Masculinism and Feminism are relative terms, and when one is strong enough to equate the other, both will become merged in a common doctrine of Humanism. We assure our correspondent that, both by interest and temperament, we are far more likely to trespass upon the sphere of Humanism than to keep too unduly to the restricted sphere of Feminism."

Despite all opposition the paper has now, in less than a year's time, won for itself a secure position among a small but rapidly growing group of thinking people in England, and is beginning to find support and recognition in America. Out of the interest which it has aroused in the problems of Feminism, a "Freewoman Discussion Circle" has grown, which holds weekly meetings to take up in greater detail the large issues which the paper has merely launched for discussion. It has been able to secure—without pay—contributions from some of the most eminent of living English authors, and it has discovered some young writers of marked gifts.

It is the editorial articles of Miss Marsden herself, however, that not only give the paper its unique quality—its originality, its honesty, its fearlessness—but which chiefly warrant its claim for consideration as a social symptom.

Whatever justification there may be for the charge of the suffragists that *The Freewoman* has jeopardized the immediate granting of votes to women, there is no question that Miss Marsden's editorial articles are serving to lift the woman movement to a higher level of seriousness and importance in the minds of a rapidly growing circle of both men and women readers. She, more than any of the other feministic writers—possibly partly because she is a journalist dealing from week to week with living issues—is making the public realize that the matter is pressing and cannot be made to wait; that it is vital in that it involves half—or more than half—of the whole race; and that it requires for the solution of its problems a degree of enlightenment—especially in the field of modern psychology—which has never yet been applied to it.

This extraordinary young woman has shot into the literary

and philosophic firmament as a star of the first magnitude. Although practically unknown except as a settlement worker and a suffragist before the advent of *The Freewoman* last November, she speaks always with the quietly authoritative air of the writer who has arrived. Her style has beauty—at times, great beauty—as well as force and clarity. Merely as an essayist she compels admiration and makes us wonder why we have never heard of her before.

I can give only the most meagre details regarding her personal history. Like so many of the leaders of the English movement, she is a Lancashire woman. To me there is a peculiar significance in the fact that it is the one spot in all England where women's work is economically equivalent with that of men which has produced most of the leaders of feminine revolt. I know that it is in the frontier States in our own country, where women's toil has also been valued equally with the labor of men, that women have been accorded political equality. It would thus seem that the participation of women in the productive work of the world is the factor which creates the atmosphere in which the demand for freedom grows.

Miss Marsden was graduated from Manchester University with the degree of B.A. and took up teaching as her profession, working incidentally in the University Settlement. She seems to have passed through the successive stages of Socialist and Socialist-irritated-with-Socialism common to university settlementers of idealistic temperaments on both sides of the water, and to have arrived finally at a tentative acceptance of Syndicalism.

Immediately after Christabel Pankhurst's first militant protest, Miss Marsden threw herself heart and soul into the militant suffrage movement—even leaving her post as teacher to become an organizer for the Women's Social and Political Union. When challenged to explain this fact in view of her present hostile attitude toward the W. S. P. U., Miss Marsden stated editorially in *The Freewoman* that at that time she believed that she was allying herself with a general woman emancipation movement, which, she found later, was not the case. In the meantime, however, she ran the full gamut of suffragette experiences. She served two months in Holloway Gaol for her

all too gallant defence of "the colors" in the clash between the police and the Lancashire women's deputation to the House of Commons in 1909. She went through the hunger strike and was strait-jacketed in Strangeways Gaol in Manchester, where she had been committed for throwing a rock through the glass roof of a hall in which a Cabinet Minister's meeting was in progress, and she was arrested and discharged too many times to count. The newspapers of Lancashire called her "Dauntless Dora."

On the occasion of Winston Churchill's visit to Southport during the campaign of 1909, Miss Marsden succeeded in outwitting the police in the face of the most extraordinary precautions against suffragette interruptions. A large sum had been spent on extra police protection. A solid cordon was drawn up around the hall, and additional guards were stationed at every entrance. The paving stones had been taken up from the streets and set on end for barricades. Yet when Mr. Churchill began to explain that the people ought to support the Government because the Government represented the people, from high up somewhere near the ceiling floated down a thin feminine voice:

"It does not represent the women, Mr. Churchill."

Far out through a ventilator above the stage leaned the figure of Dora Marsden, small and slight, and with her thin, intense little face wan and pale from nearly twenty-four hours of fast and vigil. But her voice rose crisp and clear above the uproar, and she coolly proceeded to deliver her message until the stewards, who had at first been utterly demoralized by the interruption, found their way into her loft and dragged her forcibly from the opening. Delighted crowds in the streets saw her thrust through the broken glass of a window and set rolling down the sloping roof—from which she must certainly have fallen had she not found a slight hold in the projecting coping—and then pulled down and hustled off to jail.

During the years from 1908 to 1910, the newspaper of the militant society, *Votes for Women*, was eloquent in praise of her courage, her resourcefulness, her devotion. During 1910 she was mentioned less and less frequently, and at the beginning of 1911 she disappeared from its columns altogether.

It appears that in 1910, she registered a vigorous protest against the exclusive Votes for Women policy and urged the inauguration of an aggressive and determined campaign in behalf of the general principles of Feminism—without results, of course. In 1911 she made a similar appeal, and receiving no encouragement, she withdrew from the organization, determined, if necessary, to begin alone the work which she felt was pressing to be done. She was offered the associate editorship of *The Vote*, organ of the rival militant organization, The Women's Freedom League, but after a brief trial, definitely reached the conclusion that the particular end which she had in view could not be accomplished within the movement at all. Accordingly she resigned her office and took up the task of trying to secure from suffragists financial backing for an independent feminist journal. The help was not forthcoming, and, since she had cut herself off from all money-earning activities in order to put through this undertaking, she experienced the most extreme poverty. The project of an independent Feminist journal financed by suffragists was amply demonstrated to be quite out of the question, but just at this point Miss Marsden learned of the willingness of her present publishers to try an experiment in feministic journalism, and *The Freewoman* became a fact.

Miss Marsden's special demand has less to do with the external and material conditions of woman's emancipation than with a fundamental change in woman's point of view toward herself. Miss Marsden's concern is that women shall acquire the habit of appraising their individual worth as "separate spiritual entities," apart from any of their relational aspects. They must learn to judge themselves as individuals and not as mothers, wives, sisters or daughters—not even as "world mothers" or "creators and conservators of life." It is only through acquiring this sense of value, and the courage to sacrifice to the development of their individual gifts everything that threatens such development, that women will make manifest their highest potentialities.

As long as women accept "support" from men, they must be prepared, in return, to sacrifice their own ends and purposes and to forgo the cultivation of their own personalities to advance

the interests and to minister to the needs of their "providers." It is only just and fair that they should do this. Therefore, if they are not always to be under obligations and exactions imposed from without, they will of necessity have to earn their own "support" by productive paid labor. They will have to reject the proposal of State endowment for motherhood for the reason that this scheme would merely transfer their obligation toward some individual man to a collective body of men. It follows, then, that they will have to be prepared to support, not only themselves, but any children that they may bring into the world.

"They—the Freewomen—do not wish, by law or by any other means, to fasten their responsibilities on others. They themselves are prepared to shoulder their own. They bear no grudge and claim no exemptions because of the greater burdens which nature has made theirs. They accept them willingly because of their added opportunity and power. . . .

"She must produce within herself strength sufficient to provide for herself and for those of whom nature has made her the natural guardian, her children. To this end she must open up resources of wealth for herself. She must work, earn money. She must seize upon the incentives which have spurred men on to strenuous effort—wealth, power, titles and public honor. . . .

"It is neither desirable nor necessary for women, when they are mothers, to leave their chosen, money-earning work for any length of time. The fact that they so often do so rests largely upon a tradition that will have to be worn down. In wearing it down vast changes must take place in social conditions, in housing, nursing, kindergarten, education, cooking, cleaning, in the industrial world and in the professions. These changes will have for their motive the accommodation of such conditions as will enable women to choose and follow a life-work, apart from, and in addition to, their natural function of reproduction."

Miss Marsden makes it quite clear that she fully understands how hard is her doctrine and how limited must be its appeal. For generations, perhaps, only the "exceptional" women—the geniuses and the artists, women who are driven by an inner necessity to recognize and to cultivate their gifts—will

follow it. But that the strenuous effort that it implies will be good for women, *and for their children*, she has no manner of doubt.

"We believe that it is to the Freewomen that we have to look for the conscious setting toward a higher race, for which their achievements will help to make ready, and their strivings and aspirations help to mould. For this, they do not require protection; they need liberty. They do not require ease; they need strenuous effort. . . .

"They will have to strive, and that they should so strive will be well for them and for their children."

So, in the end, it appears that it is by casting aside the old passive rôle of self-sacrifice and following the path of self-realization that women are to become "useful" in the highest sense of all, to serve in the most exalted possible capacity.

LADY GREGORY AND THE LORE OF IRELAND

KATHERINE BRÉGY

AFTER all, if there is nothing for a book like being read, there is nothing for a play like being acted: and it was the Irish Players (whatever else their errors or their excellences!) who made Lady Gregory a household word here in the States—as she had long been a name to conjure with in Ireland. Never a service more meet, since she came as their own stage-manager; and for more than a decade she had labored tirelessly in behalf of a national Irish theatre. Has she not herself, indeed, provided every sort of dramatic vehicle, from farce to miracle play? There is *The Image*, a three act comedy of village dreamers, so profoundly psychological that it might almost stand as a symbol of Ireland; and in that curious fantasy, *The Unicorn from the Stars*, one gets the impression that it is Lady Gregory's realism alone which holds back Mr. Yeats' mysticism from a glory of spontaneous combustion! But the *Seven Short Plays* have proved perhaps her most indubitable dramatic triumph. *Spreading the News*, a farce about folk who had no business "but to be minding one another's business," is one of the most popular of these. Its motif first presented itself as a tragedy; "but," says Lady Gregory naïvely, "comedy and not tragedy was wanted at our theatre"—so *voilà!* she let laughter have its way. It is curious, however,—and it is manifest even in that immensely funny *Workhouse Ward*—how the Irish farce tends always to become more than a farce; nine times out of ten, a very poignant satire as well. Now Lady Gregory's irony is quite without that sinister quality which corrodes so much of Synge's brilliant work: but it dominates her humor, and is never far from her pathos. So there is bitter-sweet realism in these little *genre* pictures of peasant life—bitter sweetness, too, in *The Gaol Gate*, where she has given us fifteen minutes of tragedy as universal as it is intensely national.

It cannot soon be forgotten, this vivid pioneer service to the Irish theatre: but it is a question whether Lady Gregory has not rendered greater, if less blazoned, services—not merely to Irish

literature, but to the literature of the whole world. For it is she who has so collected and combined and translated the old heroic lore of Gaeldom as to make it a vital part of the universal heritage. This ancient literature was not unknown to Aubrey de Vere, who indeed built many of his poems about it; the manuscripts (nearly all antedating the twelfth century) have been a fruitful field for Irish and French and German archæologists; but it remained for Lady Gregory to reclothe them with a pulsing and passionate humanity. And, characteristically, she has chosen as the medium for these translations the speech of the Irish people to-day. She does not write English as English scholars are wont to write it—she achieves a more difficult thing, and makes the popular idiom classic: so that the tales are still primitive; they are still both rich and crude; they are still, in every salient feature, Gaelic.

In *Gods and Fighting Men* we have the stories, more or less detached, more or less episodic, of the Tuatha de Danaan and the Fianna. For the enlightenment of those unfamiliar with Celtic lore, it may be timely to explain that these Tuatha were the people of the Gods of Dana (or Dea), who came riding through the mist to Ireland very, very long ago, to dispute the land with the Firbolgs—those hereditary fighters of the island, dark men fond of heavy weapons, to whom one likes to trace the militant qualities of Erin to-day. But the Tuatha were the dreamers and mystics, who brought with them the Stone of Destiny, and much lore about the seven streams of wisdom, the branch which bore blossom and fruit at the same time, and what Fiona MacLeod once called the “nostalgia for sweet, impossible things.” It could never have been the Ireland one knows to-day had it not been divided with these other-world Danaan people! As for the Fianna, they formed a sort of prehistoric Round Table brotherhood. Oisín or Oíseán, the warrior-poet who had sojourned in faëry realms, was almost the last of these, and lived late enough to see Patrick and his gospel of peace gaining mastery of the land. Indeed, the saint was keen upon converting this unregenerate old warrior, and seems to have brought him into at least a nominal subjection. Some of their traditional dialogues have come down into Irish literature to-day—curious

and unending arguments, akin to the debates or "strife poems" of mediæval England, in which no one ever seems to have the last word!

But among the heroes who make up this epic dream-world, none was mightier than the young Cuchulain who dwelt for a little space among the Red Branch knights of Ulster; and the whole cycle of stories growing up about his name Lady Gregory has incorporated in *Cuchulain of Muirthemne*.^{*} It was in every sense an epoch-making volume: "the best book that has come out of Ireland in my time," William Butler Yeats declared—and then he added in supreme but sober homage, "perhaps I should say the best book that has ever come out of Ireland; for the stories which it tells are a chief part of Ireland's gift to the imagination of the world, and it tells them perfectly for the first time."

In these bold, magical pages one learns of the birth and youth of Cuchulain; of his assuming the king's own chariot and armor, since no others were great enough to withstand his vehemence; of his cryptic wooing of the maiden Emer—she who possessed the six gifts most cherished by his people: the gift of beauty, the gift of voice, the gift of sweet speech, the gift of needlework, the gift of wisdom, the gift of chastity.

"I see in the chariot a dark, sad man, comeliest of the men of Ireland," cries the princess Findabair as Cuchulain draws near: "A pleated crimson tunic about him, fastened at the breast with a brooch of inlaid gold . . . His eyebrows as black as the blackness of a spit, seven lights in his eyes, seven colors about his head, love and fire in his look." It is thus the hero passes upon his way—serving King Conchubar in battle, winning by his great leap the championship of Ulster, shaking spear and sword like a young war god in the strife over the Brown Bull of Cuailgne, and at the last fighting all alone against the four provinces of Ireland.

There is nothing shadowy about the men and the women and the demigods among whom Cuchulain walks—they have a splendidly elemental vitality. On one side sits Conchubar the king, regal and generous yet "falsely true"; and Cathbad the

^{*} Pronounced *Cuhoolin of Murhevna*.

wise Druid, with his snow-white hair and cloak of purple: on the other, the intrepid queen, Maeve, a primitive Lady Macbeth; Rochad of the red-gold hair and laughing eyes, who is himself half an army; and the orator Sencha, who can put all the men of the earth at peace with his three fair words. It is a younger world than that of the *Morte d'Arthur*, at once less spiritual and less sophisticated: yet an older world than the immense purple dawn-time of *Beowulf*. Perhaps its closest kinship is with the hero-world of Siegfried and Brünhilde. But already the Celtic spirit glances more quickly than the Teutonic. No Odin walks the earth, but a sense of magic and of mystery is everywhere. Those two fair birds who fly, gold-chained, across the sky are probably princesses in disguise; the army marching toward Emain Macha may be real, or it may be an apparition raised by enchantment; and it is a question in everybody's mind whether the man who is not a poet shall be allowed to act as judge!

One page of this old bardic cycle stands apart from the stormier chapters in the curious subtlety, the refinement, almost the modernity of its emotion. It is the episode of Fand, that radiant princess of the Sidhe, who heals Cuchulain and wins his love. Now the meaning of Fand is *a tear that passes over the fire of the eye*. "It was for her purity she was called that, and for her beauty," declares Lady Gregory's old chronicler, with that inalienably artistic quality which seems the birthright of the Celt, "for there was nothing in life with which she could be compared besides it." Even proud Emer's anger dies when she looks upon the woman, and she is fain to yield up to her the hero husband: but it is Fand herself who renounces, turning back in sorrow to her own lord, Manaan, son of the sea. And the sage Druids, finding Cuchulain as one distraught, reverse the story of Iseult (who, be it remembered, was a later princess of Ireland) and bring to him a magic cup of forgetfulness. And "from the moment he drank that drink, he did not remember Fand and all the things that he had done. And they gave a drink of forgetfulness to Emer as well, that she might forget her jealousy."

There is epic grandeur about the last scene of all, when Cuchulain goes out to battle against the powers of darkness as

well as the men of Maeve's army, with that tragic and mystic fatalism of his race. "Do not be hindering me any more," he cries to Laeg, the faithful charioteer, "for if I stay or if I go, death will meet me all the same." Not all the might of his three "thunder feats" may avail; nor the fury which scatters his foes across the plain of Muirthemne "like snowflakes and hail-stones, like buttercups in a meadow, like grass under the feet of cattle on a fine summer day"; but, at the end, he greets death standing. And then his own wounded war-horse, the world-known Gray of Macha, staggers back to Cuchulain's side, and defends his master's body until the hero-light has ceased forever to shine about that young, glorious head.

So great is the vengeance wrought for him, that when Emer of the Fair Form comes to the burial of her husband, she walks between plains of the dead! And the woman bids Conall "to make a wide, very deep grave for Cuchulain; and she laid herself down beside her gentle comrade, and she put her mouth to his mouth, and she said: 'Love of my life, my friend, my sweetheart, my one choice of the men of the earth, many is the woman, wed and unwed, envied me till this day; and now I will not stay living after you!' And her life went out from her and she herself and Cuchulain were laid in one grave by Conall . . . and he himself and all the men of Ulster keened them."

One other woman looms above this galaxy of heroes, imperial by the might and majesty of her grief. It is Deirdre, fairest of the daughters of Ireland—Deirdre, the betrothed of King Conchubar, who forsakes him with never a backward look or thought, to pour out the wine of her life with the lives of the sons of Usnach. This is one of the most dramatic of all Irish romances; it is one of the great tragic stories of the world; and in the simple, but exquisite, prose of Lady Gregory's version it rings out with the beauty of a challenge. The three tall brothers are walking in the sunlight, Naoise at the lead, when Deirdre catches sight of them. Verily it is "not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door, but 'tis enough"—for the spark which means conflagration has flown out upon the winds!

"So Naoise turned back and met Deirdre, and Deirdre and Naoise kissed one another three times . . . And with the

confusion that was on her, a blaze of red fire came upon her, and her color came and went as quickly as the aspen by the stream. And it is what Naoise thought to himself, that he never saw a woman so beautiful in his life; and he gave Deirdre there and then the love that he never gave to living thing, to vision, or to creature, but to herself alone."

High-heartedly they go out toward the fate which must needs be fulfilled; and when, at last, treachery lures the exiles back to Conchubar's realm, the bold spirit dies unbroken. Naoise and his bride are playing together at the polished chess-board, even as the king's men draw near to fire the guest-house where they are imprisoned. One by one the loyal sons of Usnach fall defending the woman. And then, when the three great "Candles of the Gael" are trodden to darkness, Deirdre kneels down beside her dead love—as Emer had knelt—and kisses the still face passionately. "And when her mouth touched his blood, the color of burning sods came into her cheeks, and she rose up like one that had lost her wits, and she went on through the night till she came to where the waves were breaking on the strand." It is Deirdre of the Sorrows forevermore—and from her lips falls that poignant lament for which centuries of poets may well seek a worthy music! All the dirges of the earth echo through her Irish keening: the lamentations of the Hebrews, the elegies of the Greeks, the immemorial cry of woman, the life-giver, against the life-takers of the world. Naoise her husband is fallen, whose voice had the deep sound of the waves—and Ainnle the kind, and Ardan the mighty hunter—!

Even at this moment comes the message of Conchubar, bidding Deirdre fear not, but return and take her place once more at his side. "Do not break the strings of my heart as ye took hold of my young youth," cries the tortured girl, "though my darling is dead, my love is strong to live. What is country to me, or land or lordship? What are swift horses? What are jewels and gold? Och! It is I will be lying to-night on the strand like the beautiful sons of Usnach!" Very swiftly did Deirdre exchange her little red-gold ring for the knife of a boat-maker upon the sands: and when at nightfall King Conchubar, with five hundred men, drew near to bear her away, "all he

found before him was her white body on the ground, and it without life."

If the chivalrous and gracious spirit of the French breathes through the *Chanson de Roland*, and the brooding philosophy of the German through the *Nibelungenlied*, and the fine, free idealism of the British through the Arthurian epic, surely the immense passion of Ireland roars and surges through this ancient cycle! Now it is for three gifts, chiefly, that our modern world prizes the Celtic heritage: for its mirth and for its magic and for its tears. Traces of these essential characteristics—authentic, although not yet in their completeness or maturity—flash like a prism across these venerable pages. The nation which gave us Cuchulain and Deirdre and the gallant Fianna was the same nation Burne-Jones loved so discerningly. "I do like Paddies somehow very much," he was wont to declare; "because they are unlucky, because Anguish is their king, because they made splendid legends . . . and stuck to them; and I like them because they feel quickly and laugh at the right things." A primitive people, to be sure, has scarcely learned to cherish the sweet wantonness of laughter. It is intent upon life and love and conquest, and its mirth is a fitful, flint-like gleam. But the magic of Ireland—its mystic loveliness, its strange felicity—is a thing of yesterday, to-day and forever; while the tears of Ireland have left their salt tracery evermore upon the pages of the Book of Life.

In her preface to *Cuchulain*, Lady Gregory assures us that she has never voluntarily changed a word of these stories: although she has (with surpassing tact and sublimated patience) sifted the wheat of the old versions from the chaff, building up the tales from many chroniclers, adding the essential sentence when a link was palpably missing. Is it not the most manifest praise which can be given a bardic literature, this daring to let it alone? For if we have not the raw material of great poetry, we have nothing but a literary curiosity, a survival; interesting to a few specialists, but not to the mass of living men. By her very abstinence has Lady Gregory vindicated these almost prehistoric sagas of the Irish. She has been deeply sensitive to the poetry of race-memories, the immemorial tales of the peasantry, the lore

which scholars have had to discover, but which was never quite forgotten by old firesides and at old crossroads. Her *Kiltartan Tales* contain a thousand strange and significant fancies of the country people; and in the *Book of Saints and Wonders* she has gathered together—albeit less whole-heartedly than the material deserves—the popular Christian legends about Patrick of the Bells and Columcille, the immortal glory of St. Brendan's voyage, and the homely, gracious miracles of Brigit, the "Mary of the Gael."

It is a large achievement for one life: it is a noble part of that Irish Renaissance which is still in the beautiful process of becoming. Any other than a woman of Lady Gregory's temperament might excusably be thinking about resting upon the oars. Instead of that, it seems she is contemplating more dramas, and these upon the old heroic themes. It may very well come to pass. For when, in Philadelphia not so long ago, a little band of zealots took militant exception to one part of the Irish Players' repertoire, and arrest actually seemed imminent, the spirit of Lady Gregory was distilled into one calm answer. She said that both Bunyan and Oscar Wilde had produced very great work in prison—and she hoped she might be able to spend *her* time there as profitably!

"I HAVE BORNE MY LORD A SON"

FLORENCE KIPER

HIS brain seemed empty, save of that one thought. At times it seemed empty even of that, so numbed he felt and for the moment insensible. But at the next moment, with fiendish reiteration, the knowledge was at him again, mocking him, tormenting him, flouting him slyly.

They were to have a child! She had told him so that morning. She had told him with her eyes downcast, in low, distinct tones, cool and impersonal,—but the glance she had lifted at him!—it was with the memory of that glance that the knowledge jeered and flouted him during the day. She had looked all that she was too proud to speak. He had never quite reached her—the inmost of her—his bride of half a year,—he knew that; and now he was chilled with the certainty that she was further away than ever. The pride of an inaccessible soul was in that glance, the startled, shy look of the virgin soul; but more than all, reproach—a reproach that he knew would not ease itself in words or tears.

He had answered her nothing, because there was nothing to answer. He had realized in impotent protest, as he put on his overcoat in the narrow hall, that it was not so they should have received the knowledge of their parenthood. Through his stunned insensibility had pierced that thought, sharp as a sword. For a wild fraction of a moment, he was moved to take her in his arms with passion. But the desire had relinquished its preposterous life at the sight of her white face. He had gone hurriedly out and had left her, standing there.

He struggled through the numbness of his brain to the day's tasks. The men whom he met he looked at with curious interest, striving even as he talked to them concerning a composition of creditors or the validity of a will, to pierce through the immobility of their faces to their secret thoughts. What were their relations to the women nearest them? What hidden, subtle desires moved them—to what obligations, what privileges? Was sex for them but simple and taken-for-granted, as the air they

breathed, the food they ate? A burly Irishman, a prospective witness in a certain suit, was minded to talk to Lawrence of an event that had occurred but the night before,—the birth of his fifth son. “Sure, we’ve been married only seven years, and the missis was that proud it was another boy. ‘Ye can’t have too many sons for me!’ I told her. ‘The more, the merrier!’” “And is your wife doing well?” asked Lawrence, perfunctorily. But behind the perfunctoriness leaped question upon question. Beast! The woman was to her husband but a child-bearer, a machine for the making of men. And yet she was evidently content, and proud of her service. What a distance measured between her and Ellean, both women of the same civilization, the same city! His slim, straight bride—she was undoubtedly a higher type in the process that was evolving the modern from the cave woman; but what would the prolific Irish wife have made of Ellean’s revolt against her motherhood? They did not speak the same tongue; they were mutually incomprehensible.

Lawrence’s mind began a confused review of the hurried events, persuasions, appeals, that had led to his marriage. On a short trip in Europe he had come across her in a Paris studio, one of that multitudinous brood of American girls who descend like eager birds upon the Paris art-world. And yet Ellean had but superficial resemblance to the downy batch. She was among the few women selected by those who know, for the doing of big things. There was a large energy in her work, a sane vitality, that marked her off from the dilettanti. Her choice was sculpture, an exacting profession for women, demanding physical strength and exhaustless patience. She had put away definitely from her the future of love and marriage, finding it easy so to do because of what she believed was absorption in her task, but in reality because of her total unawareness of sex-emotion in herself. And then had come Lawrence, and had plucked her from her studio in a whirlwind of promises and explanations. He had some money of his own—not much, but sufficient for the life they wished to lead until he had established himself in his law practice. In America, her own country, she could work as well—better—than in the alien life of Paris. She

reluctantly admitted that she had planned to return shortly, the purpose of working with American themes for the ennobling of American life having burned continually within her like a clear flame during the five years of her Paris study.

But she did not wish to return as wife. She was wholeheartedly intent on finding herself as artist, her best forms of expression, and then on establishing her place in the art-world. A husband! marriage! She had had a vague belief that this experience would some day come to her. But not now. She did not want it now. She wanted her time, her freedom—wanted them with a desire that grew passionate as she felt Lawrence stir her against her will. She who had analyzed with scientific disinterestedness the obsession called love, felt herself guarded against the personal invasion.

But it was the reasonableness of the man—so she believed—that had finally broken down each point of resistance. Granted their compatibility and their joy in comradeship—and these delights she fully admitted with engaging frankness—why, he demanded, should her absurd resolutions formulated before she had known him, now keep them apart? Her work! It should be paramount with him as with her. No obligations of her position as wife should encroach upon her time. They would of course be compelled to expend their small income with the greatest possible economy. But he was glad, he assured her, to reduce to the minimum the details of living that appeared to them both to be but the fripperies and embroiderings of life. Their joy in each other and in their respective tasks—these were to be their luxuries! As equal she was to pursue her work, as he his. Nay, he fully conceded her the greater usefulness, knowing that his name would live only because she had made it her own.

Without shame she had discussed with him the question of children. She wished them both to face all the possibilities of the situation gravely and clear-eyed. Some day, doubtless, she would want a child. But for five years—ten perhaps—she could not give her precious days to motherhood. She was a young woman. Was he willing to wait?

Lawrence then reiterated what she meant to him. Surely

she understood that he was not seeking a mate as most men seek—a tender of his home, a mother of his children, a hostess for his guests. Love had seized him also unawares, before he had experienced the social need of a well-equipped wife. It was she—the individual—that lured him, the delicacy and the power of her, the mystery and the frankness. In his inmost heart he dared scarcely think of her as possessed by him. There had persisted with Lawrence, since first an understanding of the suffering of women had been revealed to him by a delicate-minded mother, a curious revolt against the processes of life that so seized and enslaved one-half of its creatures. He was stirred to the depths by his imaginative conception of the age-long hidden tears and secret rebellions.

Ellean, when he married her, had been experimenting in clay on the plans for the most ambitious of her undertakings. There had been a prize offered by a Philadelphia millionaire for a large sculptural group in a library that was one of his pet philanthropies. Considerable latitude was allowed in the choice of theme, the only requirement being that the subject treat in some fashion of the ennobling influence of knowledge. Because of the eminence of the judges, and the large rewards offered in money and publicity, the competition was calling forth the best efforts of well-known artists. Ellean had set herself heart and soul to her task, eager to try her powers in contest with sculptors of experience. She had chosen for her group the seated figure of a woman in the youth of her middle age, and a standing boyish form, a child of twelve. They were both clothed in modern garb, yet the clothing had been so arranged and simplified as to make no appeal to the curiosity that delights in detail. The attention was at once riveted to the faces, the boy's eager, wistful, with the wistful eagerness of youth that hungers for knowledge, upturned to the face of the woman, gravely intent on her task of teaching. But the task she had set herself was not alone the imparting of instruction; rather was it the evocation of latencies and desires from within the boy's own soul. The slender forefinger of her right hand rested on a book held in her lap, but her gaze was out and beyond, over the cities of men,—so it seemed,—the activities of men and

their aspirations. Ellean had called the group Motherhood, explaining to Lawrence that thus she conceived the modern mother of men—not the physical nourisher brooding over the infant, but the teacher, the nurturer of souls.

Motherhood! Lawrence smiled a little grimly in the smoky office. She had demanded that she herself be free of motherhood, so that she might body forth in marble her conception. And he had sworn in good faith it should be so. Well! Life, passion, had seized them. Man is not master of his fate.

He strove, through the long evening they spent together, to formulate some means of approach to her. Again the desire seized him to break through her barriers in simple, human fashion—to caress her, to besiege her with caresses. But a surer instinct held him back. She it was who startled him, at the end of a long silence during which he miserably attempted to occupy himself with a book while she brooded, with a touch on his shoulder and a scarcely articulated, "Don't worry, boy! It—it'll be all right, I guess!" from lips that pitifully strove to smile. She was gone almost before he was aware of her. But the awareness of the white face and the crooked smile persisted with him far into the night, as he longed for sleep at her sleepless side.

She told him—and he received the information with a sudden, startled awareness of the life within her as a thing apart and distinct from her—that she was resolved to render to the child that was to be, all services and cares that were its rights. "It must be well-born, Lawrence. I've got to give it its chance. Poor little thing! it didn't ask for life, did it?"

Their child! His child! An individual! The idea was as yet incomprehensible to him.

"I've been to Dr. Harcourt," she went on. "He's terribly expensive, but he's the best man. He gave me a great many instructions. Oh, I'm strong and well!" This in answer to Lawrence's manifest anxiety. "He told me the mental state is important—asked me if I had any hobbies to occupy me. I informed him that I am a sculptor by profession. He was delighted—said that that's excellent—the very thing to divert me!" The scorn in her voice hurt Lawrence physically.

But the remark quoted with such bitterness from the well-intentioned physician gave Lawrence an opening he had been seeking. His direct gaze challenged hers, as he said with a tone that attempted to divest itself of unspoken meanings,——

“You’re not going to give up the competition, Ellean, are you, because of—this?”

Her monosyllable shut her from him as completely as did her opened, veiled eyes. “Yes!”

“But why, dear girl, why? It means so much to you—the opportunity——”

“I can’t work.” The voice was colorless.

“Aren’t you feeling fit?”

“Oh, well enough, I suppose. But it’s as if something had taken hold of me, had fastened itself upon me—— Oh, can’t you understand?—I’m not I, myself——”

“Perhaps later——”

“The contest closes in six months.”

“And your model is almost finished.”

“I can ruin the whole thing now by a few false strokes.”

He recalled the intensity with which Ellean worked, every faculty alive and keen; her nervous start at the opening of a door, the sudden flapping of a curtain. He recalled her zealous guarding of the few fresh hours of the morning, her insistence on a short period of concentrated energy. Yes, the physical and mental passivity that nature now desired of her was scarcely compatible with Ellean’s method of production.

But the group—the beautiful marble figures in the working out of which Lawrence had taken almost as vivid a delight as she—they were to be abandoned, left lifeless? They were living things already, with the right to continue in life. Lawrence did not believe that she could have the heart to abandon them utterly now.

“Your mother was here this afternoon,” she announced to him one evening. “She brought some of your baby clothes. And she brought a picture of you, sprawling about naked on a cushion. You had a splendid body even in those days, didn’t you? I wanted to model you immediately, just as you sprawled.

Wouldn't it be a choice ornament for a drawing-room—the innocent infancy of the black-suited host, sprawled on a cushion!"

He was gleeful. "Oh, Ellean, it's so nice to have you funny again!"

Her face instantly clouded, and he regretted his spontaneity.

"Your mother is overjoyed, of course, at the prospect of an heir. No wonder grandparents are fatuous. All of the pleasure and none of the responsibility."

"Mother will work her fingers to the bone to relieve you."

"Yes, I daresay. But she can't work my fingers for me." She looked down angrily at her strong, flexible hands. Then moved to one of her sudden tendernesses—tendernesses which were to Lawrence as the bread of life!—"What a wretch I am! I'm not worth loving, Lawrence—such an unsexed creature! Why did you marry me?"

His face was alight. "You know why, girl!"

"Oh, Lawrence dear, I can't help it. I'm so unhappy, so unhappy!"

This time his arms were about her. She was shaken with a few quick sobs.

"It's because the competition closes—— Oh, why was I made a woman!"

"For me!"

"You're sorry I'm your wife. I know it."

"If you dare say that again!"

"I don't mean it, Lawrence—truly I don't! I just want to be reassured."

"Will you take a walk with me to-morrow afternoon, if it's a good day?"

"A walk!" She mocked her disabilities. "Do you remember how we used to race in the Fontainebleau woods—and those all-day tramps——"

"Will you—to-morrow?"

"The doctor says that I'm to amble about as much as possible."

"I'll be home at two o'clock. It's Saturday."

The year was at its turn from winter to spring. The day was unusually mild for a northern March, and the little city park was timidly happy with the feel of stirring sap and pale yellow sunshine. The hint, the promise of new life in the air, the grass, the sky, moved them both to an unexpected gaiety.

"Isn't it lovely!" sighed Ellean, as she sniffed the breeze, yet a trifle keen. "It's so—so cheerful! Everything stirring and moving—all the slush and the mud and everything! Let's pretend we're hearing mountain torrents." She closed her eyes and listened to the pleasant running of the melted snow from sidewalk to street. "Ugh, it's dreadful to have to walk." She pulled Lawrence down beside her on one of the green park benches. "When the air is so good and the streets are so unspeakable, a benevolent city government should provide its citizens with airships."

"You'd fly away from me and never come back."

"Would I?" She wrinkled her brows thoughtfully. "Perhaps! But I have no quarrel with you, poor dear. I'd fly away from—from conditions, things, myself—back to Paris and the studio!"

"And I?"

"Oh, you'd be much better off than now!"

"Ellean!"

"Yes, I promised—— What a queer female nature is! See how riotous she gets preparing new life for her spring season—simply dizzy with joy. And she does it year after year without becoming *blasée*! Funny old girl!"

"If only she'd be as kind to her human creatures as to the grass!"

"We've got beyond her—that's the trouble. We've gone farther than she intended, with our civilization and culture and all. But she grips us by the shoulder occasionally, just to shame our pride, and tells us a thing or two."

They fell silent. The little park was empty, save for a few youngsters racing about while their nurses indulgently gossiped. One little fellow, a tiny chap with red cheeks and round abdomen, came up to the bench and stood gravely surveying them, with the unabashed curiosity of childhood.

"Hello, Bub," remarked Lawrence, pleasantly.

But the tiny chap deigned no reply. When he had had his fill of staring, he turned abruptly about and raced off, shouting.

Ellean smiled. "He has nice eyes, hasn't he?"

"I hope ours will be a boy!"

She turned upon him passionately. "Pray for that! Pray to God every day of your life until——"

"Ellean, dear!" He rebuked her intensity.

"Or if she's a girl-child, pray for a commonplace daughter, Lawrence—with a face like a full moon and a nice little dumpy body!"

"Our daughter like that!" He tried to laugh away her sudden mood.

"The other sort is tricked, betrayed—the sort like me."

"Oh, Ellean, if only you wouldn't fight so!"

"And would you submit—you—if you were I?"

"But the child, dear—aren't we hurting it by our discontent?"

"You see, that's the irony of the situation. Nature doesn't only take hold of me and say 'You must be a mother!' but she gives me conscience and prevision to say to me, 'You must be a happy mother!'"

"But won't it be sweet to have him? That little chap that stared at us——"

"I ought to feel that way, oughtn't I, Lawrence?"

"And if you love me, dear! You say you do——"

"The Oriental woman attitude! 'I have borne my lord a son!' No greater privilege awaits me on earth or in heaven. What else am I made for but that—to have 'borne my lord a son?'"

The children were becoming more riotous. Now and then a warning nursemaid called scoldingly. The little red-cheeked fellow was tumbling about with the inconsequence of a puppy.

"Let's go home," said Lawrence, abruptly.

They walked in silence, he with a solicitous arm to help her when she drooped a little. In their room she confronted him.

"Don't expect me to become sentimental. I'm not the pretending sort, Lawrence. I'm sorry."

Lawrence awaited The Day with a dread of her sufferings that was alien from Ellean's own scornful courage. He would feel a quick contraction of his heart as he gazed at her, so helpless, so burdened—his lithe Ellean. He could not interpret a fleeting exaltation in the glance she returned him. But several times he had surprised it—a gleam as from an unknown world.

And then before he could believe it possible that she was to suffer, her suffering was upon her, and for a stretch of unendurable, interminable hours all life was a mist but for that flaming reality of pain—her pain. A thousand times he reproached himself in anguish. A thousand times he wished himself dead ere he had brought this upon her. The universe swayed and reeled before him.

The child was a boy, as he had hoped, as she had passionately prayed. Lawrence was indifferent when they informed him. He surveyed the tiny red thing coldly, almost with distaste. So it was for this curious little being that Ellean had had to go through hell. Strange!

She was very weak. For the first few days he was allowed only a few moments with her—a few moments of speechless pity on his part, of brave reassurance on hers. On the fourth day she imperiously waved the astonished nurse from the room.

"I want to be alone with my husband."

"But——"

"Give me the baby, and—I want to be alone."

Ellean's tone was quiet, but the nurse, who was a connoisseur in women, laid her bundle on the bed and retreated hastily.

"Take him, Lawrence!"

Lawrence picked up the bewrapped infant. The wrinkled, red face—if it looked to him uncanny and grotesquely ugly, how it must hurt Ellean's sense of beauty, of right proportion!

"It's too bad!" He still peered at the infant.

"Too bad?"

"He's—he's not beautiful, is he?"

"Not beautiful?" The tone drew Lawrence's eyes to her in quick amazement.

"Give him to me!" She raised indignant arms for the baby. "Give him to me immediately. Not beautiful!" She drew the bundle to her in a passion of tenderness.

"But, Ellean——" The man's astonishment was too genuine for concealment.

"My baby not beautiful! Wait until I model him, and you'll see."

"Model him?"

"Yes. Of course he'll have to grow a bit first, poor little thing. He's not tall enough now for my library group. That'll have to be finished without him. Oh, just without him physically. I'll put him into it, Lawrence—and into every other thing I do my whole life long!"

"Then you're not sorry——?"

"Sorry! Oh, Lawrence!" Her voice broke with tenderness and pride. She looked from the child to the man, from the man to the child—and a mist was in her eyes. "Sorry!" The words rang out in triumph. "Oh, Lawrence, 'I have borne my lord a son!'"

THE OUNCE OF PREVENTION

BERTHA H. SMITH

AS a matter of course physiology is included in every high school curriculum. Usually it is an elective study, and a comparatively small number of students choose it. Those who do, learn more or less about the number of bones in the body, their names and location, something about muscles and fat, the five senses and the functions of some of the vital organs. And as soon as possible most of this knowledge goes the way of the rest of specific book learning of high school days, and the average boy and girl with the necessary credits in physiology leave the average high school knowing only that the most important part of the human anatomy is a girl's complexion and a boy's biceps. Of the fundamental physiological facts their knowledge is as vague as their guesses concerning the cosmic forces.

A forward step was taken a few years ago when health departments were established in connection with public schools. The chief purpose of this department is to discover causes of physical defect and mental and moral delinquency, and overcome them. So far as underfed, underbred and generally neglected children are concerned, the health work has been of vast benefit. Children with weak eyes have been fitted with glasses, adenoids have been removed, penny lunches and open air schools have been established, and many handicapped children have been given more nearly a fair start in the race of life.

But health departments are too preoccupied with abnormal children to take much cognizance of the average normal child; and the average child whose eyes are good, whose nasal passage is unobstructed, whose body is reasonably well nourished, and whose mind is active, goes through the public schools without learning a word on the subject which means more to each child's health and the general well-being of the entire human race than any other physiological fact. A perpetuated universal ignorance of sex truths is the cause of an astounding percentage of abnormalities, physical, mental and moral.

The average child is finishing the grammar grades or entering high school at the age of adolescence. Boy and girl alike are deeply conscious of the physical change which is taking place, and which affects their mental and spiritual attitude in all their relations. The average child, more keenly alive and more sensitive than at any other age, is left to guess at the real significance of this change, to pick up from other children such scraps of truth, half-truth and untruth as can be secretly whispered, and to wonder and wonder and wonder—to the end of his school days, and beyond.

The average teacher, like the average parent, maintains an inexplicable silence, born of ignorance and mock modesty, on all matters relating to sex.

It is generally, and rightly, agreed that the parent is the proper person to enlighten the child regarding the mystery of sex. It is assumed, no doubt, by teachers that they do perform this duty, and known that they do not. As a matter of fact, for every parent who does there are a hundred at least, perhaps five hundred, who do not. And in this respect the American parent is far more derelict to duty than any other, and it may be added that mothers are more guilty than fathers.

The rarely exceptional parent of the more fortunate classes has the wisdom and foresight to establish between self and children the confidence that makes the revelation of sex principles a simple task. At the other social extreme, among the ignorant and very poor, who because of their poverty live huddled in limited quarters, children come early into knowledge of the vital facts of life, the mere naked truths stripped of every vestige of finer sentiment. Between the two extremes is the average child, which stumbles blindly through the period of adolescence unknowing, guessing, gathering as contraband scraps of information neither wholesome nor helpful.

In protest against this indefensible wrong done to the youth of the land, the Polytechnic High School of Los Angeles a few years ago made a definite place in its curriculum for the teaching of personal hygiene.

The principal who had the courage of a strong conviction in this matter was John H. Francis, since elected to the superin-

tendency of the Los Angeles schools. The Polytechnic is the embodiment of the educational ideals of Mr. Francis, who is acknowledged as one of the most progressive educators of the country, who is not balked by traditions, and whose single aim is the fitting of boys and girls for life—real, everyday, active life—and whose hobby is eugenics.

One who believes that true education should develop body and character as well as brain could not be satisfied with a teaching of physiology that omits essentials, or the operation of a health department that overlooks an obvious need of the normal, average child. In the Polytechnic personal hygiene was the natural outgrowth of the departmental health work. In common with other schools, this high school had physical examinations made of all students. In common with other schools, preference in the order of examination was given to backward students, and in cases where delinquency was found to be due to physical defect, the result of examinations was reported to the parents.

But the health work did not stop here in the Polytechnic High School. It was decided to have a resident physician, who should give informal talks on health to the girls, with the ultimate object of definite instruction in sex hygiene.

The woman selected for the work was Dr. Laura B. Bennett, whose technical knowledge, wide experience and tact especially fitted her for this intimate relation with the girls. In addition to years of practice in her profession, Dr. Bennett has had experience as probation officer in the juvenile courts, and in neuropathic and psychopathic hospitals where she made a careful study of mental and nervous afflictions. During three years as physician to juvenile delinquents in the Los Angeles county jail, where she acted as physical, mental and spiritual adviser to hundreds of young women, the everlasting cry—"If I had only known"—overwhelmed her with a sense of the shirked duty of parents; and out of this experience grew the desire and the will to counteract this wrong by work in the public schools. She is one of those persons who, born for a definite work, have happily found that work.

The health talks, although given a regular place in the Poly-

technic course, were not made compulsory. That might have defeated the purpose. The wisdom of making them optional was demonstrated by the fact that out of nearly a thousand girl students less than a score failed to attend the lectures.

Out of the needs of a thousand girls, learned from individual consultations, a system had been formulated for class work in personal hygiene. The talks were very simple and informal, and purely practical, beginning with care of teeth, hair, eyes and health in general. Girls were cautioned against cosmetics, patent medicines, and habitual dependence upon drugs for any and every irregularity of the system; advised as to suitable dress for varying seasons; and given many helpful suggestions regarding food values and the fundamental laws of sanitation to carry home with them. The size of the school brought each girl to a lecture once in three weeks. Because their time was short, the senior girls had special classes once a week.

By means of the preliminary talks, a confidence was established between teacher and pupil, and the approach of the subject of sex hygiene was made with no embarrassment to the girls, and no aggravation of self-consciousness.

Designedly, and because of the more frequent lectures to seniors, this subject reached them first, and naturally rumors of the nature of these talks percolated the sieve-like strata of school levels—but not in the mysterious, suggestive whisperings of those who have but a haphazard and vulgar vocabulary and morbid thought, but in correct and modest terms, and with a dignity founded on sane instruction and right understanding. The universal eagerness of under-classmen to reach the serene upper heights gave the younger girls increased interest in the advanced lectures, if indeed a girl's natural curiosity regarding these vital facts needs any stimulus.

One of the secrets of Dr. Bennett's success in this work is her recognition of existing conditions. She knows that the foundation training of the average American girl for future life either in the home or in business is had in public schools, and while public schools are seeking to equip her more and more completely for her lifework, they fail absolutely to instruct her on proper conduct toward certain phases sure to be encountered.

No word of warning is given against the formation of habits harmful to health and morals; no word of advice by which she may know dangerous situations and insinuating evil, and how to avoid or repel them. No emphasis is given to the need of first understanding nature's basic laws, and then observing rules that improve and conserve the individual, and through the individual raise the standard of the race.

Many girls between the ages of fourteen and eighteen know nothing of the responsibility of womanhood. There are certain fibres and cells of the brain which do not come into function until about the eighteenth year, and girls are often without the psychic power to understand and combat conditions that surround them. This is the period of youth's outlawry, when mothers find it hard to keep the confidence of daughters—if they have ever taken the trouble to establish such a relation. Girls and boys are absorbed with thoughts of each other, and teacher's reprimands, mother's scolding, schoolmates' teasing are but fuel to the flame of sexual emotion which finds silly, vulgar expression among those who have not as yet developed a higher control.

Instead of reprimands and impatience and teasing, a girl needs then more than at any other period of her life sympathy and instruction, an appeal to the better impulses of her nature, and spiritual guidance—not necessarily in the usual religious sense, but as the development of that power which resolves itself into judgment and self-mastery, and right habits of thought and conduct. The sooner sex hygiene is explained to youths of this temperament, the sooner they are able to refer their emotions to the higher control.

"Much of the unrest and unreasoning dissatisfaction of youth, the violent outbursts of passion, the insubordination, the vagabondage of youth and lack of virtue, can be attributed to perverted knowledge," says Dr. Bennett. "The errors and follies of past generations and our own have given the young to-day less vigorous constitutions. Girls are often irritable and excitable without understanding why. This is a matter of individual temperament, and they need individual advice.

"I advise girls to delay marriage until they are twenty-five.

A woman is not fully matured before that time. To this advice is added the assurance that the true purpose of marriage is the bearing and rearing of children. And no girl who has heard the health talks can fail to understand the demands and responsibilities of marriage. They know what is right and natural and what is gross and immoral, and they know how to guard their health and the dignity of womanhood. That girl will be a better wife and mother who marries knowing what she is doing. To leave girls in ignorance until the marriage day is a crime. They can have knowledge and be the purer-minded for that knowledge."

When the classes in personal hygiene were well established, a similar course was outlined for boys; but instead of leaving it to their option it was made compulsory in every one of many courses provided for boys in the Polytechnic, which holds a record among high schools for graduating more boys than girls. Instead of placing a physician in charge, the classes were given to a science man, clean, wholesome, vigorous—a man of the sort that boys respect.

There was some question at first as to where to introduce this work, and it was finally placed in the first half of the second year. The first year of high school is already too full of new studies to add more. On the other hand, many boys have but one year of high school, and those who must go into the business world at such an early age are the ones who most need the instruction. It is hoped to find a place for it in the first year.

The preliminary talks follow much the same lines as those given the girls, with suggestions for cleanly habits and right living, the appeal being made on the ground of efficiency. By way of introduction to the subject of sex physiology, there is illustration of the method of reproduction in plants and the lower forms of animal life, and thus the boys become familiar with terms used as the talks become more intimate.

Boys are less ignorant of the vital facts of life than girls. But their knowledge needs revision and their vocabulary correction. And most of all they need to learn the difference between normal functional indications of health and vigor, and abnormal tendencies with consequent ill effects, when uncontrolled.

The results of this work have been so encouraging that courses in personal hygiene and sex physiology have been introduced into several other Los Angeles high schools, and lectures on the subject have been delivered before seventh and eighth grade teachers; for it is the belief of those who have watched the progress of the experiment that the work should begin further down the line. Conditions are known to exist among children of the grammar schools that make it seem of urgent necessity.

Only of late years have physicians publicly and definitely admitted the truth regarding the dangers of sex-intemperance, and it is not without significance that the admission has been made since women have entered the medical profession in large numbers. Only of late have they admitted that incontinence is a far-reaching evil, and the source of the most common, the most loathsome and most destructive diseases known to science. Only of late is the information being promulgated by the profession that sexual disease is not only infectious, but hereditary; that it is transmissible not only through personal contact, but through handling articles used by diseased persons; that the effects are not merely local, but may spread throughout the system, causing paralysis, joint disease, destruction of tissues, or external disfigurement; that it is transmitted to innocent offspring as deformity and defect in body and mind; that it is responsible for eighty per cent. of all blindness, sixty per cent. of the capital operations undergone by women, a large proportion of our insane, and the increasing sterility of men and women.

This menace of degeneration and destruction can be checked only by the dissemination of knowledge on the subject of sex physiology and hygiene. As might be expected, the inauguration of special classes in the public schools has been attacked by some newspapers with the feeble, sentimental arguments that mothers are thus robbed of their dearest, holiest duty; and the same position is assumed by the editor of one of the leading woman's magazines in the country.

No one denies that parents should instruct their children on this vital subject. But the point is that they do not. And

until parents are aroused to a full sense of their responsibility, shall youth come to manhood and womanhood ignorant of the truths of sex?

There are those who say no, and from the seed of their courage is already springing a rich harvest; for the leaders of this constructive movement have been importuned by educators throughout the country for information regarding their successful methods, and this chorus of commendation happily drowns the feeble protests of those who fail to grasp the significance of this sanitary and moral prophylaxis.

MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF

GWENDOLEN OVERTON

“**I** HAD a strange dream. I seemed to float at a height above the Earth, in my hands a lyre whose cords, one by one, slacked and grew mute, so that, try as I would, I could not draw forth harmony.”

It was thus that Marie Bashkirtseff wrote in her diary, recording unconsciously what the event has made to seem the prediction and allegory of her brief life.

At a height she was, not only through birth and fortune, but by reason of an intellect which would not allow her either to rest satisfied in mere self-seeking, or to accept the compromises and concessions necessary for that dead peace by most accounted happiness. In her hands was a lyre whose cords were many talents and gifts, yet one after the other they failed, and where she had hoped for melody was only silence.

It has been said that, in proportion as anyone has left a lasting mark in the world, his education has been irregular. If this be true, and if through her journal Marie Bashkirtseff becomes entitled to something like a permanent place among those who have given us a sincere record of the human mind and heart, assuredly circumstances and her own character resulted in an education irregular to a high degree.

Born into a distinguished family of the provincial nobility, she knew nothing of a home, in the usual sense of that word. Her parents, unsuited to each other, remained together but two years, during which time were born Marie—of whom a Jewish fortune-teller predicted that she would be a “star”—and Paul—who was to be “like everyone else.” The young mother, ill and unhappy, returned to her own family, taking the children with her, and leaving the husband whom she was thereafter to see only at rare intervals.

For guides of Marie’s impressionable and precocious infancy were this mother, fond but of most limited intelligence; the grandparents, an aunt, and several governesses—French and Russian—apparently notable for nothing save romantic disposi-

tions. Among all of these the only point of agreement, as regards the child's training, was that she should be humored, flattered and convinced that some brilliant destiny awaited her.

When Marie was ten years old Russia was abandoned, and she began to travel, in company with the mother, grandparents, aunt, brother, a girl cousin near her own age, the family physician and various domestics. Austria, Switzerland, Italy and France, one after the other received them. There followed a half dozen years of wandering from one land to another, from hotels to villas, from villas to apartments, "packing, moving, unpacking, visiting dressmakers, packing and moving again."

An ordinary child would, perhaps, have desired nothing else; but excessive as was Marie's thirst for excitement and change, the broken and migratory existence awakened presently discontent and then rebellion. When she was thirteen years old there came upon her a terrified realization of the time which was being wasted. Life was so short, and there was so much to be learned. With the violence of a sudden despair she charges that she is being wronged and cheated. The governesses they have given her have wasted her hours upon nothing; yet in a few years the season for studying will be past, she will be going into the world, having love affairs, marrying—and she will be ignorant. She demands that professors shall be found and she herself makes out an amazing list of the subjects they are to teach. She throws herself into mastering Latin, French, Italian, English, history, physics, botany, chemistry, the piano, the harp, the mandolin, singing. For mathematics she has no taste. For sketching and painting she shows considerable ability, but it is gone about only in desultory fashion. She reads everything which comes to her hands, from the Greek and Latin authors to such as Zola, Ouida, Flaubert, Dumas and the lesser novelists. She reflects upon Epictetus—nor by any means worthlessly. A metaphysician of superior endowments would be pressed to meet her refutation of Kant's fundamental theory. Her feeling for beauty is intense. She surrounds herself with objects of art, passes limited but discriminating and original judgments upon paintings, sculpture and architecture. She shoots, and is a passable marksman. She has a passion for dogs, and owns several

which accompany her everywhere. She rides so well that, when making a visit to her father's estates in Russia, she mounts and subdues a horse which the grooms have been unable to conquer.

And with all this she estimates and delights in her charms of face, in her "figure of a young goddess," with the zest of a frivolous mondaine. She designs her own costumes, and orders them from the great houses of Paris.

At twelve, with all the fervor—and twice the volubility—of Juliet, she is sighing after the Duke of H——, an Englishman whom she knows only by sight, whose recognized mistress she watches with romantic interest, and allows for with worldly understanding. Presently she begins to make conquests and hear avowals. At sixteen she is in Rome—where the king himself remarks publicly upon her beauty—and is deep in an affair with the nephew of Cardinal Antonelli. Perhaps it was less the youth himself who fascinated, than the background of great names and great estates, of priests and prelates, of a pope actual and presumptive. There was talk of marriage—but it was opposed upon the score of differing faiths, and because this young subject of the Czar, wandering about the continent without a father's protection, making herself in various fashions conspicuous, was not thought suitable as a niece for the Great Cardinal, who was expected to become the pontiff. As for the nephew—ambitious and impecunious, he would not be carried away to rashness.

The blow to Mlle. Bashkirtseff's affections was less severe than to her vanity and pride.

In secret, too, she had allowed Pietro a single kiss—the first and the last ever given to a lover—and, coquette to the utmost though she was, her nature was of so almost fierce a chastity that the memory burns and torments her for years. She feels herself, indeed, cheapened, soiled, humiliated by the whole affair; and there follows a long period of depression and restlessness, of dissatisfaction with herself, her family and all the circumstances surrounding her. Wherever she is she longs to be elsewhere; there are paroxysms of grief and anger. She spends days in unhappy idleness, smoking cigarettes and reading romances. The nights she devotes to study or to feverish gaiety, sleeping usually

but a few short hours—if at all. As a result of this and a hundred other imprudences which neither her family nor the physician can control, her health is already seriously impaired, and there has commenced the trouble with her throat which, later on, was to affect her hearing and result in premature death. The voice upon which she had based her hopes of rising quickly to fame, has suffered so gravely that all idea of a singer's career must be abandoned. But she is in no wise willing to remain satisfied with obscurity, nor yet to accept the first suitable marriage presenting itself. If she marries at all it must be one whom she considers worthy her wit, beauty and gifts—some one of princely station and great fortune, who shall love her madly.

Her preference, however, is to make her own place in the world—a conspicuous one. And at length she reaches the point of an unalterable resolution. If she cannot become a great cantatrice, she will win renown as an artist. She will go to Paris, and apply herself to serious study. "With my abilities I can regain in two years the time I have lost," she decides.

The first months at the Julian studio were brilliantly successful. Julian and Robert Fleury, dazzled by her facility—perhaps unconsciously influenced by her charms—predicted a great future. Probably this was the happiest time in the life of Marie Bashkirtseff. She felt comparatively free, she liked the comradeship of the studio, and the sensation of being "not the daughter of one's mother—but one's self." She liked, too, the work, and for a while she applied herself unremittingly, over-enthusiastically. Then the enthusiasm waned. Her many-sided nature could not be content to give every hour of her time to one thing. She throws herself into the life of Paris recklessly. Feverish days and sleepless nights commence again. Art will not consent to the dual allegiance. It begins to seem that the early promise may not be fulfilled. Julian and Tony Robert Fleury advise in vain. She has never accepted control and cannot now learn to follow other promptings than those of her own fancy.

Yet the recognition that she can scarcely leap to renown, creating an extraordinary sensation, is intolerable and lashes her to further imprudence.

Humiliation is added to by the fact that in Paris—as for-

merly at Rome and Nice—the Bashkirtseffs remain always a little upon the outskirts of the most desirable society. Madame's position is somewhat irregular, she is not a person of the force or good judgment to offset this handicap; and her daughter is eccentric, unusual and conspicuous.

Once again, too, Marie's health is seriously threatened. The physicians order her to the South for rest, and her anxious family beseeches her to obey. But she is too impatient for fame, too restless with feverish thirst for life. When she obeys, tardily, it is only that otherwise work of any sort will soon be impossible.

Upon her return her condition is not materially improved, but she fights magnificently against the stealing weakness. There are days when, refusing to surrender, she sits for hours in a chair, burning and shivering by turns, wandering in half delirium, only to return to the studio, while as yet she can barely walk. From henceforth there are alternations of painting, festivities, cures and travelling—always without repose. She goes through a season of black and terrible hopelessness, little brightened by the final acceptance of the family into the most exclusive circles of Paris. All about her she felt a "vast emptiness." Acquaintances she had among the distinguished men and women of the day, many who sought her society for her wit and charm. But because she had looked upon others as "stepping stones to be used in attaining her ambitions," because she had given nothing in friendship, she has no friend. She has "expected art to serve as a refuge," but it could not save her from her persistent self. And recognizing that no extraordinary talent is compelling her, she faces blankly the knowledge that her destiny could be little more than "to add to the ocean of mediocrities" filling the Salon year by year. In the eyes of the world her gifts and position might seem enviable, but her heart knows its own bitterness.

Then, at length, there come fairer fortunes—which yet do not bring the satisfaction hoped. She wins favorable mention for some of her pictures. One of them, *A Meeting*—a group of street boys—exhibited in the Salon, is widely praised and reproduced. Indeed the work is so excellent that she has the vexation of hearing it attributed to Jules Bastien Lepage. That his

influence upon her is so strong as to betray itself in her painting is the price which she now pays for the friendship. He is often in Mme. Bashkirtseff's drawing-rooms, and in Marie's studio. At the beginning he was the artist whom she considered "the one, the only, the incomparable Bastien Lepage," who flattered her by taking her efforts seriously, treating her as a fellow worker, and one who might go far. But little by little it is the man himself who begins to occupy her thoughts.

Either she is not fully conscious of the nature of this new sentiment, or she is unwilling to confess it even in the journal where, heretofore, all had found expression. One becomes aware indeed of a new spirit of timidity and reserve. Yet every page betrays that something she herself does not understand is changing the aspect of life, giving it a subtle contentment and repose. It is by no means the marvellous, commanding being she had demanded of fortune, but only a young artist, born in an obscure French village, who until recently has been poor, struggling and unappreciated. He is not splendid and impressive—only simple, kindly, affectionate and deeply in earnest. Marie herself is condemned to death, and knows it—though, too proud to receive pity, she has striven to keep the knowledge from others. Then Bastien falls ill, and from his brother she learns that his days, too, are numbered. He is dying slowly, often in much pain. The blow is such that for once she does not resort to the language of excess. Her phrases are brief and terse with a sorrow beyond vehemence.

The Great Silence is too near for protestations and promises. But Bastien Lepage begs her to be with him as often as possible, and, ignoring customs which no longer are of importance, she goes to his home as he lies weak and suffering. When her own illness begins, he—momentarily improved—has himself taken to her; carried up and down the stairs in his brother's arms.

They are together through long stretches of the numbered days. One night Julian and Robert Fleury dine with Marie—the frail figure "in many tones of white," who once had been the triumphant, capricious little student of the atelier.

And on the day following, when the fingers "whose movements were so beautiful" write the last entry, it is to say: "The

weather is very lovely; but instead of driving in the Bois—Bastien Lepage came to me.”

Eleven days later, on the 31st of October, 1884, the consuming flame burns out.

Yet necessary to an understanding of Marie Bashkirtseff's life as is a knowledge of all these circumstances, one cannot feel that they in any important degree affect its significance.

Unquestionably a certain interest lies in that sheer “story,” without which the diary would not have found its tens of thousands of readers in many lands. And there is, besides, its very considerable importance as a piece of literary workmanship—since her gift as a writer was so remarkable that even in a large book of more than nine hundred close-printed pages, setting forth minutely the thoughts and emotions of a girl between the ages of twelve and twenty-four, there is scarcely a dull or a commonplace line; and many portions approach the inspiration of genius.

The youth of the writer is a matter of little consequence. An attempt to explain her nature upon that score would be irrelevant. Not only was she extraordinarily endowed, a keen and original observer, but, always in the company of her elders and sharing their interests, she had never any childhood in the accepted sense. Moreover, she was innately a woman of the world, precisely as some, given every opportunity and favoring circumstance, remain to the end of their days, unworldly. She was immature only in the sense that all are so who cannot justly estimate their place in the order of events, cannot find the balance between their aspirations and their powers, and cannot accept their relation to human society. Of such juvenility years are not the criterion.

A large part of the journal is given over to lamentations; and in paroxysms of dejection Marie throws herself upon the floor, weeping or suffering in silence through long hours. Sometimes her overwrought nerves, and the fever of the malady already in her veins, drive her to actual violence—as where she throws into the sea a clock whose moving hands oblige her to realize the quick flight of time. Whether it be some small fatu-

ity upon the part of a relative, or the knowledge that she has not long to live, her language of misery is exaggerated. "I can give you no idea of my profound despair, of all my thwarted desires. Could one find any poor devil more crushed, more miserable, more beaten down and humiliated?" "God have pity on me—a life like mine, with a character such as mine!" "Surely no being alive is more wretched." "God must be trying to prove me with trials." Yet this exists together with the utmost joy of living, with a perpetual delight in the mere fact of existence, in everything the world has to offer for the gratification of her many tastes.

No doubt something is to be allowed upon the score of nationality. A Russian friend writes to me in comment upon the diary: "As a people, we are, of course, emotional and excitable—and phlegmatic, too, withal. We believe so ardently and feel so intensely and have, you see, no understanding of half-gods."

Yet one cannot escape wondering if it were not in this case—as in most—less the refusal to accept half-gods than the pursuit of alluring false ones, which accounts for much spiritual unrest. "A pin-prick hurts me as much as a knife thrust hurts others." Marie Bashkirtseff herself somewhat ineptly ignores the ancient controversy between her own kind and the undemonstrative who lay claim to equal nervous reaction but superior self-control.

Ringings more true is the admission that the wailing and gnashing of teeth are but one phase of her zest for experience. "I like to sob and despair, to indulge myself in sadness. It is a form of diversion." One recognizes here the expression of that exuberant vitality which, if it carries aloft, must equally cast down—since no nature reaches the heights of sensation which does not now and then plumb its depths, or which has not at one time sounded them so completely as to require little further contrast of experience.

In the case of Mlle. Bashkirtseff we have also to reckon with the writer's nature—which hers essentially was. "However much I may cry and fall into a rage," she confesses, "I am always conscious of what I do." "I suffer genuinely, but something deep within me remains calm and observant. I watch myself and am interested. I never entirely forget." It is a rare

devotion to the cause of truth which can admit this characteristic, thereby risking loss of faith and sympathy upon the part of that large number to whom psychologic subtleties, the veracities of the soul, are less valuable than their preconceptions of what is admirable and sincere.

In point of fact, however, there was actually much to disturb so sensitive a nature. A considerable portion of the time her condition of health was deplorable; she was tormented by pain and burned by fever. Her family must have tried her sorely—if one is to judge not only from her own exasperated comments, but from that monument of tawdriness and poor taste erected as her tomb in an historic cemetery.

And against her fate as a woman she was deeply rebellious. Very early she decided that she could never be content to settle down as a mere wife and mother. "Only to marry and have children," she writes, "any washerwoman can do that." "I am not one to mould in domestic obscurity." Yet she knows that marriage is expected, almost compulsory, if she is to have anything approaching the freedom she craves.

Now and then she contemplates going through the ceremony with some indigent Italian prince, who will take her money and exact nothing. Yet her finer self shrinks from such an arrangement. "A man has thirty-six chances," she speaks bitterly from familiarity with the gaming table; "but a woman, like the Bank, has only one." "How I envy men their liberty to come and go, to dine at a public place or at home, as the fancy takes them. All that is half of talent and two-thirds of ordinary happiness. But a young, attractive woman of my position, who emancipates herself, becomes peculiar, remarked upon, blamed. And in consequence, she is even less free than if she submits to the idiotic customs of society." She is angered because she may not fraternize with the art students of less exalted station, may not walk in the streets or visit galleries unattended. She meets constantly with a cushioned resistance from her family, which cannot understand why she should put art and study before the usual feminine pastimes. "Characteristics which could have been valuable qualities in a man, are only useless and misplaced," she complains. "Had I been a man, I might have conquered Europe. As it is I have to waste my life in futilities."

Yet whatever one's sympathy, one cannot forget that she was independent in fortune and might have freed herself from many galling restrictions, had not rank and social position meant so much, had she been willing to do what most of all she dreaded—appear ridiculous or in bad form. A concrete instance is her belief in the movement to extend the rights of women, but her refusal to take part therein lest she should seem absurd and receive the disapproval of those who ruled the royalist drawing-rooms of Paris. Later, perhaps, this courage might have come, but she was still a young woman who, naturally enough, wished to be courted and admired.

Throughout it is a character of just such seeming contradictions, well calculated to strengthen the prejudices of those to whom repression and tranquillity are so desirable above all other gifts of Heaven, that they can imagine few greater misfortunes than “to live with a genius.” Alternately Mlle. Bashkirtseff is miserable and in ecstasies, amiable and ill-humored, engaging and annoying, morbid and gay. At one moment she beseeches the strangely heathen god, whom she seeks to bribe and cajole—the next she is without faith. She is generous or niggardly and calculating. She wishes others to be happy, but makes them wretched if their enjoyment is not such as she approves, or must be had at any cost to herself. She is foolish and hot-headed, or composed, resourceful and discreet.

Abhorring lack of *savoir-vivre* in others, she herself is often wanting therein to a degree difficult to reconcile with her pride and instinctive worldliness. Undoubtedly the primary impression is that of conflicting qualities, giving no definite personality—of a meaningless existence, whose scattered endeavors ended, upon the whole, in failure. Nevertheless, broadly considered it is the drama of a talented, forceful woman, thwarted and hampered by the situation of her sex—of the woman who is so far above the average in mind and power, that, as Mr. Bernard Shaw points out, society provides for her no favorable institutions. But more universally, more permanently significant, is the account of a being to whom no institutions could be favorable, since all such imply willingness to reckon with others in the scheme of things. Hers was one of the type-lives of humanity

—a soul which seeks no happiness save its own, desires nothing save to gratify an inordinate, wholly personal ambition, yet is tormented by an intelligence too far advanced to admit of contentment in complete and entire selfishness.

She quotes Balzac as expressing her inmost wish—"to be celebrated and beloved." From earliest childhood she has imagined herself various exalted personages. Her very dolls had been kings and queens. The studies into which she threw herself with such passion were chosen because she had read of them as affected by the great men and women whose careers she meant to equal or surpass. She fed upon the lives of Greek and Roman heroes, and worshipped those of her own day who were in high places. She liked to fancy herself in some lofty position, winning by amiable condescension the adoration of the multitude. "I feel a contempt for the humble and inconspicuous," she tells us. The thought of leaving the world without having made a name for herself was unendurable. Her desire to become a great singer was that she might have "the satisfaction of being renowned, known, admired." "Those who do not desire these things are not entitled to credit for modesty," she observes. "It is simply that they cannot see as clearly as do I." This, too, was the underlying motive of her work in the studio. She planned to spring into fame, to make a sensation, not to win by slow degrees, ploddingly, as was necessary for lesser mortals, but to have within three years such a reputation that her name should be in every mouth, that "all heads should turn and conversation cease" as she entered a drawing-room. "If painting does not bring me glory soon enough, I will kill myself," she avers in undoubted earnestness. Not by any means was she the "ardent and marvellous artist" whom Theuriet apostrophizes. In her calmer moments she herself acknowledges this. "I am not an artist. I wished to be, and I am clever enough to have acquired certain things. But it is with art as with whatever I undertake—I go about it with address and intelligence, that is all." By hard, though intermittent, work, she mastered many technicalities, and saw and painted skilfully, but without richness, power or marked individuality. *A Meeting*—bought by the French Government after her death, and hung in the Luxem-

bourg galleries—shows her abilities to have been those of a superior order of illustrator, who might have won some reputation as a painter of street characters—a field the value of which her keen wit let her appreciate.

But to put a scene upon canvas was not the compelling urge she experienced when it became a matter of expressing what she thought and felt. As to the latter she tells us, "There are things which will destroy you if you do not write them out, to be read—and so divided to infinity." "It is a need without *arrière pensée*—like the need to breathe." This is vocation, but her career as a painter was chosen, deliberately, with weighing and calculation. Where she wishes to paint a picture there is almost always painful indecision between several subjects, none of which attracts her strongly. Either she selects what is commonplace to the point of banality, or aspires to something beyond her powers—the Death of Orpheus, a Carnival Scene, Ariadne Deserted, Ulysses and Nausicaa, the Women at the Tomb.

And always she seeks what will challenge attention, will bring her into prominence.

One commentator has observed that because of this consuming ambition Marie Bashkirtseff was not a true woman. But it were perhaps as well to reserve one's judgment until more women of forceful personality shall have bared their hearts as truly.

Certain it is that, with her golden hair, her large wondering eyes, her sensitive lips and dimpled chin, with her exquisite coloring, her daintiness, grace and coquetry, the appearance at least, was, as she herself puts it, "*diablement feminine*." And she had the womanly longing to win affection. Very early she voices a plaintive regret that, though her suitors became fascinated, enamored, "they do not *love* me—who have so much need of love." She herself, of course, has never experienced the sentiment—despite the orgies of romanticism in which she indulged over "the shadow of the Duke of H——" and the illusive Pietro.

Yet always she dreams of love, and wishes for it—imagining herself as yielding in glorious and dramatic abandonment (albeit only under sanction of Church and State) to some god-like, conquering mortal, who shall go beyond even her own estimate of

her desirability. What comes at length is a tender, yearning, half-protecting affection whose nature she herself does not quite comprehend.

It was not his reputation which drew her to Bastien Lepage. In the circle of her acquaintance there were others more distinguished, and with more evident charm of mind and form. That which made its appeal was the soul that "had seen the Vision shining in the eyes of his Joan of Arc."

Here indeed seems to be the ultimate meaning of Marie Bashkirtseff's quest. Always she was striving toward a Vision, a Beauty worshipped ignorantly, perceived in fleeting glimpses—and with less than which she could not be content. It was to be found, she supposed, either upon the heights of the world, or in the Art which contented many. But the nearer she approached to the heights, the more she doubted its presence. And Art failed when intelligence, refusing complaisance, showed her unsparingly that it could not be the all-sufficient purpose of a life.

This it was which made it impossible for her to rest satisfied. Hers was the pagan nature in process of transition to a higher ethical plane. Already she had the virtues of the ancient civilizations, honor, pride, courage, ambition, chastity, the worship of pure intellect and of material perfection, the desire—if not the temperament—to achieve Stoic self-control, and fearlessness in the face of Eternity.

That there was something beyond all these she dimly guessed. Yet what it might be she could not accept upon the word of others. She was not of those who learn by "borrowed experience." As she tells us repeatedly—that knowledge only she felt to be hers which she had gained for herself, at whatever cost. And the cost was usually great—in proportion as the nature was strong, wilful and definite.

If one regards it merely as the record of a troubled, though brilliant life, ending with death, one must be grateful at least that there came at its close, a little of happiness.

But for those to whom our lives are many, with wisdom to be gained in each, it will seem, no doubt, that howsoever the cords of the lyre slacked and grew mute, one true note before the silence offered promise of distant harmony.

EDITORIAL NOTES

The Panama Canal Bill

A GOOD deal of unnecessary vehemence has been wasted over the Panama Canal bill. The question is one of facts, not of excitability; of interpretation, not of irritation.

The canal has been brought into being by American enterprise; it has been paid for, unstintedly, by American money. It is, therefore, quite natural that Americans should look for some special returns for themselves, for a legitimate preference over the ships and citizens of the countries that did not contribute in any way toward the enormous cost.

That is one side of the question.

On the other side, we have the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, with its binding obligations; and we have the financial conditions with regard to the up-keep of the canal—conditions which, of course, depend largely upon the interpretation of treaty engagements.

* * *

THOUGH we have provided the money for the construction of the canal, we are scarcely prepared to maintain it in perpetuity as a family convenience, through which our own ships shall pass free of cost, while our Government cheerfully defrays the annual expenses. Even if we were prepared to take this attitude, the contingency has been excluded by the negotiations which made it possible for us to complete the canal without interference or rivalry. We desire, and have given pledges, that it shall be used by the ships of all nations, and that those nations shall contribute, through reasonable tolls, a sufficient sum to make the canal self-supporting. We must, therefore, concede that the nations from whom we expect to derive an annual income, and who have an admitted right to use the canal, have the right also to protest against conditions which they consider to be unfair, with regard either to the imposition or the remission of tolls. To relieve some, or all, of our ships from payment, would throw a larger burden upon the ships discriminated against, if

the tolls are to be levied on the basis of a self-supporting canal. The discrimination is therefore a double one: every ship released from tolls increases the amount which will have to be provided by the other ships. It is therefore not true that the exemption of our coastwise traffic from tolls is a matter of no concern to other nations, inasmuch as the traffic is already restricted to American ships, and is immune from competition. If our coastwise vessels do not contribute their quota to the upkeep of the canal, other ships must contribute in an increased proportion.

But this is a relatively small matter, which could probably have been adjusted by amicable arrangement. For the real point at issue is not whether we are free to encourage a domestic monopoly, but whether we are free so to interpret the Hay-Pauncefote treaty that we can remit tolls in favor of a portion of our traffic as a matter of right, and not of agreement; and thus pave the way for an extension of the principle to all our ships at some future date.

* * *

THE clause of the treaty which is taken as crucial reads: "The canal shall be free and open to the vessels of commerce and war of all nations, on terms of entire equality, so that there shall be no discrimination against any such nation, or its citizens or subjects, in respect of the conditions of traffic, or otherwise." This would seem quite definite, especially when read in conjunction with the reference in the treaty to the conditions regulating the Suez Canal; but it is now contended that the term "all nations" would naturally be interpreted as "all nations other than the nation owning the canal"; that it would be contrary to reasonable expectation for the "owner" of any "property" to deprive itself of the customary privileges of ownership.

This contention would seem to be disposed of absolutely by a brief consideration of the circumstances leading up to the negotiation of the treaty. Those who have not given the question any special study, would naturally ask: Why should the United States enter into an agreement with Great Britain, to the exclusion of any other European Power, in regard to the construc-

tion of a canal on the American continent? The answer is that at the time of the first agreement—for which the Hay-Pauncefote treaty was afterwards substituted—the relations between the two countries had become so strained that there were even rumors of war. Both nations realized the need of a canal across the Isthmus, but each was jealous of the other securing control of such a canal. The Clayton-Bulwer treaty of 1850 was therefore in the nature of a compromise. By the terms of that treaty, it was agreed that neither country would obtain or maintain for itself any exclusive control over a ship canal across the Isthmus; that neither would ever erect any fortifications commanding the canal; that neither would ever occupy or colonize any portion of Central America; and that vessels of both countries should traverse the canal freely, even in case of war between the contracting nations. Finally, the neutrality of the canal was guaranteed, so that it should be forever open and free.

This treaty remained in force for over fifty years before being abrogated, although it was far from popular in this country. Repeated attempts were made to substitute a revised agreement, and in 1902 the present Hay-Pauncefote treaty was ratified by both countries. In this treaty, Great Britain made several important concessions to American sentiment; but it is straining the case beyond permissible limits to assert that she abandoned the main principle, without any compensation whatever, and that the plain wording of the article quoted above expresses such a renunciation, when it is a mere repetition of the principle which was the basis, jealously safeguarded, of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty.

* * *

WE are too prone, in this country, to consider everything from the standpoint of the moment, without reference to antecedent conditions. As owners of the canal, we conceive that we have the right to use it for our special benefit, forgetting that the canal could not have been constructed without rivalry or interference except under the sanction of the treaties which we now wish to interpret in our own way, or to repudiate. In the opinion of the majority of impartial observers, we have precluded ourselves, by a binding agreement, from according any

preferential treatment to our ships, in regard to the use of the canal. If the President, after reflection, does not believe that we have done so, there is no possible course open to him except to refer the case to arbitration. The question of good faith is more important to America than the question of shipping profits and trust subsidies.

The Police Scandal

THE New York police scandal is being thoroughly investigated. The investigations will probably continue for a long time; some excellent recommendations will be made; some changes will be carried out; and the department will then no doubt revert to the original vicious conditions with as much celerity as is consistent with reasonable safety. What is needed is less talk, and more action. The majority of officials in the city are hopelessly tainted with false principles. Whether they are honest or dishonest, sincere or insincere, scarcely matters. They are so familiar with "graft" and vicious conditions that they cannot conceive the permanent establishment of any other *régime*. And so we have responsible administrators publicly proclaiming that "there will always be some graft"; that all that can be done is to regulate the evil in a greater or less degree, to keep vice under cover. Here again we pay for the contemptible acquiescence in Tammany methods that has disgraced the city and the State for so long. Decent men, habituated to decent rules of conduct in public affairs, do not talk of the impossibility of preventing criminality in those who are paid to put down criminality.

The sooner the whole affair is placed on a simple business footing, the better. The head of a commercial department who mildly affirmed that he was doing his best to stop embezzlement among the members of his staff, but that some speculation must inevitably continue, would very soon be requested to seek an environment more suited to his peculiar views of efficiency.

The Mayor and the Police Commissioner have proved their inability to secure satisfactory conditions in the administration of the city. They must be judged by results; not by excuses.

There is no excuse for failure so complete as theirs has been. The people are tired of outward decency, and inner corruption. They require the enforcement of law and the observance of law by all the servants of the law.

On the simple ground that they have failed to maintain among their subordinates the integrity and efficiency that the people must claim from their servants as a matter of right, and not of Utopian dreaming, the Mayor and the Commissioner should be replaced at the earliest possible moment by men who have passed beyond the *laissez faire* policy of a discredited type of politician. The view of the man in the street that the police department has always been more or less corrupt, and always will be, is a dreary example of mental cowardice. The police will take their proper place and regain the confidence of the community as soon as we have a Mayor who does not behave as if every attack upon vicious conditions were a personal affront to himself.

Mr. O. S. Straus

THE Roosevelt party in New York did well to nominate Mr. Straus for the governorship. If they could show the same happy inspiration in their other actions, they might redeem the party from the obtrusive proprietorial taint of its founder.

The Next President

So far, Governor Wilson must have been entirely satisfied both with his friends and his enemies. The former have given him able support and complete confidence; the latter have provided useful assistance by the acrimony and paltriness of their methods. Every indication points to his success at the election, and if he can give effect to his true convictions afterwards, he will so identify the Democratic party with rational progressive principles that there will be no need to reorganize the third-term party, replace its proprietor by a fitting leader, and accept it as the natural medium for securing national progress.

General Booth

THE life and the life-work of General Booth emphasize the importance of sincerity. He was a remarkable man chiefly because he ignored the whole trend of the educated thought of his generation. While others were reaching out beyond the limits of the intrenched religions, doubting, probing, asserting the right and the necessity of rational consideration; when the Higher Criticism was attacking the most sacred preserves of revelation, and preparing the way for such a development as Mr. A. J. Balfour's *Defence of Philosophic Doubt*; when men were shaken by the stress and flux of the revolt against the dead hand of dogma; the great evangelist was content with the primitive formulas. He had never known the mental conflicts and disquietude of a Romanes; the work that he began in his early days, was the work that he continued to the end. He was essentially the Methodist minister, and though he adopted the plan of putting the old wine in new bottles, the influence of the revivalist meetings, of the direct, dogmatic appeal to simple emotions, is clearly traceable in the methods of his organization. If he perfected what Huxley called "Corybantic Christianity," he merely anticipated and applied the psychology of Professor W. James.

In an age of democracy, he established a dictatorship. In an age of intellectual subtlety and physical decadence, he inculcated theology with the beating of big drums. But the drums reverberated round the world. He went to the poor, not with an Oxford accent and a High Church ritual (though both have been vindicated in Settlement work), but with bread, coffee and a hymn. His greatest achievement was the recognition of the value of a uniform, of the sense of solidarity which comes with the displayed badge of comradeship.

It has been said, with condemnatory lifting of eyebrows, that he merely touched the fringe of poverty; that he inaugurated no scheme which would surely and steadily eliminate the slums of the cities and attack the evils of pauperism at their roots. No individual man can cope with the product that the

great States of the world are deliberately pouring out. But all that one man can do, he did. His monument is in the multitudes whom he reclaimed from destitution and desperation; his epitaph is in the homeless wanderers who still wait for the bugle-call of the Salvation Army that will replace the destructive armies of militarism, and carry out the work of regeneration at a tithe of the cost of the present universal degeneration.

The Procreation Commission

EUGENISTS have for some time been discussing the duty of the State to prevent the perpetuation of criminal or degenerate tendencies; but there has been hesitancy with regard to the recommendation of definite measures, and it has been generally assumed that progress would come by slow stages, as public opinion became more and more informed. New York State, however, has already adopted the principle of prevention, and so set an example of far-reaching importance. By an act of the last legislature a commission was appointed to eliminate the agencies by which defective mentality is transmitted from generation to generation; full powers were conferred, and will be exercised, though with natural deliberation and caution.

The innovation will distress those who still believe in the indefeasible privilege of every human being to bring into the world tainted offspring; but it was time that some recognition was made of the right of the unfit not to be born.

Social Hygiene

ADMIRABLE work is being done in Los Angeles by the Society of Social Hygiene, composed of scientists, social workers and other thoughtful men and women. For some time the society has been carrying on a quiet but effective campaign for the dissemination of sex truths, by means of informal addresses delivered by doctors and other qualified speakers before clubs, church societies, the employees of business establishments, and groups of young people found in newsboys' homes and various public institutions. The requests for speakers by employers,

churches and clubs shows that common-sense and a sense of responsibility and duty are gradually prevailing. Cities which have no similar organization cannot much longer remain so regrettably behind the times. "The ounce of prevention," as exemplified in the article with that caption in the present issue, is certainly worth a good many pounds of cure. Attention cannot be too forcibly or frequently drawn to the dangers of ignorance, and the criminality of indifference, with regard to sexual and social hygiene. The liability of every man, woman and child to contamination is illustrated—though in one phase only—in the study of psychology and suffering which appears this month under the title *What One Woman Has Had to Bear*.

The Mistake of the Militants

EVEN progressive women are not yet fully emancipated from dependence upon their "elder brothers" in the larger life. Expressed or unexpressed, the fear of scorn, indifference or misunderstanding moves them subtly when they stand for their own order. They have not yet become sufficiently sure of themselves to reverence their own natures and take counsel of their own instincts when they traverse the highways that man has built. This is the main reason for the ethical mistakes that many conscientious women are making. They are testing their new activities by man's idealism rather than by their own spiritual sanctions. If man has gained a right, or overcome an obstacle, or attained a goal in a certain manner, it is not unnatural for women to think that the man's way is the only way of securing such advantages. In this unreasoned attitude may be found the explanation of the grave ethical blunder of the militant suffragists in England. They want the rights that men have gained for themselves. They know that it is just and for their country's good that they should have them. But, seeing the apparent failure of peaceful methods, and aware of the habitual inconsistency of statesmen, they nerve themselves against the age-long tendency of women to rely upon spiritual weapons alone, and take up instead those weapons of lawless revolt and anarchistic violence that man in his highest estate has already discarded.

THE FORUM

FOR NOVEMBER 1912

OUR NEXT PRESIDENT

EUGENE COWLES POMEROY

THE Presidential campaign this year is decidedly unusual. Not since civil war days have we had a three-cornered political fight in which each of the candidates has seemed to possess, or claimed to possess, an almost equal chance of victory.

The lines of division between the candidates and the parties can be stated concisely: but the results of a mistake at the election can scarcely be realized in their full significance at present. Only by practical and painful experience can the lesson be driven thoroughly home that it is dangerous to tamper with the constitution under which we have grown to our present stature among the nations of the world; and that it is more than dangerous,—it is provoking an inevitable commercial *débâcle*,—to tamper inadvisedly and recklessly with the system of protection under which we have reached an unexampled state of prosperity. To let well alone, may sometimes be a counsel of cowardice: but it is a counsel of common sense not to reject tried and proven institutions and policies in favor of untested and hazardous experiments which, at the best, can offer little that is worth while; and, at the (probable) worst, threaten disorganization and disaster.

One great issue is joined: every vote in the forthcoming election will be cast either for conservatism or for radicalism; for rational reform and assured prosperity, or for innovation, untested experiment, and political and commercial confusion.

Governor Wilson's adherents have accepted the principle of the initiative, referendum and recall of all officials, except the

judiciary. They would abandon our policy of protection, in the belief that the trusts would then be destroyed, competition be revived, and the high cost of living reduced.

Colonel Roosevelt's followers are dissatisfied both with the Republican and Democratic parties. They are convinced that the Government during the last forty-five years has become the creature of the great financial interests and that the only way of salvation is through the initiative, referendum and recall of all officials, including the judiciary. They also indorse the recall of judicial decisions.

President Taft has the support throughout the nation of all who believe in governmental self-restraint, and in a protective tariff based on the cost of production here and abroad.

It is unnecessary to give more than a passing thought to the Prohibitionists or the Socialists. One may admire the leaders in both parties for their devotion to principle without any prospect of immediate profit: but this year neither party is an important factor in the struggle, though the Socialists may have to be considered eventually.

The issue is confined to the three candidates named, and their respective platforms. As is usual in a Presidential election, some voters will be influenced by the man, some by the platform, and some will vote the regular ticket regardless of man or platform. But none can escape responsibility for their share in deciding whether this is to be a contented and prosperous Commonwealth, rationally governed, true to its traditions, proud of its history; or a mere vivisection laboratory, in which the vital institutions and national life of our country will be dissected and mutilated at the pleasure of experimenters who trust that they will perhaps be able ultimately to reconstruct something resembling or parodying a Constitution and a Republic. But it is easier to destroy than to re-create.

For one hundred and twenty-three years our Government has existed within the lines of the constitution laid down by the Fathers. This Government has been victorious in every foreign war we have engaged in; it has brought us through a supreme crisis, and preserved the integrity of the Union; it has carried us through national poverty into an era of commercial prosperity

unprecedented in history. The American institutions fostered by our constitution have influenced the entire world; and the American ideals of liberty and equality have been the inspiration of patriots and reformers in every race and in every nation on the globe.

Nothing good has ever been brought into being that has not been accompanied by possibilities of evil. Were this not so the human race would long ago have arrived at the elusive millennium. But if the majority of the results of any institution are good, then that institution should be jealously safeguarded, and all proposed reforms should be thoughtfully conceived and subjected to the most rigid inquiry. We have made mistakes; we cannot acquit ourselves of faults. But the vast majority of the results that have issued from our constitution have been undeniably and consistently beneficial. Why, then, is it now proposed that we shall adopt innovations which carry with them the possibility of completely nullifying this instrument, which is and has been the flesh and blood and very spirit of our Republic?

The recall of the judges is an innovation that has been discussed too fully and too frequently to need detailed consideration here. If engrafted in the machinery of government, it would take from the constitution its substance, and leave only its form. So far from acting as an effective check on corrupt and vicious conditions, it would withdraw from the individual the sole guarantee that he possesses of his rights both as an individual and as a member of society. Supplemented by the recall of judicial decisions, it would substitute chaos for order; replace stability by kaleidoscopic and impossible contradictions; bring into the courts a lower type of men and a nonsensical type of law; and give us, instead of judges, demagogues; instead of liberty, license; instead of security and confidence, distrust and demoralization.

While Governor Wilson's future attitude on most questions is uncertain, he has recently issued a pronouncement against this reform, and is therefore at present not in agreement with his chief political friend, Colonel Bryan, who first brought it into prominence when it was a far less popular suggestion than it is to-day.

Colonel Roosevelt is a recent convert to the principle and is giving it characteristically vigorous support.

President Taft has refused to accept a proposal both revolutionary and vicious. As a trained lawyer, an honorable judge, and a distinguished jurist and administrator, he defends what he understands and has proved. To guard against abuse, he maintains that all that is necessary is to revise and enforce the impeachment laws, so that it will be possible to remove a judge, should he be found incompetent or corrupt, while assuring to every magistrate immunity from spasmodic popular disapproval and clamor.

The initiative and referendum are not crucial suggestions. They have been unduly emphasized and over-rated. If the voter now pays so little attention to public affairs that he constantly places in the legislative bodies men who refuse to pass good laws, will he suddenly devote his time to the careful study that will be essential when he initiates laws himself and hopes to secure better ones than his representatives have given him? Can such laws, brought forward on petition, possibly receive the benefit of the thoughtful debate that prevails in legislative assemblies? And how will it be possible to amend a proposed law; and what will be substituted for that desirable and necessary procedure?

One of the gravest problems of recent years is due to the economic conditions resulting from the unprecedented and colossal combinations of capital. This natural concentration of industry was chiefly brought about during the administrations of William McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt, though neither they nor their administrations can be held responsible for such a development. But the trusts came with some suddenness into being, and into notoriety; and as a result, the Federal Government and the State Governments were perplexed as to how to deal with them. The laws in existence had been conceived and slowly developed for individuals dealing as individuals, or for combinations on a small scale; and when these great combinations made their appearance, the problem involved both the application of the existing laws and the formulation of new laws.

Whatever the nominal result of the prosecutions instituted

under the Sherman anti-trust law by the present and the preceding administration, there is no doubt that business on a big scale has come to stay. Trusts are commercially progressive. Big Business cannot be annihilated: politics can merely define the limits which may not be exceeded. Governor Wilson offers destruction as the only cure. This is the sum and substance of all that he has said on the subject. Colonel Roosevelt advocates Federal incorporation and control. This, apart from any question of States' rights, would centre enormous power in the Executive, and create a situation that might easily lead to a practical dictatorship. President Taft is favorable to the establishment of an Interstate Commission which shall have powers similar to those of the Interstate Commerce Commission, but applied to industrial corporations. This is progressive and constructive. It preserves the benefits of combination while preventing the evils of monopoly. It is not combination, but the abuse of combination, that is dangerous to the community. The abuses may be removed while the advantages are retained. It is not necessary to kill the cow in order to sterilize the milk.

The Democrats are relying a great deal on their free-trade propaganda. They believe they are advocating just what the country needs and is now resolved to have. They are curiously deceiving themselves. There is no large class of people in this country that desires free trade. The manufacturer does not,—the laborer does not,—the farmer does not,—if we are to judge by his attitude on the Reciprocity bill. The same is true of the merchant, both big and little. The idea does not seem popular in the South, especially when applied to Southern products: it is not regarded with favor in the East or in the West. Governor Wilson himself has no concrete opinion whatsoever on the subject. Free trade and high protection seem to him to be one and the same thing. Nevertheless, the Democrats are pledged by their platform to free trade, and the question is on what basis do they found their opinion that this policy is essential to our national prosperity?

They cannot found their doctrine of the necessity of change on the business that is being done here, every day, providing more work at higher wages than in any other country in the

world, and making it possible for American workmen, year by year, to put in the banks savings which total millions,—to say nothing of the large contributions to their labor organizations, and other enormous sums sent to their friends and relatives in Europe. Crops that total in the aggregate eight to nine billions of dollars in a year would not seem to demand free trade. Factories producing about twenty billions of products annually, apparently can worry along under the principle of protection. It is difficult, then, to see how the Democrats have arrived at their conclusion. But it is generally difficult to see how the Democrats arrive at any conclusion that is not dictated by the Bryan interest.

What is really demanded by the people is a reduction of the tariff to a level based on the cost of production here and abroad. We have no desire to maintain an absurdly high tariff on any line of products, merely giving unreasonable profits to a few capitalists; but we cannot permit Congress to play with the tariff as recklessly as did the Sixty-Second Congress under Democratic control. Yet the Democrats will force free trade upon us if they come into power; and Governor Wilson will not be likely to veto any tariff-slashing bills presented to him.

To reduce the tariff without necessitating the reduction of wages, and to arrange the schedules on a scientific and reasonable basis, requires a knowledge of the cost of production here and abroad, and of all relevant conditions. This, of course, is the purpose for which the Tariff Board was established. President Taft knew that a general reduction all along the line would, in many cases, be insufficient, while in others it would be excessive; with the result that some products would still be burdensome in price to the consumer, while in other cases our labor would be forced to accept a much lower wage than the existing rate. He therefore refused to countenance any haphazard or unregulated revision of the tariff.

Universal free trade is supposed to make it possible to buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest. But applied to our country to-day, whom would it benefit, and whom would it not injure? It would inure to the great profit of densely populated countries; but in those sparsely settled, industry would al-

most disappear. Capital would prefer investing in enterprises in India, for example, rather than in Australia. China would be more attractive to money than would Canada; and though we in the United States are better off with regard to population than these two English colonies, we must nevertheless bear in mind that our ninety-four millions is only about 30 to the square mile, as against China with approximately 300 or Europe with 125. This, in conjunction with our small merchant marine, would leave us in a very poor competitive position. It is true that we have a vast agricultural acreage and enormous natural resources; but we are still relatively very poor in that most essential asset of national wealth,—population.

Even if we should establish free trade, other nations are not necessarily going to follow suit. We could no more bring about universal free trade than we could bring about the millennium. We should not have the benefit of selling in the dearest market or buying in the cheapest. We should have to compete with European and even with Asiatic labor, and our industries could not possibly continue business on the scale of wages at present established. Every self-governing colony of free-trade England recognizes the force of this contention, and they have all built high tariff walls as a matter of self-preservation.

Protection is absolutely essential to the material prosperity of this country. If President Taft is re-elected, he will in all probability carry with him a majority in Congress; protection will be assured, with the revision of the tariff on sensible and scientific lines. If Colonel Roosevelt were elected, he could not possibly carry with him enough Congressmen to constitute a majority; and whatever he wished or did not wish to do with the tariff, the public would be bound to suffer from the Government's legislative impotence.

If Governor Wilson is elected, the tariff wall will be completely demolished, and with it, the chief cause and guarantee of our material prosperity.

The question of the high cost of living is a very vital and personal one; and in considering the problem we are too apt to come to the conclusion that we are experiencing a condition that

exists nowhere else; and, therefore, that it must be due to some policy which our Government is pursuing. When we have arrived at that point, we immediately proceed to blame the tariff. As a matter of fact, the upward trend in the curve of the prices of commodities is world-wide. It exists partly because the population of the world has increased during the last fifty years in a far greater ratio than ever before. Hitherto, the advance in numbers had been slower and comparatively steady; there was time for natural adjustment of economic conditions, while there was also enough unoccupied territory accessible to provide for any excessive growth in countries already too densely populated. But in the last half century, practically all the vacant lands have been settled: those still unoccupied are for the time being shut out from the world to a greater or less extent by imperfect means of communication and transport, or by purely natural conditions.

On the other hand, labor has been drawn away from the agricultural districts by the development of great factories, decreasing the producing class and adding to the consuming class; so that within a decade in this country manufactured products have increased from a total value of \$13,004,400,143 in 1900, to \$20,672,051,870 in 1910, while the farm products in bulk have remained almost the same, with a total acreage of about two per cent. less.

The enormously increased production of gold has, of course, also been largely responsible for the rise in prices.

The protective tariff, therefore, cannot be made the scapegoat for the increased cost of living: it has given us prosperity in spite of high prices, not high prices without prosperity.

Governor Wilson has done excellent work in the course of his active educational career; and all reasonable men will deprecate the attempts that have been made by some newspapers and magazines to harp upon the mere word "professor" and to imply that it is almost a personal reflection upon the Democratic candidate that he should have been a scholar and an educator. The only valid point that can be taken is whether the ex-president of Princeton is a scholar and an educator both primarily and finally, and not even secondarily a statesman.

This remains to be proved or disproved: but his life work and life experiences have not been those which would fit him for the Presidency of the United States. His knowledge of economic conditions is not merely theoretic and untested: it is inconsistent, invertebrate. Since he became Governor of New Jersey, he has gained some experience in the practical handling of political problems; but should he be elected President he would be confronted with issues that must be settled, not evaded; and if he is not strong enough to be the master, he will find himself the servant, of some very shrewd professional politicians who are eagerly waiting for the opportunity to exploit an untried Executive. Confidence in a strong personality is permissible; but Governor Wilson has given the public no grounds whatever for believing that he would emerge at the end of four years with anything but failure written across his administration.

If the Democrats are successful this year, there will be the same scramble for personal advantage that occurred in 1892, when Grover Cleveland brought his party into power, but failed utterly to hold it in hand when the mad rush for personal gain was made. Why should we expect that Governor Wilson should be able to do what Cleveland could not? The Governor's short political history does not indicate that he possesses stable convictions, or the courage of such convictions as he has, in sufficient degree to warrant his handling intricate problems of government. He rides into office on the shoulders of ex-Senator James Smith, and then repudiates him. He writes to a friend to inquire if William Jennings Bryan cannot in some way be knocked into a "cocked hat," and then forms an iron-clad alliance with Colonel Bryan three years later. He has expressed very pronounced views on the subject of immigration, and now tries to wriggle out of the situation by extremely weak and evasive explanations. His ideas on the general problems of government, on the tariff, labor, trusts and things in general, are hard to ascertain, since he rarely expresses the same opinion twice. Ever since he launched himself in political life he has spent so much time in altering his views of men and issues, in explaining and re-explaining, and explaining away his re-explanations, that it would seem he cannot take a decided stand on any

matter for any appreciable length of time. What, then, could be hoped from him in the White House? His inexperience spells not merely inefficiency, but disaster. We are in the midst of an era of what may be called explosive politics, and only an expert can be trusted in supreme charge, or we may parallel in our ship of state the catastrophes that have but recently sent fine ships and gallant men to the floor of the sea, with little warning, and only one lesson: that high explosives are always dangerous. It does not need a foreign enemy to destroy the pride of a navy or the hope of a nation. A President without knowledge, steadfastness, or confidence, can do more harm than a hostile battle fleet.

Would Colonel Roosevelt be a more acceptable leader? He has had experience: but has he retained sincerity and acquired disinterestedness? When he interjected himself in his usual impetuous manner into the pre-convention campaign, and attempted to wrest the nomination from President Taft, he was aided both by those who conscientiously differed from the President in political beliefs, and by those who desired an open breach merely because they had special interests of their own to serve. But the Republicans in the States that had given the President their electoral vote in 1908 continued, almost without exception, to show their confidence in him by indorsing his administration in the State Conventions held in 1910 and 1911. The New York State Convention held in 1910 emphatically indorsed the President for his work during the eighteen months that he had held office. Colonel Roosevelt was then in command, and the complete and enthusiastic approval that he gave to the record of these eighteen months covered the most unpopular part of the President's term. The Payne-Aldrich Tariff bill, the President's position with regard to the Reciprocity measure, the Ballinger-Pinchot affair, were then matters of history. The Colonel's change of front since those days of cordiality is too evidently due, not to policies and disinterested convictions, but to personal motives and questions of expediency.

A belief no doubt developed in the minds of the Republican leaders in various States that the Democratic landslide in 1910 was the result of the President's personal unpopularity in the

nation. It was this belief, and not any matter of record or conviction, that prompted them to attack Mr. Taft, in order that they might safeguard their personal interests.

The issues raised in the pre-convention campaign were almost entirely State issues. The President was held responsible for almost every unpopular condition existing, and credit was withheld from him in almost every instance where credit was due. It is not pleasant to dwell upon the campaign then organized by the Roosevelt forces, a campaign largely of calumny and misrepresentation. Reputations were buried, which can never be recovered from that frenzied sepulture. As President of the United States, Colonel Roosevelt had established a splendid record of achievements. As a candidate for a third term, he established a record of indecency that cannot be palliated or forgiven. There would seem to be no utterance that he has made, which he is not capable of repudiating; no principle that he has accepted, which he is not ready to condemn,—to secure votes; no principle that he has condemned, which he is not ready to accept,—to secure more votes. He has contrived to ally himself ostensibly with a supposedly progressive platform. He has allied himself, in reality, with a form of personal egotism and unrestrained demagoguism that is entirely alien from the spirit and the traditions of our country, and absolutely incompatible with the maintenance of republican institutions and national security.

President Taft alone in this contest stands squarely and unequivocally for the welfare of the Republic. He declines to be cajoled by any proposal which would transform the judges into professional politicians. He refuses to be misled by false issues and fallacies, to be swayed by the clamor of the moment or to sacrifice the country's splendid heritage for a mess of political pottage. He stands for the preservation, in its essential spirit, of the constitution; for sanity, progress, and security. His policy with regard to the trusts has been consistent and undeviating. He has maintained, and the Supreme Court has upheld his contention, that combinations effected with the purpose of acquiring a monopoly are illegal; and wherever the evidence warranted, he has instituted criminal proceedings. In this policy he has promoted the interests of the great majority of the busi-

ness men and manufacturers of the country, with their vast army of employees. The number of concerns affected by the prohibitions of the anti-trust law is very small when compared with the great number of producers and business men whose interests are furthered by the strict and impartial enforcement of the law. It is these men who represent the bone and sinew of the industry of the United States, as the President himself has declared. They would be the first to suffer from the general depression which would inevitably follow the victory of those who oppose protection and advocate measures which run the gamut from radical tariff reduction to absolute free trade. They are the ones who would have suffered most from the ill-considered tariff bills passed by the Democrats; and they would suffer severely from the uncontrolled combination of business which is prohibited by the Sherman law.

In the face of almost immediate intervention in Mexico, in which event our entire army would have been called out, both the regulars and the State militia, the Sixty-Second Congress, with its Democratic majority, passed a bill which carried with it the abolition of five regiments of cavalry, thereby reducing this branch of the service from 15,000 to 10,000. In order to force the President's approval, they attached riders embodying appropriations for the care of current expenses of the Government and for the payment of the old soldiers' pensions then due. This failed to prevent the veto. The President refused to be coerced into disloyalty to the country. But the Democratic Congress must bear the odium of its actions: it spent its time in trying to embarrass the President and secure campaign material, when it should have been attending to the business of the nation. The refusal to provide for an adequate navy in the very face of their platform pledge at Baltimore is both an indelible disgrace, and a crime for which the country will have to pay heavily. The total record of achievement is small: the total record of failure is immense and menacing.

Governor Wilson's broad culture and fine personal attainments, his unimpeached integrity and sincerity, make him an attractive figure: but his life has been spent apart from the practical issues of the world, and his experience and his party affilia-

tions absolutely disqualify him for the Presidency. His election would place an incompetent man in the White House, and a vote for him is a vote for failure.

Colonel Roosevelt's curious mixture of anarchism, socialism and opportunism precludes him from consideration. His election would Mexicanize our Government. A vote for him is a vote for the destruction of the Republic.

President Taft has made mistakes, but he has established also a splendid and enduring record. He stands for steadfastness and integrity; he stands between the constitution and its ruin; he stands between American labor and its forced competition with European and Asiatic labor. He is a conservative, but not a reactionary. He has stood the test of calumny and a campaign of unparalleled virulence; and his popularity in the country is now steadily mounting to its true level. His re-election is imperative. It means continued prosperity and honest reform. A vote for him is a vote for progress, for the security of the Republic, for the safeguarding of the vital interests and traditions of the nation.

THE ELECTORAL COLLEGE: ITS PREROGATIVES AND POSSIBILITIES

JOHN WALKER HOLCOMBE

THE devolution of the executive power has ever been the weak spot in systems of government. When ancient nations outgrew the primitive idea of the divinity of their kings, the problem of transmission of supreme power from ruler to ruler was solved by the strong man with the sword. With the exception of the few most enlightened peoples for comparatively brief periods of their career, the progress of nations has been checkered by wars and massacres to determine the sovereignty.

The governments of Europe enjoyed little stability till the principle of hereditary succession became fixed in their constitutions. Where this principle was imperfectly recognized there was turmoil, where it failed entirely extinction followed. It is not necessary to cite illustrations of these propositions from English and continental or ancient history, nor to argue the perils of republics in the revolutions of our American neighbors.

Therefore, when a people undertake to select their own rulers, the method of doing so is of the utmost importance. In its every step, in all its procedure, it must be simple, direct, easily understood. There must be no elaborate and involved minutiae, out of which confusion may arise, or into which uncertainty may be injected by designing persons.

When our ancestors threw off royal rule, the old problem faced them, and in the Constitutional Convention this was regarded as one of the most difficult questions. There were no satisfactory precedents. Many of the delegates were versed in history, but they learned therefrom of the wreckage of states through feebleness of the executive power or imperfect methods of its transmission. After careful consideration of various plans, they adopted the method of election of the President by Electors "appointed" in the several States, and equal in number to the Senators and Representatives in Congress. They rejected after thorough discussion the proposal of election by suffrage of all

the voters, possibly because they distrusted the people, as has been alleged, perhaps also because they saw that election by general ballot would not be a real choosing by the people.

The persons to be voted for must be selected, designated, nominated, by some mortal agency. That agency, unless a single dictator, must be a body of men, small enough for discussion. Consequently, some junta or caucus would dictate candidates, that is, select the President. In order that this service might not fall to an irresponsible oligarchic body, the authors of the constitution created a responsible body clothed with full and final power both to choose and elect, exercising this power under the solemn sanctions of an oath of office and duty to the people, by whom now they are directly elected. This body was to represent as nearly as possible the States and the people of the States, and to embody their highest wisdom and virtue. Meeting as "a grand Electoral College," it was to be at once the nominating convention and plenary elective agency of the nation.

There can be no doubt but the Electoral College in this form would have proved itself a reality, would have vindicated its prerogatives and actually chosen our Presidents to this day. Its members would not have tolerated dictation from without, but would have procured immunity from pressure and undue influence through protective statutes enforced by the courts. But most unluckily the Convention changed its perfected plan at the last moment, and thereby unwittingly negated its own will. In apprehension of the difficulties and expense of travel in that day, the Electors were permitted to meet and vote in their several States. Thus the power of making a choice was annihilated; the Electors were paralyzed in their essential function.*

Why the fatal result of this after-thought amendment was not foreseen, may be partly explained by conditions then existing. In the person of Washington the immediate candidate for all

* Bancroft summarizes substantially as follows: "And now the whole march to the mode of election of the President may be surveyed. The Constitutional Convention at first reluctantly conferred that office on the national legislature, voting in joint ballot. To escape from danger of cabal and corruption, it next transferred full and final power of choice to an Electoral College that should be the exact counterpart of the joint convention of the two Houses of Congress in the representation of the States, as well as the population of the States, and should meet at the seat of government. . . . From confidence in the purity of

electoral votes needed no nomination, and several other statesmen stood forth so distinguished by great services that the inevitability of contemporary selections obscured the fact that the first step in the process, the agreement upon a person on whom enough votes could be concentrated to effect an election, would be the prime difficulty of all. Also, the committee of correspondence was a familiar agency of that time. Through committees of correspondence, worked up by the Revolutionary patriots in the New England towns and in the counties of the middle and southern colonies, public sentiment had been aroused and united, agreement on policies and concert of action brought about. By their means conventions had been called and the colonial Assemblies had been influenced to send delegates to the Continental Congress; all the machinery which carried through the war for independence and the formation of the constitution, had been created. The expedient of correspondence among the Electors might be used to effect unity of choice. But if this was regarded as the appropriate means, it was speedily nullified, not only by other influences, but by legislation which required the Electors to give and certify their votes one month after their own election, allowing no sufficient time for correspondence.*

However this may be, as soon as it became necessary really to make and agree upon a choice, the Electors found themselves powerless to do so. They therefore accepted such advice as was tendered or forced upon them from without. In the early years of the Republic, the needed advice was supplied by various self-constituted caucuses or committees, which in turn assumed the function, until finally, with the stronger organization of political parties, the national nominating convention became an established institution. Now the choice is actually made by a voluntary extra-legal and irresponsible convention, or some clique

the electoral body thus established, the re-eligibility of the executive was again affirmed. . . . Then fearing that so large a number of men would not travel to the seat of government for that single purpose or might be hindered on the way . . . nor would the first characters in the State feel sufficient motives to undertake the electoral office . . . the thought arose that the Electors might cast their votes in their own several States, and transmit the certificates of the votes to the general legislature."—*History of the Constitution*, Vol. II, p. 184.

* The time was extended in 1887 to the second Monday in January.

within such a convention. It is accomplished not through wise deliberation, but through every art of political strategy, accompanied with excitement and uproar. The reality of this extra-legal choice is not affected by the custom that two or more conventions present rival candidates, from whom the people indirectly select one. The fact remains that one of these conventions chooses the President in the first instance, and thus usurps the power of a constitutional body elected by the people. In so doing it usurps the rights of the people themselves.

That the people are aware of, and deeply dissatisfied with, this usurpation of their rights by irresponsible conventions, is evidenced by the rapid spread of the system of primary elections, the enactments of several States and the numerous bills in State legislatures and in Congress, proposing to elect delegates to party conventions by popular vote, and to instruct them as to candidates by party primaries. This paper endeavors to show that such bills as to Presidential elections are framed on erroneous principles.

In the first place the law ought not to attempt to control politics. In his politics and religion the citizen is free. It has ever been our theory that the voluntary activities of citizens in forming parties, assembling in conventions and carrying on political campaigns, are outside the sphere of law, that legislation is for the whole people, recognizing no sects, parts or parties. Accordingly it is improper for the law to prescribe the election of delegates or provide for instructing them or regulate the holding of conventions. But the law may altogether prohibit such activities, whether in or out of conventions, so far as they impair the freedom of any constituted agency of the government.

Furthermore, it is believed that no plan of electing delegates to party conventions, and expressing Presidential preferences, and certifying such preferences and instructing such delegates, can be devised, which will not violate the necessary rule of simplicity, and seriously impair the political liberties of the citizen. On inspection of a few proposed bills, one is astonished at the elaborate and complicated provisions and minute instructions and enormous expense found necessary to make the system effective. The enactment of such a measure would raise up a class of spe-

cialist lawyers and professional politicians to operate it, and the consequent reign of confusion is unpleasant to contemplate.

Again, it is doubtful whether the people would remain satisfied with such a system. They have recognized the abuses of huge conventions, which become more glaring with each perpetration. The people are turning to the primary election, which they desire as a substitute for, not an aggravation of, the nominating convention. They wish to express their preferences among Presidential candidates, but they do not wish their expression to pass through the medium of party conventions. Such a medium is highly undesirable, and it is emphatically urged that it be not fixed by law upon our electoral system.

To complicate the preferential primary with the national conventions would be a calamity of the first magnitude. Little less calamitous would be the elaborate hierarchy of State boards and national boards, composed of salaried members appointed by the President, which are the substitutes proposed for the certifying function of party conventions. The extent to which these bills propose to regulate elections appears to infringe upon the province of the State legislatures, to which the constitution gives the power to determine the manner of appointing the Electors. All these difficulties are avoided by prohibiting any form of dictation either to the people as voters at large or to their chosen Electors. Let there be party organizations to proclaim and promote party principles, but let there be no nominating of candidates for President by caucuses, conventions or petitions, in advance of the general election. Party activity may be directed to the nomination of candidates for Electors, to be chosen under State laws. Here party organizations may have free scope, to bring forward robust partizans who, if chosen Electors, will fight vigorously for party principles and party men.

The influence of the people will be profoundly felt by the Electors. They are the responsible agents, elected and commissioned by the people; they are themselves of and from the people, among whom they live and move and have their being. They know and feel the popular sentiments in which they fully share, and in the performance of their duties they will prove a sensitive reflector of public opinion. Why then should there be two or

three or more enormous assemblies to pervert or color the popular will, when the constitution has created a body of men duly elected, authorized and competent to receive and express that will? It is only necessary to call them together.

In those words is the key to the question. While the constitution requires the Electors to meet and vote in their several States, it nowhere prohibits them from assembling in a body for consultation. Indeed, as has been shown above, such was the perfect plan in its original form. They were to meet in convention, and both choose and elect. The change which rendered them powerless to choose, was made on account of the expense and difficulty of travel, a reason which no longer exists. The reason having passed for that feature which defeated their excellent plan, it seems a duty to our Revolutionary Fathers, to eliminate the obstruction and make their plan workable. Let the Electors be called together to nominate candidates, and then return to their States to cast and certify their votes. For this no amendment to the constitution is necessary, nor *theoretically* the enactment of any law. They have a perfect right to do this of their own motion, and no court or magistrate could say them nay. If the Electors appointed on November 5th should immediately assemble in the city of St. Louis and agree to elect Senator La Follette President and Representative Underwood Vice-President, and should afterwards cast a majority of votes for those gentlemen in the manner prescribed by law, such election would be valid in every respect. But *practically*, the Electors cannot hold a convention without help from Congress. Dispersed over the whole country and without organization or power of initiative, they cannot well agree upon a place of meeting and make preliminary arrangements; nor can they be expected to render such service without compensation and at their own expense. Congress should, therefore, provide for a meeting of the Electoral College in convention at some city centrally located, and make suitable appropriation therefor.

For other reasons legislation is necessary. Electors cannot and will not disregard the dictation of party conventions, so long established in the thought and customs of the land. As has been argued above, the law ought not to regulate the voluntary politi-

cal activities of citizens, but it ought to prohibit all activities which impair the freedom of any lawful agency of the government. There are laws to protect the Congress and its members in their absolute freedom, laws to protect the Executive and the courts. Now the Electoral College, let it be repeated again and again, is a governmental agency of the highest importance, imbedded in the constitution itself and clothed with the most solemn responsibility. Accordingly, the nomination of candidates for President or Vice-President by unauthorized agencies or assemblies should be prohibited.

It may be interesting to consider how the system here advocated would work in practice. Assume that in the year 1916 there have been no nominating conventions and no persons have been proclaimed candidates for President and Vice-President. The Electors, numbering five hundred and thirty-one, have been chosen at the November elections by direct vote of the people, and Congress has designated a city and made suitable appropriation for the meeting. The College assembles, chooses temporary officers in the usual manner, by whom the roll of members is made up, and the body conducted to a permanent parliamentary organization.

The College adopts such rules as may be necessary for its special work, and proceeds to business. Candidates will naturally be presented in nominating speeches, and there will be a lining up of Electors by parties. If the smaller parties of the country, the socialist, the prohibitionist, woman's suffrage, labor, etc., have chosen any Electors, these will doubtless make themselves heard, and may wield some influence. Under present conditions the real contest will be between Republicans and Democrats. Party caucuses will be held, in which different factions will contend for their favorites, and the name agreed upon by the Electors of each party will be presented to the College. The voting will be conducted in any manner the body may order, *viva voce*, by count of heads, by call of the roll, by ballot or otherwise, and if one party have a majority a nomination will easily be made. If there be no majority of any party, there being three or more parties represented, the situation may become difficult, but always less difficult and with better chances of solu-

tion than in elections by the House of Representatives, under existing constitutional rules. The College will appreciate its imperative duty to nominate a candidate who will receive in the formal election a majority of all the Electoral votes. The wisdom and patriotism of such an assemblage will find a way. A rule of elimination, dropping the name or names lowest on the list after each voting, would speedily effect a nomination, and enough members of the least numerous party or parties might pledge their Electoral votes to the candidate thus named, to assure his election. A candidate for Vice-President having been chosen in the same manner, the Electors will return to the several States, and assembling in their capitols on the day appointed by law will give, certify and transmit their votes in the regular manner, the nominees of the convention receiving a safe majority. Indeed, so beneficent a change in our party life might be expected, with the disappearance of long and irritating personal campaigns, that, after a fair and open contest in the assembled College, the formal election might often be practically unanimous.

Among other advantages of this plan, the election need never be thrown into the House of Representatives, an expedient which has proved in the past unsatisfactory and perilous. Witness our narrow escape from the election of Aaron Burr, averted by the change of a single vote after many ballots; witness the deep chagrin of the growing majority at the defeat of General Jackson, engendering a bitterness which survived many years. Witness also the extreme peril of the Hayes-Tilden controversy. The present situation is very grave. The declarations of nominees in several States that, if chosen Electors, they will vote for candidates other than those of their party; the efforts to enjoin such action in the courts; the resignation of nominees from the electoral ticket; the projection of rival tickets into the field, denote a confusion which may in a few weeks develop into a contest as undesirable as any in the past.

In no reactionary spirit, therefore, but with views thoroughly progressive, the writer urges a return for relief to the wisdom of the Fathers, by making effective their admirable device, the Electoral College. This may be accomplished by a surprisingly simple enactment, and in conclusion of the argument there is here

submitted a draft of what may be called a Bill of Assistance, as follows:

A BILL

To assist the Presidential Electors in the performance of their duties.

WHEREAS, the constitution confers on the Electors the full power to elect the President and Vice-President of the United States; and

WHEREAS, it was the original plan of the authors of the Constitution that the Electors should assemble in one place and perform their function as a united body or College, but this plan was changed by reason of the difficulties of travel, a reason which no longer exists; therefore,

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled,

That the Electors appointed in all the States shall assemble as the Electoral College within thirty days from their appointment, to confer respecting and to nominate suitable persons for the office of President and of Vice-President. They shall be allowed suitable compensation and provision for expenses, and such secretaries, clerks and other assistants as they may find necessary, and appropriations shall be made therefor as for other expenses of the Government. Nominations for the office of President or Vice-President in any manner other than as herein prescribed shall be unlawful, and every person who shall attempt to effect such unlawful nominations shall be liable to a fine of not less than two hundred dollars or imprisonment for not less than two months, or both.

THE HERITAGE

ALFRED NOYES

I

“**N**OTHING can save you,” said the gray-haired man with the Bismarckian face; “nothing except a prolonged course of good gross materializing dissipation.”

The wide windows of the room in which this curious remark was made were on the western side of the castle, and a scent of many roses wandered through them from the whispering gardens below. The sunset behind misty blue trees faintly colored and subdued the whole scene, so that even on the table at which the three men lingered, all “gross materialities” were beginning to vanish. Silver and fruit, glass and flowers, were delicately blurred and softened, as if the beautiful vagueness of the distance had stolen quietly into the room and the things of Time were slowly melting into a luxuriously mellow Nirvana. The old man with the long white hair stared sadly out at the evening sky, while the boy of twenty, to whom the man with the Bismarckian face had spoken, folded and unfolded a sheet of blank white notepaper and at last pulled it into fidgety shreds with his nervous and irritable fingers.

“What the devil are you doing with that?” snapped the Bismarckian face.

The boy chuckled to himself in an odd way that drew the old man’s gaze from the sunset for a moment.

“Making a rose, uncle, out of paper,” he said. “Look!” And he held the bunch of white shreds up to catch the colored light.

“But, speaking seriously, Denis,” his uncle continued, with the dogged look of a man wading out of a sea of folly to the solid and reasonable earth, “speaking seriously, Denis, you must marry Stephanie.”

“Well, uncle,”—Denis tossed his paper rose to the wolfhound at his feet—“if you say I must, I suppose there’s an

end of it. But— isn't one supposed to—er—fall in love or something of that sort before one goes about marrying people?"

"Love!" cried the hot-faced man. "Love is all very well for tinkers, but you ought to know by this time, Denis, that in our family, marriages are a serious matter. We don't mate like hedge sparrows."

"Of course not," the old man chirruped, "of course not. Our marriages have always been *arranged*."

"Love!" cried the hot-faced man again; "what sort of an animal would your dog there be, what would your horses be like, if we trusted the breed to the good-luck of love?"

"I'd be a little more likely to believe in all that, uncle, if our arrangements, as you call them, had ever been made with a scientific eye to the breed. But when have people like ourselves ever cared twopence about that? A pretty lot, physically, some of our ancestors have been. You know as well as I do that the scientific eugenics of people like ourselves have always been concerned with the union of money-bags and estates, and never, never, never," his voice rose to a shrill note, "never with the personal qualities of people, physical or mental."

"Don't the money-bags enable them to acquire qualities, give them opportunities, extending over many generations, to——"

"Oh, I know that's the common claptrap—pardon me—of the politicians who deal in people like ourselves. But look at my spindleshanks! Will all our money-bags help me to jump a five-barred gate? And look at Stephanie's pretty forget-me-not eyes! Will all the estates in the world give her one touch of imagination? And, to make things worse, by taking away what I call 'love' you take away the only thing that does lay stress on personal qualities, you take away the only element of choice and real selection in the whole affair. Why on earth should we deceive ourselves, uncle? You're not addressing a public meeting. I've promised to sell my soul for you. But we may as well tell each other the truth about it. Our eugenics are of the money-bags and the estates, and they always have been."

"Dear me! Dear me!" chirped the old man, looking

nervously from face to face as if he feared an outbreak, not of mere violence, but of something uncanny. "How very vehement you are, Denis! Aren't you?"

The question lay so entirely on those conventional surfaces where there is nothing but agreement that he might have been speaking of the weather; and it was with a sort of eagerness to remain on those levels that he continued his bright-eyed and bird-like small talk.

"What was that word you used—eugenics? How very odd it sounds, doesn't it? I suppose it is a new word. Our marriages were always *arranged*. Weren't they, Michael?"

Michael took no notice of his father. His face was fiery with drink; but the drink was not the cause of the wild glow in his eyes or the curious deliberation with which he lifted his liqueur-glass, glowing like an emerald against the soft gold of the sunset, held it there for a moment, drank and set it down. He, too, seemed to be wrestling with some obscure fear, though he met it in another way, and was able to hold it down with the iron hands of his will.

"A pretty color, those peaches, aren't they?" he said gruffly; then he laughed and went on rapidly: "Why, Denis, she's a year younger than yourself; and I'll wager you've never clapt eyes on a more—what shall I say to please you?—more lovable girl, eh? Yet you look as if you were going to execution."

He pointed to the garden, where a tall slim girl wandered slowly out of the blue twilight of a rose-trailing alley. Her thick red-gold hair was dark enough to look like a beautiful little black cloud against the glowing sky; and, under the cloud, her small face, delicate and fair as a flower, looked almost olive-colored against that brilliance.

"Now, Denis," he said, almost pleadingly, "go out and make yourself charming to her."

"You can be so very charming, Denis," the old man chimed in; "nobody more so, when you please."

The girl herself put an end to the hesitation of Denis by waving to him. He made his way out, and his uncle turned almost fiercely to the old man.

"If he weathers the present crisis, it is just possible that he

will live down the family taint. I'm sure he will. He's as healthy as a colt. But his eyes had that bestial vacancy, once or twice, when he was talking. I hate it. I could have struck him across the face when I saw it. He looked as if he were going to have one of his grandfather's visions. I believe he is often quite unconscious of his surroundings; but so are many other imaginative youngsters; and I don't believe he has yet begun to see things that are not there—which is, I suppose, the next step to not seeing things which are there."

"Don't say that, Michael. Don't say that," replied the other with a sigh that seemed to shake his whole frame. "It would be too sad! Oh, it would be too, too sad."

"Oh, he's a healthy lad enough; but why do you suppose he doesn't want to marry a girl like Stephanie? Because he isn't in love with her? No young man ever drew back from such a marriage with a really pretty and charming girl for a purely negative reason of that kind. There must be some one else in the case, eh?"

Michael spoke as if he hoped there were; but it was evident that another alternative lay in his mind, half-strangled, but gnawing and preying upon him still.

"I wonder! I really do wonder! No doubt you are right, Michael. There must be some one else."

"It's nobody that *we* know. I wonder if he is up to any pranks. He slips away, almost every night, to the little firwood by the lake. Some gardener's daughter, I suppose. Of course, it's useless to ask him; but it must be stopped."

Michael was not the man to be very particular in these matters. His attempts to wrap that dreadful, half-strangled something else in the ludicrously small cloak of his virtue, were almost pathetic.

"It must be stopped," he went on. "I shall follow him if he goes there to-night. We must have no scandal during his engagement."

"No! no! You are quite right, Michael," quavered his father. "At all costs there must be no scandal. All through my life I have tried to avoid that."

"Of course, he will have his fling, as we all did at his age——"

"All did at his age," came the echo.

"But he'll make a fine man, a fine man."

"I think you are very fond of the boy, Michael"; and there was a curious note of wistfulness in the voice of the old man, as if saying that he himself would be glad and grateful for a share in that fondness.

II

"Oh, it will be great fun," said Stephanie to Denis, as they walked through the blue gloom of another rose-trailing alley, at the end of which they could still see the last green and golden streaks of the sunset. "And all the butchers' and bakers' and candlestick-makers' wives for miles round will come to see us married and they'll say that we fell in love with each other under Chinese lanterns at some horrid little *fête* in a moonlit garden; and all their elementarily educated sons and daughters will try to look cynical and say 'pshaw'! And all their husbands,—can't you see them, Denis, hundreds and hundreds of them?—all sitting sneering over their tepid tea and muffins and saying that the whole affair had been a matter of votes. You've no idea, Denis, how socialistic husbands can sneer at their wives for the pure love of humanity! I can see them, just like one of Ezekiel's visions in my eight and sixpenny illustrated Bible—such a sweet present from an old coachman who thought I was going to the bad—but it all runs like water off a duck's back. For all those round and rosy and thoroughly respectable middle-aged wives are sitting sublimely tight in the very midst of the scorers, hundreds of them, and, still, still continuing their subscriptions to the penny illustrated weeklies in the unshaken belief that we fell in love with each other under Chinese lanterns, at a charity *fête*, in a moonlit garden. You see, Denis, we are their dreams, and dreams always die hard, don't they? Do you like being a dream, Denis? You are exactly like a dream at the present moment. Did you choose that tie yourself? It's very becoming. But, you know, the joke about our wedding is that I don't love you a bit."

"Nor do I," murmured Denis absently. "I mean——"

"I know what you mean, flatterer; but never mind. I do hope—Denis, you're looking positively ghostly—I do hope you're in love with somebody else. I wonder if you are. It would add such an interest to your silence. I often see you disappearing toward the wood after dark. Why do you go there? Don't say it's to gloat over moonlight effects. Remember, Denis, after our marriage, you must always steal away to mysterious trysts in the woods. You mustn't rob me of my first interest in you. One of these evenings I shall follow you and accidentally walk into your *tête-à-tête*. I want to see how you make love; and it will give me such a hold upon you when we are married."

At last Stephanie grew tired of chattering unaided.

Denis refused to accompany her within. They parted in the garden; but there was a mischievous light in her wide gray eyes, as she turned at the end of the path and saw the direction that he had taken. When he was out of sight she glanced around with a chuckle and began to follow him like a cat stalking a bird.

III

The last streak of sunset had faded; and Denis went slowly and unsuspectingly toward the little lake in the woods. A sickle moon brightened overhead. His face was white, rapt and still, like the face of a visionary, the face of a Galahad. His large dark eyes were wide open; and if his uncle could have caught a glimpse of them he might have thought that, after all, the boy had begun to see "things that were not there."

Within a few yards of the wood he paused suddenly. Ragged patches of silver shone through the leaves and showed him where the moonlight shimmered on the lake. There was a soft fluttering and ruffling of white feathers where some startled swans awoke and glided away to distant banks of violet shadow. Then the slim figure of a girl stole out of the wood. She was barefooted and she had a wonderful dark crown of hair, with folded purple shadows in it, that somehow, perhaps by mere

outline, suggested classic sculpture. Denis seemed to recognize her. She stood, a listening Daphne, straight-limbed and still, poised on a forward foot. For a moment he stayed in the shadow to drink in her beauty.

A circle of faintly rose-tinted darkness divided her from all contact with the mottled blackness of the wood, and seemed to enshrine her within an intangible, almost invisible globe of soft uniform shadow and secretly shining color. Her eyes had a light in them like the light of stars in the clear dark water of deep woodland pools.

Without a word she stretched out her arms; and immediately Denis had her by the cold hands and drew her to him. She put her lips to his lips.

"And, O my love," she murmured, "I have been waiting for you ever since the world began to be quiet again."

They went toward the lake together, with their arms about each other and their hands entwined.

IV

They were at the silver brink of the lake, when the figure of another girl came stealthily through the fringes of the wood behind them.

But these two, facing the wonderful waters, heard and saw nothing but the glitter and whisper of the ripples and the moon-dazzle.

"Oh, my Dream, my Dream," murmured the boy as he kissed the soft waves of her shadowy hair, "why will you never tell me your name? I have no name to call you by, but my Dream."

"Why does a Dream vanish at daybreak?" she whispered. "Why does a faith vanish in a creed? Why does a divinity vanish into the stone of its images? I shall never tell you my name."

Then, woman-like, she breathed it into his ear. "But nobody must ever hear that name," she said, "or your Dream will vanish. Nobody must hear you breathe it, or your Dream will vanish."

"No one shall ever make that name common," he said passionately, "no one shall ever rob me of my religion by proving it to be true."

There was a rustle of leaves in the copse behind them; and the mocking voice of Stephanie broke out into a little French song:

"La lune blanche
Luit dans les bois;
De chaque branche
Part une voix
Sous la ramée . . .
O bien-aimée."

"Why, Denis, I thought I should be able to watch you making love," she cried as she stepped out of her concealment; "and here you are, all alone, gloating. My little romance is gone forever." She made a pretty grimace of disappointment.

"All alone? What do you mean?" said Denis in a strange voice. "Don't you see her, girl? Don't you see her?"

"I see nobody but yourself, Denis," she laughed, and looked at him wondering why he was thus unwontedly jocose.

Then it seemed as if a terrible thought touched her with a cold hand; for a look of ignorant fear crept into her eyes. "Why, what in heaven's name is the matter?" she cried, like one that thinks to change ill news into good by questioning it sharply.

Denis was white as death. He stared at her with wild burning eyes; and came slowly toward her with a soft catlike tread. The trembling girl stood impotent in her mad craving to cry out or flee. She was rooted to the spot, as in a nightmare, and her lips refused to move.

Suddenly Denis gripped her by the wrist. "You fool," he moaned in a low hoarse voice that came shaking from the very depths of his nature. He pointed to the water with a quivering bloodless finger. "Do you see what you have done? You have killed her! You have killed her! As soon as you came, a great slimy green thing rose out of the water and a hundred great slimy green arms, like loathsome, crawling, clutching worms, to drag her down. Yes! They dragged her down,

down into darkness and ugliness and death. Don't you see her heart's blood bubbling, bubbling up in the lake every time you breathe? "

The terrified girl began to lose her self-control; and she tried to extricate herself by force from his grip.

"Let me go, Denis," she wailed, "please let me go! "

He laughed wildly and hideously, and began to drag her toward the brink of the lake.

"We must try to save her!" he said.

V

"I shall follow him to-night," said Michael.

"Yes! Yes!" nodded his father. "We will follow him; and when he sees that he is discovered, the romance of any secret affair will all vanish."

"Pshaw!" said his hot-faced son.

It was very dark when at last the two men set out for the wood. Masses of gray flying cloud had begun to obscure the sky and the moon glinted rarely from behind them. Sometimes a low soft wind moved the roses in black masses and sent great puffs of heavy funereal fragrance abroad. The two men went on leisurely. The old man looked strangely spirit-like, with his long white straggling hair. Sometimes he murmured words in soft musical tones, almost as if he were estimating some secondary harmonic meanings in them——

"Yes. It is very dark. It is difficult, very difficult to see where one is going."

Michael grunted impatiently; but he was not in the habit of wantonly wounding his father's feelings, so he turned the grunt into the first few staves of a popular tune.

"I often wonder," continued the old man, "I often wonder whether an old man's frailty of bodily texture, the weakness of his soul's barriers, so to speak, may not make him—like a child—more open to whatever disturbing influences may reach him through the—er—spiritual—er—atmosphere."

Michael looked fiercely shamefaced. He almost blushed;

as indeed he always did when he thought that anybody was talking to him of high matters.

"Dunno!" he said, with a curious little laugh that might have been called a nervous giggle, had it not been so drink-roughened and gruff. "My texture's dense enough at any rate."

"Stop!" cried the old man. He seemed to be listening to something very far away. Then Michael, too, thought he heard it; and at last it came—a long low wail, bestial, indescribable,—and a gush of freezing blood rushed through his veins.

But he recovered himself immediately. "It was only a fox!" he cried angrily.

"Yes. I expect it was only a fox, wasn't it?" This perpetual agreement annoyed Michael as with a subtle sarcasm that forced him again and again to reveal the gnawings of that Something Else, forced him beyond himself, made him say things that he despised as the utterances of a weakling. He turned with a snarl of brutal self-contradiction. "Damn it! Have you ever heard a fox cry like that before?"

"No! I don't think I have ever heard a fox cry like that before!"

The old man was absorbed in his own mood, far aloof. Doubtless there was some truth in what he had said about the frailty of his bodily texture. That cry seemed to have opened a wide way for the night through the frail barriers. Once again he began to murmur to himself, less for the surface meaning of the words than for their secondary suggestions, their secret harmonic notes, those elaborate harmonic meanings which the quick ear can always detect in the language of deep emotion, just as one detects the passion of the great poet under the rude and grotesque surface-meanings of the grave-diggers' scene in *Hamlet*. The old man became as a reed through which the night uttered its tragic music.

"I have heard or read somewhere," he murmured, "a beautiful saying,—that you may not see why the straw dances upon the road; but, before you can think of it, the wind is on your cheek."

Michael was not an impressible man; but that Something Else constantly gnawed at him and rendered him unwontedly sensitive. He had not attempted to follow, as usual, the surface-meaning of his father's conversation; and, perhaps for that very reason, he was caught, subconsciously, by its general drift. Because he floated without any personal effort he thought that he remained in his previous mental position. There was only a dull roar in the distance; but if he were motionless it mattered little whether the waters dashed over a precipice or not. For a moment, it seemed, he rubbed his coarse obscuring coat-sleeve against the bare white shoulder of the tragic Muse. He distinctly remembered how, in the same animal way, he had felt the chant of the Pilgrims in *Tannhauser*. He made the comparison; but there his premonition, or his insight, or perhaps his weakness, ended. Only he felt, uncertainly, sweeping past, the crimson hem of some passion-perfumed robe. He felt that some mighty truth drew near him; and he was wrought, in spite of his iron texture, to a high mood of tragedy. It is the falling rock, not the dropping cliff-flower, that gathers momentum; and if, on that night, his mood were to find expression in action, the dead iron of the man would lend him something overwhelming and terrible.

However, outwardly, he was no more than the hot-faced man, breathing of spirits. He spoke rudely and gruffly, partly out of that queer shamefastness he had, and partly out of the real contempt that is felt for such emotions by a worldly but strong-minded man—the character upon which he justly prided himself.

"You will be declaring that *you* see prophetic signs and warnings around you, soon, if you go on working yourself into that frame of mind, father. I shouldn't, if I were you."

They were now only a few yards from the wood.

"Hush!" said Michael in a low quick whisper, and he drew his father into a deeper shadow.

A tall lean figure with a death-pale face was walking rapidly to and fro, like a caged animal, on the moonlit margin of the lake. Sometimes it moaned and clasped its hands. It was Denis.

Michael stole forward and the old man, stricken with a numbing fear, crept after him. Behind a tall clump of ferns they crouched to watch. The moon brightened and turned the lake to fluid silver.

"Michael," whispered the old man, "what is that?"

He pointed to a muslin scarf that floated near them on the water. Michael stared at it without replying.

"Where is Stephanie?" persisted the old man. "Michael, she had not returned when we came out."

"For God's sake, be silent!" hissed the other.

"I am afraid, Michael, before God I am afraid."

Michael turned on him like a wild beast, with a mad glower in his eyes that appalled his father. Then in silence they listened and watched.

Denis was lying on his face now, at the brink of the lake, and staring into the depths of the water.

"Come to me, come to me, my Dream, my Dream!" he moaned.

Michael had heard enough. He emerged from his hiding-place into the moonlight.

"Denis," he said, holding out both hands as if he were trying to capture some wild woodland creature: "Denis!"

The boy screamed like a woman and leaped to his feet.

"Ah, you have heard! You have heard! And you have killed her!" he cried. "See! She has vanished into that rose." He pointed to an artificial flower that was floating near the scarf.

"Denis," said Michael, still holding out his hands and speaking with wonderful tenderness.

"Don't speak! Don't speak!" screamed the boy. "Every time you speak her blood comes bubbling up in the lake just as it did when Stephanie spoke. Don't you see it staining the water with great clouds of crimson roses?"

"Denis," said Michael again, stealing a step nearer, with his hands out in the same strange yearning manner. "Listen to me; and I will tell you how you still may save her."

Denis looked at him suspiciously. Then with a wild sobbing laugh he flung himself into his uncle's arms.

"Ah, you were always my good friend, uncle, always my good friend."

"Tell me first," said Michael, very quietly and gently, but with a terrible clenched quivering of his big coarse lips, "is Stephanie down there, too?" He motioned to the water.

"Yes," said the boy. "I killed her. She tried to get out, but,"—he leant his face to his uncle's ear and spoke in a rapid whisper, broken with queer little laughs—"I pushed her hands away, like this, you see, whenever she got hold of the wall, and once I—hee! hee! hee!—once I stamped on her fingers to make her let go, and at last she got tired. She screamed such a funny scream, once, uncle." He laughed again at the recollection. "She's been down there for a whole hour!"

Michael's arms were round the boy, folding him against his big hammering heart. The huge man was shaking like an aspen.

"Well, we may still save your Dream, Denis," he said. He was staring at something he saw under the clear waters of the lake. Then he bent and kissed the boy on the forehead.

Something in his action struck terror into the heart of the old man, who was still hidden in the ferns and watching every movement.

"Ah, Michael, Michael," he gasped, "what are you going to do? Michael, you frighten me! I beseech you, Michael!"

But Michael took no heed.

"We must dive into the lake, Denis, and then perhaps we shall find her."

"Yes, oh yes!" cried the boy gleefully. "We shall find her there."

Michael released him. Denis immediately ran to the brink and leaped into the water with a great splash. Michael, to the old man's wonder and terror, followed, with a neat dive, close to the floating scarf. He remained some time under the water and came up with a burst, his face dead-white and hideous, dripping with fluid silver in the moonbeams.

"Denis," he whispered huskily, as he stood with his head and shoulders above water; "Denis, come here. I have found her."

The boy swam, chuckling, up to him; and Michael caught

him in his arms again. Then, with an awful cry of "Oh, Denis, forgive me, forgive me," he forced the boy's head back and held him down under the lake.

There was a short and terrible struggle. The white-haired old man on the bank moaned aloud, dropped to his knees and writhed on the ground like a wounded creature that could only cry "Ah! Ah! Ah!"

Then Michael emerged, a tottering corpse-like thing, from the water; and the moonlight danced peacefully on the subsiding ripples.

"Come," he gasped, as he raised his father to his feet. "We will go and tell them that Denis was drowned in trying to save Stephanie. You understand. I saw the floating scarf and I dived. You understand. I couldn't get them out. Quick! We must go and get help!"

As they drew near the castle and saw the gaily lighted windows and heard a sound of merry laughter and music, Michael reeled and clutched the old man's arm.

"Father," he whispered, and the worn old man had never felt so near his son as at that word, "help me to go through with it. I swear it's better than the only other way. Remember his grandfather!"

As he spoke they paused and faced one another in the purple shadow of the last rose-trailing alley. Then the old man leaned forward to his son and kissed him.

TWO LOVE-POEMS

GERALD GOULD

I

I TOO have loved a goddess, set
About with dreams so clear
The heart can never quite forget
Or cease to hold them dear.

I, too, in places never known
To any kind of men
For dwelling, save to such alone
As surely I was then,

Have nursed desire beyond the scope
Of this world to fulfil,
And found achievement match with hope,
And sense prove one with will.

I, too, have clasped, with passionate breath,
Upon her bed of flowers,
A form too vast to know such death
Or ev'n such life as ours,

And watched, along the glimmering lines
Of limbs august and bright,
A moonbeam such as never shines
In any mortal night.

The liberal kisses shed through me,
The kisses from me drawn,
Were bitterer than the wasteful sea
And sweeter than the dawn.

What follows?—Ev'n as I am now,
I cannot choose but find

That goddess-light on every brow
That means a woman's mind;

No strange glad thing that women do,
No strangeness of their pain,
But is a part of what I knew
And am to know again.

And you, belovèd?—In the deep
Of those regarding eyes
Are hidden dreams, for human sleep
Too innocent and wise.

Where did you gather them, my dear?
—In fields without a name.
Tell me, what music did you hear?
For I have heard the same.

But for the wisdom that I got
From that divine embrace,
I should have met and loved, but not
Have known or claimed your face.

But for such mingling, calm and keen,
That every pulse was soul,
Could any part be heard or seen,
Since sense would miss the whole?

O what were you and what was I?
We were what all hearts are;
And lo! the changes of the sky
Move round a single star!

And come or go, and lose or gain,
And promise or recall,
The future and the past are plain
In every hour of all.

O coming of your worshipped feet!
Light of your hallowed brow!
I, too, have loved a goddess—Sweet,
I love a goddess now.

II

I loved a girl—she is dead;
She was like you,
But younger—when you turn your head,
My dream of her comes true.

She had that zest of youth
Which moves to tears;
You are to her what stronger truth
Is to strong hopes and fears.

I loved her long and well,
And always must;
She was the heav'n amid my hell,
The spirit in my dust.

But a time comes when these
Grow all one thing;
You are that time, and lo! you please,
My queen, to crown me king!

I ached for the why and whence
Of her regard;
She was too easy for my sense
And for my thought too hard.

Each several moment she
Dies, and you live;
She had so much to take from me,
You have so much to give.

She had such childish ways,
Such childish eyes,
The wanton Spring would speak her praise
Strangely from virgin skies.

Well have you caught the fall
Of her soft hair
—For she's not anything at all
But just the self you were!

Moment by moment, so,
She is not, you are;
And O! I love her well—but O!
I love you better far!

INDUSTRIAL WAR

HUGH H. LUSK

IT is said that a famous general of the Civil War gave a definition of the conditions with which he had been so familiar, that was equally terse and descriptive. "War is hell," was the definition, which may be said to have concentrated the experience of humanity on the subject, and to have left little room for doubt as to its significance. It is not surprising that the sentiment of civilized nations is becoming more definitely opposed to war. It was to have been expected that the modern advance in knowledge, with its greater appreciation of comparative values, would make civilized nations comprehend the folly, as well as the cruelty, of the old savage method of settling their differences by force, without reference to justice or fair-play. The singular thing is that this common sense way of looking at the wars of nations has not yet extended to a form of warfare, at once more common, more injurious, and more opposed to common sense, than the occasional wars between nations, that are now so generally condemned.

The wars referred to are those politely known as industrial disputes that take the form of Strikes and Lock-outs. These, it is true, we are told by those who conduct and take part in them, are not wars at all, but merely peaceful assertions of the rights of free men, to work, or not to work, to carry on work at their mills or factories, or to leave off work, and close their doors, when they find that working will no longer pay. And it is true that the ideal strike, and the equally ideal lock-out, are not open to the charge of forming part of a system of civil war. No reasonable person can deny that free men and women have the right to judge for themselves whether they should continue to work under the conditions, as to wages, hours of labor, and sanitary arrangements, that are offered by those who employ them. No sensible person can object to an employer of labor judging for himself whether he can afford to continue business on the terms as to wages and other conditions that are insisted on by the workers he employs. If the free worker is dissatisfied, the

right to cease work would seem to be unquestionable: if the free employer cannot see his way to carrying on his business without loss, his right to close the doors of his mills or factories seems to be equally clear.

These, as we have already said, are the ideal strikes and lock-outs, as they are spoken of and described by those who take part in them. It is unfortunate that in industrial, as in other matters, the ideal is rarely, if ever, reached; and there is probably nothing in which this is more emphatically true than in the case of the Strike and the Lock-out. The case of the ideal strike, in which the workers lay down their tools reluctantly to go elsewhere quietly, in search of work on better terms than those offered them by their present employers, is probably quite as rare as that of the regretful employer who locks out his employees because he sees that his manufactures can no longer be carried on at a reasonable profit. In both cases the act is an act of war: a step that is taken for the purpose of gaining something from the other party which the other refuses to give—and to speak plainly, and without the hypocrisy generally indulged in by those who defend such methods, with the idea of gaining it by force. It need hardly be pointed out that in all its essential purposes this is war—civil war.

Of all the forms of war with which nations have become acquainted by bitter experience, civil war is the one that has impressed itself on public feeling as the worst and most deadly in its results. This may arise in part from the perception that nothing can be more deadly in its effect on the future of any society than the bitter hatred and resentment that inevitably follow on a family conflict, in which the injuries inflicted have been suffered at the hands of those who should have been friends. It may also be due to some extent to the fact that the injuries and suffering inflicted come home to a people engaged in a civil war more keenly than in one carried on between two separate nations. It is one thing to read of thousands of lives thrown away in battle; it is quite another to have the battle fought at one's own door. To hear of homes destroyed, and families starving, is bad enough; it is worse in every way when the loss and the suffering are our own. It may at first sight ap-

pear an exaggeration to speak of the industrial warfare that has grown familiar to our modern civilization in terms like these; and yet in truth it is no exaggeration. In a country like America the forces arrayed in conflict in strikes and lock-outs in a single year represent on an average between three and four hundred thousand men, to which may fairly be added at least twice as many more, as representing the families who are directly the sufferers by the conflict. What does this mean? It means homes destroyed, women suffering, children crying for bread: it means also a load of bitter resentment laid up in the minds of one part of the nation against another part, and one that sooner or later must and will bear fruit.

This is not to say that industrial wars have had no excuse. There have been many wars between nations in which one at least of the parties was justified, and not a few in which both of the contending parties thought themselves in the right. The same may, no doubt, be said with truth of many of our industrial wars. Labor, as a class, has in the past been oppressed to an extent which cannot easily be exaggerated, and the industrial conflicts of our own times are the consequences. This, however, does not prove that they are the best way of removing the evils that still exist, or the most effective and least hurtful way of introducing a better condition of things. Sensible men and intelligent nations have some time ago reached the conclusion that wars between nations are a mistake; and they are now busying themselves in the attempt to find a way of settling international disputes that shall be at once more reasonable and less costly. May we not reasonably apply the same experience, and the same conclusions, to the industrial conflicts that disfigure our civilization?

Industrial, like international, wars are in every case begun with the idea of obtaining some concession from the other party to the dispute. The concession may be in every way just and reasonable, or it may be the result of an ambition to obtain something that is unfair and unreasonable. One thing may be looked on as certain, both in international quarrels and industrial disputes—the parties most immediately concerned are sure to be the least qualified to arrive at an absolutely fair and just esti-

mate of the rights of the matter. The corporations and capitalists who employ labor and pay wages, naturally look on all such questions from the point of view of what appears likely to give them the largest return for their outlay of money: the workers are equally certain to look at them from the point of view of what can be made to give them the largest return for their skill and energy as workers. The standpoint in each case is a selfish one, and cannot possibly secure equal justice, nor can it by any possibility give the mass of the people confidence in the result.

And this brings us face to face with the fact that in the civil wars of industry, as in every other civil war, the nation as a whole, and not merely the small section of it that is actively engaged in the quarrel, is concerned in the dispute and deeply interested in its just settlement. It is to this larger part of the nation, and to this part only, that an appeal can be made, with any reasonable hope of success, for a really fair and just decision on the questions at issue. This is the chief justification for national interference in the settlement of industrial disputes. No settlement of the questions generally involved in these disputes can be really satisfactory, or reasonably permanent, unless it is based on justice; and justice is rarely, if ever, arrived at by an appeal to force. A second justification for national interference may be found in the fact that the nation as a whole has an interest in the just and permanent settlement of such questions that is in the long run greater, while it is less selfish, than that of the parties immediately concerned in the disputes.

The case of the recent great strike of the English coal miners may be taken as an illustration of what is meant. It may well be, indeed it is all but certain, that the miners had just cause for complaint against their conditions of employment—causes so just, indeed, as to render natural, if not wise, the policy of force which they adopted in beginning an industrial war. The important question is whether the rest of the nation was not at the same time more widely interested, and more likely to be able to arrive at a just and permanent settlement of the questions involved, than the mine owners and mine workers themselves. To answer this question in the negative would be to contradict the experience of every civilized nation, on which all

that the world yet possesses of civilization depends. Progress, civilization and prosperity have gone hand in hand with the increasing recognition of the principle that order must prevail, and the intelligent will of the nation, expressed in its laws, must take the place of private convictions as to right and wrong of individuals, or sections of the community, wherever these convictions involve the rights and interests of others. Laws, it is true, have not always been just, nor have they always kept pace with the needs of society; it may safely be said, however, that except in very rare cases, they have been better for the nation that obeyed them till they could be peaceably amended than any form of lawless violence.

There were, let us suppose, a quarter of a million coal miners actually engaged in the great English coal strike. The object of the strikers was to obtain by compulsion what they considered justice for themselves and those dependent on them; the first result was to cause great loss and suffering to themselves and families; the second was to paralyze the industries of the country and to inflict suffering and loss on a vast number of their fellow citizens, who had nothing to do with the injuries of which the miners complained and nothing to gain directly by their victory, if they should succeed in getting what they demanded.

The English Government has proposed to deal with the difficulty by legislation. The first feature of the statute is what is known as the minimum wage clauses, the object of which is to ascertain what is the lowest rate of wages at which men can be expected to maintain themselves and their families, and to fix that as the lowest wage payable by mine operators to miners. The second feature of the statute is the introduction of a system of compulsory arbitration to deal with all other questions that may arise between the mine workers and employers, and the forbidding, as a crime, the resort to either lock-outs or strikes for the settlement of such questions. The first part of the proposed law appears to have been accepted by the miners' unions, as probably the best that could be done for the time; the second part has been strongly objected to and denounced by the labor leaders, not only of the miners, but of other trades, as unfair and unsatisfactory.

There is, it must be admitted, a difference between the two proposed remedies which may justify the attitude of the unions. If the representatives of the nation after due inquiry fix a minimum rate of wages for miners, there is every probability that under it the miners will be better off than they have been hitherto. At any rate all parties will have notice that such is the law that must be obeyed by the operators, if they mean to work the mines at all, and by the workers, if they mean to remain coal miners in England. The proposal for compulsory arbitration in all other disputes introduces other questions that are not so simple. Apart from the strong prejudice that will inevitably be felt by labor leaders against any law that takes from them the power of declaring strikes, and so decide on the great issues of peace or war, there are other considerations less open to criticism that may be urged in support of the objection of the unions to the proposed system. Compulsory arbitration might be enforced by the strong arm of the law; but this raises the question how far its results would justify this, as a case in which the public advantage gained was a sufficient recompense for all that was given up to secure it. It might be claimed for it, indeed, that it substituted a reign of law for a reign of violence: the question would still remain whether the new reign was in all respects as just, and therefore as successful, as it might have been made if past experience had been consulted.

There can be little doubt that the feature of the proposed statute which provides for a minimum wage that must be paid by coal operators to coal miners, is in principle a just one; its practical justice, however, must depend on the fairness of the rate fixed as a minimum wage. In case it should be high enough to appear to the miners better than a continued struggle in defiance of the law, it will probably be accepted heartily, and it will undoubtedly be looked on as a triumph for the cause of associated labor. Its weak point must of necessity be that it is a merely temporary expedient, carrying with it on its face the stamp of its temporary character. A minimum wage, if it is to be fair and satisfactory to-day, must be based on a higher scale than would have been necessary to accomplish the same ends twenty, or even ten, years ago. It is probably even more cor-

rect to say that the scale that would satisfy the miners to-day will be wholly inadequate to do so ten, or perhaps five, years hence. Is there then to be a renewal of a great industrial war, fatal to the comfort of millions of the people for the time, fatal also to the well-being and prosperity of the nation as a whole, once in five or ten years in the future? Can civilized intelligence think out no better or more permanent and self-adjusting plan than this?

What is required is a system which is not only just, but one that will satisfy all reasonable men of its justice. Such a system will commend itself to the minds of a nation as one that should be enforced, and it will have behind it the full sentiment of the nation for its enforcement. It is evident that a minimum wage scale, however just to-day, cannot rely on this support in the future, under the rapidly changing conditions of our time. An arbitration court, it may be said, such as is proposed to deal with all questions in dispute between miners and coal operators in England, except wages, should supply what is needed. It is evident the English miners' unions do not think so; and experience seems to show that they are probably right. Labor has in the past suffered much injustice, and it is not wonderful that to-day labor has little or no confidence in the justice of those from whom it has suffered this injustice in the past. The essentially weak feature of a court, or a commission, of arbitration must always be that it is a tribunal of opinion. If its members belong to one part of the community they will necessarily, and with perfect sincerity, lean to the opinions of the class to which they belong; and all experience has shown that the class of a majority of the court or commission will not be that of the workers.

It is very likely that the idea of an arbitration court for the settlement of industrial disputes in England has been imported from New Zealand or Australia, where the idea has been tried for some time. If this is the case, it would seem to show that the experience of that part of the world has been misunderstood. In New Zealand, it is true, the system of arbitration by a court, which is so far compulsory that it applies to all unions, whether of workers or employers, that have voluntarily accepted it by

registration under the statute, has been in force for more than sixteen years, with excellent results. In Australia, on the other hand, where the law was made compulsory in its application to all industrial bodies, without reference to their acceptance of its provisions, it has been at least comparatively a failure. Strikes and lock-outs have been forbidden in Australia for the last ten years under severe pains and penalties, and yet there have been serious strikes, especially of coal miners, every two or three years. The reason given in each case for the defiance of the law has been the want of confidence of the workers in the impartiality of the court. How far this has been warranted may be questioned; the fact that it exists is certain, and has proved fatal to the system, as an adequate cure for the evil. The experience of Australia would certainly be repeated on a larger and if possible a more dangerous scale, either in England or America.

Can it then be possible that there is no remedy for this constantly recurring disaster of industrial civil war, which from time to time sweeps over the countries of modern civilization, except the barbarous and irrational remedy of the rifle and the bayonet? Is it unavoidable that industry should be paralyzed and suffering inflicted on the many thousands engaged in these conflicts, as well as on millions that are more or less directly affected by them; that bitter ill-feeling should be stirred up between different sections of the same people; and that civilization should be retarded and national well-being destroyed? Such a conclusion is practically unthinkable.

There can be no reasonable doubt that a remedy does exist; and to speak plainly, it is one that is recognized by many who, from selfish motives, are determined not to admit its existence until it is absolutely forced on them. The remedy consists in the practical admission of the truth, which cannot be denied in theory, that the skilled labor necessary for manufacturing industries of every kind, is the partner of the capitalist employer, or the corporation, finding the money that is required for carrying on the business; and that, as such partner, it is fully entitled to share in the profits of the undertaking. This, it may be said, is revolutionary. It would, if admitted and acted upon, put an

end to the reign of capital, which has already lasted through all the centuries of more or less developed civilization. It is by no means necessary to deny this. The world of human thought is learning many things in this age which it never dreamed of before, and in no direction are its new discoveries more valuable than in those of sociology. The reign of the few that had, over the many that had not, has lasted ever since the dawn of history; but the time has come, or at least it has almost come, when the many will claim and will get their share. What that share shall be, and how it will be obtained, are the questions that are the most really important to-day.

The admission of those who are the actual producers to a recognized partnership in all they produce, may at first sight appear to be an innovation on all precedent that must be ruinous to the class which has, up to this time, treated the class of skilled workers as mere tools, and not as partners, indeed hardly as human beings, like themselves in all but the possession of capital. It is more than doubtful, however, whether anything really disastrous to capital need follow. It need hardly be pointed out that the untrammelled reign of capital—like that of other despotic rulers—is already practically at an end; what is not yet settled is little more than the question what is to take its place, and how is the change to be made? Is it to come about in a quiet and orderly way, without any industrial or social upheavals that might shake society and cause industrial and financial depression that might take years to overcome; or is it to be the result of such upheavals, and to be accompanied and followed by such disasters? The reign of force, as it is now represented by industrial war, is in its essence lawless, and every triumph gained by lawless means is the incentive to more lawlessness. The civilization to which the nations of western European origin have attained is founded on the basis of law, as opposed to lawlessness; of order, as opposed to violence. International wars have for many centuries been the great enemies of the progress of civilization, and now that there seems to be a prospect of common sense and humane feeling putting an end to these, there remains only the obstacle of industrial war standing in the way of real progress and the well-being of the

people. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that any reform in our social customs and traditions that would put an end to these wars would in the result prove economically, as well as socially, a success.

The essential defect of arbitration as a cure for industrial disputes is that it is necessarily governed by a spirit, not of absolute justice, but of temporary compromise. The best possible arbitrators are, and feel that they are, of necessity controlled by this limitation: it need not be said that the parties to the dispute feel it also. To submit their case to arbitration means, as they well know, to agree to accept a compromise; and they do this only as a temporary expedient. A law that is founded on the radical truth that labor in all trades is of necessity the partner of capital embarked in those trades, and provides that the partnership shall be acknowledged and acted on by a sharing of profits, would have the valuable quality of permanency, as well as the sanction of justice.

The difficulties in the way of framing a law to give effect to such a principle are by no means so serious as might be imagined. Putting aside the initial difficulty of inducing the owners of capital to admit the justice, or to recognize the advantage of accepting this amended conception of the relations of capital and labor, there are, no doubt, some familiar objections to be considered. Of these perhaps the most common is that which professes to see no way in which a division could be made. The workers, it may be said, would of course demand wages, so that the capitalists who found the money to pay them would be forced to take all the risk, and at the best to get only a part of the profit. This, it may be admitted, has in it an element of truth, but it is very far from being the whole truth. It is really a part of the old idea that the men whose skill and energy must be relied on to do the work are, after all, only tools, to be used, and treated like any of the merely mechanical machinery of the trade. The idea was, of course, always a mistaken as well as a selfish one: it is now something more—it is impracticable. But even from this point of view the principle can be accepted. If it is said that wages must be paid, whether the business pays or not, it is equally true that the machinery used in the production

of the manufacture must be maintained and new improvements must be added whether the market for the product is good or bad. The wage-earner is at least as necessary a condition of success as the machinery, and both must be kept in working order as the first essential condition of successful business. Hitherto this condition has been admitted grudgingly, but nothing more has been admitted; and it is here that reform becomes not only necessary but profitable. The worker must live, and not only so, he must live in such a condition as will enable him to do efficient work. It is time the common sense derived from experience taught us that the greatest efficiency in any work demands a personal interest in its results.

The reform in our industrial system advocated in this article would supply this interest. If the law laid down a special rate of wages, which appeared to the legislators after inquiry to be enough to supply all the reasonable necessities of life for the average worker and his family, the first part of the problem would be solved. The next step would concern the reasonable return that ought to be secured to those whose money capital is invested in the business; and here, too, there need be little difficulty. The market value of capital, invested on the very best security, such as national, or the best municipal bonds, would afford a simple standard of minimum value. This could be prescribed by statute as the second charge to be made against the earnings of the business. It need hardly be said that a business, mill, factory or mine, which did not yield a profit large enough to provide for these charges, is one that should, and certainly would, be abandoned.

When these necessary expenses of carrying on the work had been thus provided for, it would be reasonable to regard whatever remained as clear profit on the operations of the year or half year. The point to be adjusted would then be in what proportions the partners who supplied the money capital, and those who contributed the skill and labor capital, should share. This would, of course, be a question of public policy, and one which could probably be most satisfactorily settled by experiment. In case the interest allotted to the labor partner should prove insufficient to make the workers do their best to increase and im-

prove the produce of their industry, it would be easy to increase the percentage; should it appear that the part allotted to capital was not enough to induce the owners of capital to undertake, or carry on new industries, the law could be amended so as to remove the difficulty. In either case industrial war would be avoided, and all the evils that spring from it would be prevented.

It may be said, indeed, that in case the workers were dissatisfied with the share of profits allotted to them by the law, they might once more try to work a reform by a return to the old strike methods. The situation would, however, be manifestly different. In such a case the revolt would not be against the oppression, real or supposed, of the employers, but against the deliberate legislation of their own representatives; and the remedy would be in their own hands, as free and self-governing voters. The defence of the lawless that they could not trust the fairness of the courts, would no longer exist, because the sole court of appeal would be that of their own elected representatives in the legislature. Above all, the sentiment of the nation as a whole must be reckoned with, and that sentiment must inevitably be against them. There would, indeed, in such a case be no more justification for any attempt at a violent defiance of the law on the part of a hundred thousand miners, who were partners in the profits of the business, than on that of a hundred partners in any other business to-day. To the one as to the other the law courts would be open, and the appeal would lie to a jury of their countrymen, and not to the possibly prejudiced opinion of a judge or an arbiter. Under such conditions there would be no strikes and no lock-outs.

Yes, it may be said, but this is revolutionary. The time has come, or very nearly come, when such an argument is foolish. The truth is that we live in an age of rapid evolution in all matters of social and economic importance, and that which is suggested in this article is evolutionary and not revolutionary. Many changes have already come; many more changes are impending. Common sense and ordinary prudence demand that society shall face the question squarely now:—Is it to be a process of peaceful evolution, or one of violent revolution at no distant period?

A GROUP OF IRISH POETS

MICHAEL MONAHAN

I

James Clarence Mangan

I AM to speak in this and the following paper * of a group of Irish poets and balladists who lived and suffered and had their earthly portion toward the middle of the nineteenth century. There are many greater and prouder names than theirs on the roll of literary renown. Even the passionate love of country which inspired them is not perhaps so sure of appreciation now as it was in their own day. I have not been repelled from my choice of subject by the fact that Irish patriotism has been occasionally vulgarized here and abroad. No nation is always fortunate in its exponents, but the reproach will lie heaviest on that unfriended and oppressed nation which has never ceased to struggle during more than seven hundred years for its lost birthright of freedom. The men of whom I am to speak, with their gift of poesy, expressed the devoted aspiration of Irish patriotism. That word may not ring as true as once it did,—but no matter: I believe they voiced the sacred hope of many thousands of their race, of whom the earth was not worthy. We shall do well to honor that hope, of whatever race we may be, though we need not share it.

It has been said that Carlyle's *French Revolution* gives the effect of reading history by flashes of lightning. An obscure and genius-cursed Irishman, who walked the streets of Dublin some sixty years ago, does the like for us with his poetry.

Recently a reviewer in the London *Spectator* called James Clarence Mangan the greatest Irish poet of modern times. Comparing the adjective "great" is the idlest occupation of literary criticism. But it is certain that Mangan has left some things which evince extraordinary power and a quality of imagination

* A second paper will appear in the next number.

rare among Irish poets. His poems send you to Irish history, seeking the materials with which he wrought his strange alembic of passion and power. They are alive with the genuine spirit of Celtic patriotism and have that elemental quality which is sure of its effect so long as fire burns. With Mangan, indeed, patriotism is a passionate, present actuality; with Moore too often a graceful reminiscence. What the former lacks in music is more than made up in vigor and earnestness, in what I may call the sense of consecration. He is the last of the Irish bards. Had he lived in the spacious times of the gentle Elizabeth, a price would have been set on his head. The statute of Kilkenny was framed for such as he, and it was with his prototypes in mind that the humane author of *The Faery Queene* advocated the extermination of the whole race of Irish bards.

I have said that Mangan's poems send you to reading Irish history. Perhaps it were better to take your history lesson first. And for the text here is a picture of Ireland at the close of the Desmond rebellion, in the sixteenth century. It is by the hand of Edmund Spenser who, in spite of his evident sympathy, was not averse from sharing in the plunder of a people given over to the Furies of that iron age:

"For, notwithstanding that Munster was a most rich and plentiful country, full of corn and cattle, yet after one year and one half, they were brought to such wretchedness that any stony heart would rue the same. Out of every corner of the woods and glens they came, creeping forth upon their hands, for their legs could not bear them. They looked like anatomies of death; they spoke like ghosts crying out of their graves. They did eat the dead carrions where they did find them, yea, and one another soon after, in as much as the very carcasses they spared not to dig out of the graves; and if they found a plot of watercresses or shamrocks, there they thronged as to a feast for the time, yet not able to continue there withal; that in short space there were none almost left; and a most populous and plentiful country left void of man and beast."

One should, I repeat, take a course in Irish history—or English history as applied to Ireland—before reading the poems of Clarence Mangan. It is, perhaps, a little troublesome, sympathy

with the Irish patriotic idea having fallen off painfully during late years; but this poet is well worth your trying to realize his "atmosphere." So, read that saddest of all histories, for the sake of its poetical commentary. Read of the foulest crimes against liberty and humanity that the earth has ever known; read how the cause of Christianity was invoked to destroy a free people; read how the Ireland of Saints was turned into a vast shambles; how during years of slaughter nor man nor woman nor prattling child nor babe at breast—yes, nor the unconscious life of the womb—was spared by the ruthless invader. Read how the treaty was broken ere the ink could dry; how the fealty of this devoted people in their ancient faith, identified through the fatal policy of their oppressors with the spirit of nationality itself, was made the pretext for their utter ruin. Read how the flower of Irish womanhood was driven from the land to a fate worse than death itself in the West Indies; how the strong young men, the best blood of the nation, chose for themselves a perpetual exile rather than look upon the desolation of their country; how the rest might go "to Hell or Connaught," as they chose!

After struggling through the horrors of each English "settlement," from Strongbow to Cromwell, through the long night of bondage relieved here and there by ebullitions of the national spirit or flashes of Irish valor, such as the splendid story of Limerick and the heroism of Sarsfield,—from Cromwell to Grattan and the Volunteers, the brief dream of a free Parliament, the revolt of 'Ninety-eight stamped out in a delirium of frenzy and blood, and the crowning curse of the Union,—after this gentle course in the conquest of Ireland, beginning with Adrian's Bull and ending—but the end is not yet!—we are prepared for the fierce burst of lyrical passion, the most remarkable thing in the "'Forty-eight movement," which was indeed, from the standpoint of insurrection, less than a flash in the pan.

Such is the annulling lapse of time that even Irishmen are now prone to look back upon these things with a calm regard. But that is not the mood to bring to the poetry of Clarence Mangan, whose melancholy genius fed on the wrongs of his beloved Ierne until its one strain was that of vengeance against the he-

editary oppressor. It is this unquenchable hatred of the tyrant, this immortal aspiration of the patriot, that finds its freest and noblest utterance in *Dark Rosaleen*, which, if Mangan had written nothing else, would still entitle him to a high place in Ireland's pantheon of glory. To the rhythm of these lines the terrible drama of Irish history unrolls. The twentieth century gives place to the sixteenth. The O'Neil and the O'Donnel come upon the stage and fight once more their glorious but losing battle. And it requires no stretch of fancy to hear the dauntless Red Hugh himself, in the dread moment of defeat, speaking this message of hope to his unhappy country:

O, my dark Rosaleen,
 Do not sigh, do not weep!
 The priests are on the ocean green,
 They march along the deep:
 There's wine from the Royal Pope
 Upon the ocean green,
 And Spanish ale shall give you hope,
 My dark Rosaleen!
 My own Rosaleen!
 Shall glad your heart, shall give you hope,
 Shall give you health, and help, and hope,
 My dark Rosaleen!

Over hills and thro' dales,
 Have I roamed for your sake;
 All yesterday I sailed with sails
 On river and on lake.
 The Erne at its highest flood,
 I dashed across unseen,
 For there was lightning in my blood,
 My dark Rosaleen!
 My own Rosaleen!
 O, there was lightning in my blood,
 Red lightning lightened thro' my blood,
 My dark Rosaleen.

All day long, in unrest,
 To and fro do I move:
 The very soul within my breast
 Is wasted for you, love!

The heart in my bosom faints
 To think of you, my queen,
My life of life, my saint of saints,
 My dark Rosaleen!
 My own Rosaleen!
To hear your sweet and sad complaints,
My life, my love, my saint of saints,
 My dark Rosaleen!

I could scale the blue air,
 I could plough the high hills,
O, I could kneel all night in prayer,
 To heal your many ills!
And one beamy smile from you
 Would float like light between
My toils and me, my own, my true,
 My dark Rosaleen!
 My own Rosaleen!
Would give me life and soul anew,
A second life, a soul anew,
 My dark Rosaleen!

O! the Erne shall run red
 With redundancy of blood,
The earth shall rock beneath our feet
 And flames wrap hill and wood,
And gun-peal and slogan-cry
 Wake many a glen serene,
Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die,
 My dark Rosaleen!
 My own Rosaleen!
The Judgment Hour must first be nigh,
Ere you can fade, ere you can die,
 My dark Rosaleen!

I need not here recall the effect of Mangan's fiercely militant verse in the crises of sentiment that led up to the glorious though defeated movement of '48. When he is at his best, he typifies and enforces the undying hope of Irish patriotism. He has no idea of placating the alien oppressor or his patronizing descendant. The "sigh of his harp" shall not be "sent o'er the deep," but the fierce note of unconquerable hatred shall be struck for all who care to hear. If he laments at all, it is that the stern

fight cannot be fought over again, that vainly he conjures the names and deeds of the hero brave.

The high house of O'Neil
Is gone down to the dust,
The O'Brien is clanless and banned:
And the steel, the red steel,
May no more be the trust
Of the faithful and brave in the land!

Patriotism is, in truth, the grand passion of this poet. Unlike most of his rhyming brethren, he has hardly a love song, and what he has is none of his best. Erin is his mistress and, addressing her, as in *Dark Rosaleen*, he strikes the highest note of his harp. Nothing languid or factitious about the sentiment, but an impassioned earnestness that challenges the blood even where sympathy is lacking.

No Irish poet before Mangan rivals him in the use which he has made of the wild romance and legend of his country. It is true his work is but fragmentary—a series of poetical sketches scarcely to be equalled for vivid color and genuine feeling. There is no orderly whole, like the cycle of Arthurian fables that grew into immortal poetic form, under the perfect art of Tennyson—so perfect in nothing as in its patience. Mangan, whose own life was a tragedy, never attempted epic or idyl. Yet the poor hack of the Dublin publishing offices, with his fatal appetite for drink and drugs, was in original genius the peer of any man of his time. For genius must be gauged by quality rather than quantity of performance; and art is second in order.

Swinburne has said that, judged by episodes solely and not by the whole of any work, the author of *The Cloister and the Hearth* is the first of English novelists. In like manner, estimating Mangan by a few poems, his rank would be of the highest. But consistent effort and that atmosphere of tranquil thought which matures the fruit of the poetical conception, were not for the gifted Irishman. Intervals of study and labor were followed by such squalid dissipation—always accompanied, perhaps often induced, by poverty which more than once drew him to the verge of starving—that the annals of Grub Street might be

searched in vain for a story of equal misery. Poor Mangan's feasts were not seldom of the Barmecide order; but, as genius sometimes draws its most precious food from privation and pain, so if our poet had lived a contented, reputable life, he would most probably have made a less durable mark in literature. Assuredly we should not have that fearful poem *The Nameless One*, in which the poet bares his own soul and shows the fiends with which his half-crazed imagination—yet sane enough for the purposes of art—had peopled it. This is not a pose. It is a true confession, as pathetic as ever was penned by a man of genius.

Roll forth, my song, like the rushing river
That sweeps along to the mighty sea;
God will inspire me while I deliver
My soul of thee.

* * *

And tell how trampled, derided, hated,
And worn by weakness, disease and wrong,
He fled for shelter to God, who mated
His soul with song.

* * *

And he fell far thro' that pit abysmal,
The gulf and grave of Maginn and Burns,
And pawned his soul for the devil's dismal
Stock of returns.

But yet redeemed it in days of darkness,
And shapes and signs of the final wrath,
When death, in hideous and ghastly starkness,
Stood in his path.

And tell how now, amid wreck and sorrow,
And want, and sickness, and houseless nights,
He bides in calmness the silent morrow
That no ray lights!

There is a strange likeness between the lives of James Clarence Mangan and Edgar Allan Poe; but that of the Irishman was one of more unredeemed wretchedness. Some critics have traced a curious identity in the genius of the men. I shall make bold to hold the Irishman the greater poet. He has less artifice in matching rhymes, but he is less self-conscious and has a

far larger share of natural feeling. Mangan's sincerity is his distinguishing note, and it is not the least estimable of poetic qualities.

Under the Moresque work of the Irish singer, with its rune-like cadences, its haunting strains of elegy and battle, its crooning tenderness or blighting messages of anger, there glows as noble a passion as ever consecrated poet to its theme. Never was crowned monarch better sung than Con of the Hundred Fights; never have heroic valor and devotion received grander tribute than he pays to the knightly Tyrone and the Red Prince of the North, twinned with him in immortal memory.

I have spoken of the fidelity with which Mangan realizes the lurid yet heroic past of Ireland. In this respect, he seems at times the greatest of her poets and the most vivid of her historians. It is impossible that any future poet shall better his work; it is indeed more likely that none will ever approach it. The bardic spirit of ancient Erin breathes in these thrilling songs, though it may be doubted that he owed much to the forgotten minstrels, some of whom he affected to render into an alien tongue.

Mangan rarely sounded the high note that he struck in *Dark Rosaleen*, or perhaps it is truer to say he often essayed, sometimes touched, the note, but the perfection of form, so victorious in the poem cited, failed his hand. Yet *Dark Rosaleen* is not to be accounted the single success of a minor poet. Mangan tells us in one of his poems, with the fine exaggeration of the Celt, that his "*veins ran lightning.*" Thomas Davis, worthy to be ranked with him, speaks of the "cloudy and lightning genius of the Gael." Davis, a poet of splendid inspiration, though not a true Celt, exemplifies in his own work the quality which he has so happily characterized. But the palm goes to Mangan. By virtue of his purely Celtic genius—which so signally discriminates him from the body of Anglo-Irish versifiers and even from most poets of unmixed Irish lineage who have written in the English tongue,—the fame of Clarence Mangan is constantly rising. Within a few years there has been witnessed an extraordinary recrudescence of interest in the poor starveling, drunken, opium-eating, inspired visionary of the Dublin garrets. It must in

fairness be allowed that Mangan stands indebted for his recent great increase of literary reputation to the authority of a small knot of critics in England—where due tribute is always paid the virtues of an enemy when he is well and surely dead.

One of the very finest of Clarence Mangan's truly Irish poems, in which the poet paints a vision of Connaught in the thirteenth century and at the same time allegorizes the great tragedy of Ireland, the loss of her ancient freedom,—is *Cáhál Mór of the Wine-Red Hand*. Indeed, it might not be easy to cite another poem from the Irish anthology, matching this in the strong spell cast by the poet's imagination.

I walked entranced
Thro' a land of morn;
The sun, with wondrous excess of light,
Shone down and glanced
Over seas of corn,
And lustrous gardens a-left and right.
Even in the clime
Of resplendent Spain
Beams no such sun upon such a land;
But it was the time,
'Twas in the reign,
Of Cáhál Mór of the Wine-red Hand.

Anon stood nigh
By my side a man
Of princely aspect and port sublime.
Him queried I,
"O, my lord and khan,
What clime is this, and what golden time?"
When he—"The clime
Is a clime to praise,
The clime is Erin's, the green the bland;
And it is the time,
These be the days
Of Cáhál Mór of the Wine-red Hand!"

Then I saw thrones
And circling fires,
And a dome rose near me, as by a spell,
Whence flowed the tones
Of silver lyres

And many voices in wreathèd swell;
 And their thrilling chime
 Fell on mine ears
 As the heavenly hymn of an angel-band—
 “It is now the time,
 These be the years,
 Of Cáhál Mór of the Wine-red Hand!”

I sought the hall,
 And behold!—a change
 From light to darkness, from joy to woe!
 Kings, nobles, all,
 Looked aghast and strange;
 The minstrel-group sate in dumbest show!
 Had some great crime
 Wrought this dread amaze,
 This terror? None seemed to understand.
 ’Twas then the time,
 We were in the days,
 Of Cáhál Mór of the Wine-red Hand.

I again walked forth;
 But lo! the sky
 Showed flecked with blood, and an alien sun
 Glared from the north,
 And there stood on high,
 Amid his shorn beams, a skeleton!
 It was by the stream
 Of the castled Main,
 One autumn-eve, in the Teuton’s land,
 That I dreamed this dream
 Of the time and reign
 Of Cáhál Mór of the Wine-red Hand!

Reading these poems now, in the present dead lull of indifference which marks the state of Irish patriotic sentiment, one is moved to a deeper interest than if the national hope were marching on irresistibly to that full fruition of freedom, so often promised by poet and seer. It is not that the cause is lost, but that it appears more often now than formerly as not worth a struggle.

We have fallen upon evil days,
 Star after star decays.

Yet it may be that history has but reached a breathing place, and that from this seeming decadence of the national aspiration of Ireland shall spring forth a new and richer birth of patriotism than even this devoted people have ever known. God grant it!—and God knows He has never been so trusted as by this people. Though the words of Walt Whitman are true, and that which the sorrowing ancient mother seeks,

“with rosy and new blood,
Moves to-day in a new country,”—

yet the sons of the Gael here in this broad, free land, and all of them scattered the world over, will not cease to look back to Ireland for the final proof of God's justice. And pending that solemn act for which the weary centuries have waited, what son of the Gael will not join with the poet whose feet never strayed from her enchanted shore in these tender greetings to “old Erin in the sea” :—

Take a blessing from my heart to the land of my birth,
And the fair Hills of Eire, O!
And to all that yet survive of Ebhear's tribe on earth,
On the fair Hills of Eire, O!
In that land so delightful the wild thrush's lay
Seems to pour a lament forth for Eire's decay—
Alas! Alas! why pine I a thousand miles away
From the fair Hills of Eire, O!

The soil is rich and soft—the air is mild and bland,
Of the fair Hills of Eire, O!
Her barest rock is greener to me than this rude land—
O, the fair Hills of Eire, O!
Her woods are tall and straight, grove rising over grove;
Trees flourish in her glens below, and on her heights above;—
O, in heart and in soul, I shall ever, ever love
The fair Hills of Eire, O!

The dewdrops lie bright 'mid the grass and yellow corn,
On the fair Hills of Eire, O!
The sweet-scented apples blush redly in the morn,
On the fair Hills of Eire, O!
The watercress and sorrel fill the vales below;
The streamlets are hushed till the evening breezes blow;
While the waves of the Suir, noble river! ever flow
Near the fair Hills of Eire, O!

A fruitful clime is Eire's, thro' valley, meadow, plain,
And the fair land of Eire, O!
The very "Bread of Life" is in the yellow grain,
On the fair Hills of Eire, O!
Far dearer unto me than the tone music yields,
Is the lowing of the kine and the calves in her fields,
And the sunlight that shone long ago on the shields
Of the Gaels, on the fair Hills of Eire!

Thomas Osborne Davis

To the revolutionary spirit which filled Europe during the '40's and which in Ireland culminated in what is known as the "'Forty-eight Movement," is to be ascribed some of the most spirited verse of the last century. Happily perhaps for Ireland, the interest which now centres in that period is largely of a literary character, as indeed its results were rather literary than political. There was good poetry written, but no revolution had to be stamped out in blood, as in the memorable year of 1798. "Meagher of the Sword" (as Thackeray named him) and others gave proof of a new birth of Irish eloquence, and the great O'Connell, who would not purchase the liberty of his country at the cost of a single drop of blood, began to decline in his marvellous popularity.

For a time the Government suffered this patriotic and literary recrudescence to go on, and then when, in the phrase of the patriots, the "country was ripe for revolution," the machinery of suppression was put to work. There was very little blood-letting. Whatever the bitter regret then, we may be glad of it now. A few summary trials and transportations, and it was all over. "New Ireland" was discovered to be a euphemism for Botany Bay. The fatalism of Irish history had again asserted itself. In less figurative language, it was demonstrated that you cannot make successful revolution on paper, and that something more than sentiment is required with which to arm a whole people for a war of liberation. John Mitchel had said with fierce scorn that there were men who would not fight if Heaven were to send them muskets and angels to pull the triggers! The truth was

that a rebel Irish army could hardly have been equipped on any other terms.

A brief space before this revolutionary fever flickered out, there died untimely a man who had created much of its patriotic ardor, much of its generous and devoted enthusiasm. Had he lived, Thomas Davis would have found a place beside Mitchel in the dock—it may be the tragedy of the “last of the Geraldines” * had been repeated. Dying at thirty-one, the grave closed over one of the noblest of Irish patriots, one of the most memorable of Irish singers.

It is true Davis would not have been content to be reckoned merely a poet, vital and authentic as was his literary vocation. His poems were written in hot haste to serve the propaganda of revolution. There is about them no smell of the lamp, no anxious striving for effect, no conscious artifice or alliteration. The burning sincerity of the sentiment, the full outpouring of passionate patriotism left little leisure to the poet for the labors of the file. Mere blemishes of form are not far to seek in the body of his work, but in the “imperishable excellence of sincerity and strength,” much of this verse is not to be surpassed in the whole range of ballad poetry.

Davis has at least one glorious ballad of battle—the finest I dare say since that of *Chevy Chase*—which I would beg you to compare with the best performances of Mr. Kipling and his imitators. It was nobly said that the old ballad of *Chevy Chase* “stirred the heart like a trumpet”: for the splendid rush of Davis’s verse, you must pick a simile from the poem itself, in the lightning charge of the Irish Brigade at Fontenoy—his own Fontenoy, the fiercest, truest song of battle that ever sprang from the heart of poet.

Thrice, at the huts of Fontenoy, the English column failed,
And, twice, the lines of Saint Antoine, the Dutch in vain assailed;
For town and slope were filled with fort and flanking battery,
And well they swept the English ranks, and Dutch auxiliary.
As vainly through De Berri’s wood, the British soldiers burst,
The French artillery drove them back, diminished and dispersed,

* Lord Edward Fitzgerald, concerned in the rising of 1798. Died from a wound in prison at Dublin.

The bloody Duke of Cumberland beheld with anxious eye,
 And ordered up his last reserve, his latest chance to try.
On Fontenoy—on Fontenoy, how fast his generals ride!
And mustering come his chosen troops, like clouds at eventide.

Six thousand English veterans in stately column tread,
 Their cannon blaze in front and flank, Lord Hay is at their head;
 Steady they step adown the slope—steady they climb the hill;
 Steady they load—steady they fire, moving right onward still,
 Betwixt the wood and Fontenoy, as thro' a furnace blast,
 Thro' rampart, trench and palisade, and bullets showering fast;
 And on the open plain above they rose and kept their course,
 With ready fire and grim resolve, that mocked at hostile force:
Past Fontenoy—past Fontenoy, while thinner grow their ranks—
They break as broke the Zuyder Zee thro' Holland's ocean banks.

More idly than the summer flies, French tirailleurs rush round:
 As stubble to the lava tide, French squadrons strew the ground;
 Bomb-shell and grape, and round-shot tore, still on they marched and
 fired—

Fast, from each volley, grenadier and voltigeur retired.
 "Push on, my household cavalry!" King Louis madly cried;
 To death they rush, but rude their shock—not unavenged they died.
 On thro' the camp the column trod—King Louis turns his rein:
 "Not yet, my liege," Saxe interposed, "the Irish troops remain!"
And Fontenoy, famed Fontenoy, had been a Waterloo,
Were not these exiles ready then, fresh, vehement and true.

* * *

Like lions leaping at a fold, when mad with hunger's pang,
 Right up against the English line the Irish exiles sprang;
 Bright was their steel, 'tis bloody now, their guns are filled with gore;
 Thro' shattered ranks, and severed files, and trampled flags they tore;
 The English strove with desperate strength, paused, rallied, staggered,
 fled—

The green hillside is matted close with dying and with dead;
 Across the plain, and far away passed on that hideous wrack,
 While cavalier and fantassin dash in upon their track.
On Fontenoy,—on Fontenoy, like eagles in the sun,
With bloody plumes the Irish stand—the field is fought and won!

It is small matter for wonder that, as to Davis, the sword soon wore out the scabbard. "I have taken too many crops out of the brain," said Thackeray. The young Irishman needed

a frame of iron to withstand the wear and tear of his passionate thought seeking ever, in Byron's phrase, to wreak itself upon expression. It was said that Shelley had fancy enough to portion out a whole generation of poets. The poem which I have just noted might supply them with motive energy.

Poor Davis! His short life was filled with the joy of creation. If we might question the eternities, perchance we should learn that herein lies the highest compensation. The "precious porcelain of human clay" is easily shattered, but the spirit that could feel so ardently, the heart that throbbed with such rare devotion, the soul that dreamed such dreams of freedom for his loved country and shrank not from a generous martyrdom—these were of the essence of immortality.

The melancholy of Davis—that unfailing mark of the Irish poetical temperament—was twin-born with his poetic soul. Though he stands ready, like another Emmet, to offer himself as a sacrifice for his country—though the clink of the sabre is heard in many of his pieces and the fierce rush of battle in *Fontenoy*—yet that haunting sub-note of sorrow is never far absent, as the shower too closely attends the sunshine of the soft Irish skies. While his countrymen are drinking in the fiery songs with which he sought to rekindle the national spirit, crushed under age-long oppression, the poet puts aside the martial lyre to tell this secret of his heart:

Shall they bury me in the deep,
Where wind-forgetting waters sleep?
Shall they dig a grave for me
Under the greenwood tree?
Or on the wild heath
Where the wilder breath
Of the storm doth blow?
O, no—O, no!

No, on an Irish green hill-side,
On an opening lawn—but not too wide;
For I love the drip of the wetted trees—
I love not the gales, but a gentle breeze
To freshen the turf—put no tombstone there,
But green sods decked with daisies fair,

Nor sods too deep; but so that the dew
 The matted grass-roots may trickle thro'.
 Be my epitaph writ on my country's mind,
 "He served his country and loved his kind."

Davis often seems a sort of poetic Sarsfield. He has the dash of the hero cavalryman, the fierce onslaught of his attack, and the fanciful likeness may be carried out in the touches of tenderness common to both. The martial poet can plan a sortie, like the famous night ride of Lucan through the Kieper mountains; and when he falls on the enemy the surprise rivals that of the capture and explosion of William's siege-train—"Sarsfield is the word and Sarsfield is the man!"

It was fit that this Anglo-Irish poet should sing in matchless verse the glory of that proud race who were "more Irish than the Irish themselves"; whose mournful yet inspiring history, extending over many ruin-marked centuries, forms part of the chief tragedy of Ireland. The poet was worthy of his theme, and never did he strike grander notes than when he chanted the splendid lay of *The Geraldines*.

The Geraldines—the Geraldines! 'tis full a thousand years
 Since, 'mid the Tuscan vineyards, bright flashed their battle spears;
 When Capet seized the crown of France, their iron shields were known,
 And their sabre-dint struck terror on the banks of the Garonne;
 Across the downs of Hastings they spurred by William's side,
 And the gray sands of Palestine with Moslem blood they dyed;
 But never then, nor thence, till now, has falsehood or disgrace
 Been seen to soil Fitzgerald's plume, or mantle in his face.

Ye Geraldines—ye Geraldines!—how royally ye reigned
 O'er Desmond broad, and rich Kildare, and English arts disdained;
 Your sword made knights, your banner saved, free was your bugle call
 By Glyn's green slopes, and Dingle's tide, from Barrow's banks to
 Youghal.

What gorgeous shrines, what brehon lore, what minstrel feats there were
 In and around Maynooth's gray keep, and palace-filled Adare!
 But not for rite or feast ye stayed, when friend or kin were press'd;
 And foeman fled, when "*Crom abo*" bespoke your lance in rest.

True Geraldine! brave Geraldine!—as torrents mould the earth,
 You channelled deep old Ireland's heart by constancy and worth;
 When Ginckle 'leaguered Limerick, the Irish soldiers gazed
 To see if in the setting sun dead Desmond's banner blazed!

And still it is the peasant's hope upon the Curragh's mere,
"They live, who'll see ten thousand men with good Lord Edward here"—
So let them dream till brighter days, when, not by Edward's shade,
But by some leader true as he, their lines shall be arrayed!

Davis has tenderness as well as strength, else he could not be the truly Irish poet he is. It is indeed a tragic pathos that overflows in the *Lament on the Death of Owen Roe*, the simplest yet most passionate elegy in the language.

I am tempted to revert to history for a moment, to that black page seared with the curse of Cromwell. The man who was a liberator as well as a regicide in England played the triple part of butcher, bigot and enslaver in Ireland. Mark his words: "I meddle with no man's conscience. But if by liberty of conscience you mean liberty to exercise the Mass, I judge it best to use plain dealing with you, and to let you know where the Parliament of England has power, that will not be allowed."

And Oliver was as good as his word. When he took Drogheda he ordered nearly the entire garrison hacked to pieces in cold blood, together with all the friars in the town. But that was hardly enough to warrant him in piously returning thanks to God, according to his wont. There was also a wholesale butchery of the women and children, and, without claiming specific credit for this, "it is good," as Cromwell modestly observed, "that God above have all the glory." Wexford was served in like fashion—"a marvellous great mercy" he called it—no quarter being given and nearly three thousand soldiers and citizens slaughtered like sheep.

These items may persuade us that the doomed Irish people had good and sufficient cause to mourn the loss of Owen Roe O'Neil, the only man in their army at all capable of opposing the iron puritan in the field.

Long as the heroic O'Neil has been sleeping, it will be longer yet ere such lines as these shall lose their power to move the Irish heart.

Wail—wail ye for the Mighty One! Wail—wail ye for the Dead!
Quench the hearth, and hold the breath—with ashes strew the head!
How tenderly we loved him! How deeply we deplore!
Holy Saviour! but to think we shall never see him more.

Sagest in the council was he,—kindest in the hall,
 Sure we never won a battle—'twas Owen won them all.
 Had he lived—had he lived, our dear country had been free;
 But he's dead—but he's dead, and 'tis slaves we'll ever be!

Wail—wail him thro' the Island! Weep—weep for our pride!
 Would that on the battle-field our gallant Chief had died!
 Weep the Victor of Benburb—weep him, young men and old;
 Weep for him, ye women—your beautiful lies cold.

We thought you would not die—we were sure you could not go,
 And leave us in our utmost need to Cromwell's cruel blow:
 Sheep without a shepherd, when the snow shuts out the sky—
 O! why did you leave us, Owen? Why did you die?

Soft as a woman's was your voice, O'Neil!—bright was your eye.
 O, why did you leave us, Owen? why did you die?
 Your troubles are all over, you're at rest with God on high;
 But we're slaves and we're orphans, Owen!—why did you die?

In the columns of the *Nation*, that brilliant and daring organ of the New-Irelanders, poetry like *Fontenoy* and *The Geraldines* was rightly held to make proselytes to the cause of revolution; but no dalliance with the softer muses was encouraged—not, at least, as forming part of the patriotic programme. However, God in His wisdom has rarely made an Irishman—not to say, an Irish poet—without the capacity of loving; and so Davis has at least one love song which may well persuade us that his poet nature was complete. Humble though it be and born of the refrain of many a simple ballad, it has yet the pure pearl of sentiment, the fine gold of sterling poetry.

Come in the evening, or come in the morning,
 Come when you're looked for or come without warning;
 Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
 And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you.
 Light is my heart since the day we were plighted,
 Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted;
 The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
 And the linnets are singing, "True lovers, don't sever!"

I'll pull you sweet flowers, to wear if you choose them;
 Or, after you've kissed them, they'll lie on my bosom.
 I'll fetch from the mountain its breeze to inspire you;
 I'll fetch from my fancy a tale that won't tire you.

O, your step's like the rain to the summer-vexed farmer,
Or sabre and shield to a knight without armor;
I'll sing you sweet songs till the stars rise above me,
Then, wandering, I'll wish you, in silence, to love me.

Something in the Irish character—something of the genius of the race—seems to have died with the brilliant fiasco of New Ireland. There have been patriots since, but few of the fellowship of Mitchel. As for the poets of 'Forty-eight, we shall not look upon their like again. A certain impatience of Irish poetry, patriotism, sentiment, is manifest after that period, as if the world resented having had its sympathies too warmly engaged, to no purpose, and was bound it should not be so taken in again. For the world, like the individual, is selfish, and does not care to spend its grace with no prospect of return.

The revolutionary spirit which animated these "high sons of the lyre" has long since died out (the Fenian fever of a later day was hardly a heroic symptom) and although one may not safely predicate either of Irish patriotism or Irish temperament, it is improbable that we of this generation shall live to see a flame rekindled from its ashes. The paltering ways of parliamentary reform, the doctrine of moral suasion, the "paradise of cold hearts"—to apply a phrase from Macaulay—will not give us another Davis, another Mangan.

Now and then, mayhap, a fierce note shall be struck out of the sullen apathy of the people, recalling that splendid burst of poetry, that rapture of patriotism, which marked the magic era of 'Forty-eight. But the lover of *Dark Rosaleen* shall lie quiet in his obscure grave; the elegist of O'Neil shall not waken from his dreamless sleep. If consciousness shall ever come to these, under the weeping dews, the caressing shamrocks, it must be in that day for which the children of Erin cease not to cry, like the psalmist, and in which their faith is as enduring as the mercy of their God.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC SERVICE COMMISSIONS

JOHN S. KENNEDY

THE New York Public Service Commissions law has been on the statute books exactly five years, has passed its experimental stage, is the model from which other States have framed their regulating laws, and its successful working-out is being used as the principal argument for similar laws in nearly every State in the Union. The enactment of this law is regarded as the greatest achievement of the two notable terms that Charles E. Hughes served the State as Governor. The writer recently heard a distinguished justice of the Supreme Court of New York declare it the greatest piece of constructive legislation enacted in the State for a quarter of a century.

When Governor Hughes took office in 1907 he found two regulatory commissions: the Board of Railroad Commissioners having control over steam and electric railroads, and the Commission of Gas and Electricity over gas and electrical corporations. The laws under which these commissions proceeded were weak and ineffective, for while the railroad commission had supervision over railroads in a general way, it had power only to recommend to corporations that improvements or betterments to service should be made; and if the direction was not complied with, it became necessary for the Attorney-General to take action for the protection of the public interests. The Governor was quick to discover the inadequacy of the State's control over the large number of corporations engaged in the public service. There was a lack of precision in the definition of the powers of the board, penalties were not provided if its orders were disregarded, and there was an absence of suitable means to compel compliance with its decisions. There was only superficial regulation of the issue of securities, and stock watering was rampant in the State. The Governor found that all the ills which forced Federal regulation of interstate commerce were present in an extreme degree, that favoritism was being practised, that secret rebates were allowed, and that there was no end to unjust discriminations in rates and facilities for transportation. The law also

provided that the expenses of the board should be borne by the railroad corporations; and the Governor declared this plan of reimbursing the State to be wholly indefensible, and that if the supervision of railroads was in the interest of all the people, then the cost of maintenance of a commission to regulate the railroads should be borne by the people as were other expenses of administration. He also contended that the existence of an additional commission to regulate gas and electricity was an unnecessary duplication of supervisory commissions.

The Governor advised the abolition of the two commissions and the establishment of the Public Service Commissions, one to have supervision over steam and street railroads, gas and electrical corporations in Greater New York, and another, to be known as the Second District Commission, to have jurisdiction over all the State outside of the greater city. No legislation ever before proposed in the State of New York met with more bitter opposition from corporate interests. The hearings before the legislature were attended by the ablest corporation lawyers in the land, who pointed out all kinds of alleged defects and impractical provisions, and argued that if the bill should be enacted into law it would drive capital from the State and do irreparable damage to public service corporations. It was only after numerous public meetings had been held about the State, with speeches and statements by Governor Hughes, that public sentiment so demonstrated itself that the legislature finally passed the bill by a practically unanimous vote.

This Public Service Commissions law, as is generally known, is most drastic, and covers every possible condition of public service operation and capitalization. Heavy penalties are provided for disobedience of the orders of the commissions, and power is given to enforce their collection. Notwithstanding the predictions and fears of the past, President Vail of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company tells us that "public control of public service corporations by permanent commissions has come to stay." As indicative of the present-day attitude of the corporations after five years of regulation, the statement of President William C. Brown, of the New York Central Railroad, is typical. He said in a recent report: "The mutual har-

monies and pleasant relations of this company with its patrons and the communities through which it passes have been fostered and encouraged by the commission in disposing of and adjusting differences which, handled with less wisdom and moderation, might have resulted in serious friction and controversy"; and "that the influence of the commission has been uniformly beneficial to the road and done much to improve the service for the public." Francis Lynde Stetson, the well-known corporation lawyer, told the Railroad Securities Commission that when the law was adopted in the State he had doubts as to its advisability, but "as administered it is perfectly satisfactory; a step in advance."

No question can be raised as to the high degree of confidence and approbation with which these State bodies are regarded by the public. A complainant aptly expressed the feeling of the citizenship of the State when he wrote that "private individuals can now have the privilege of meeting the corporations on something like fair ground. The people of the State have come to look upon the commissions as forums where differences of opinion between the public and the corporations find a speedy and inexpensive solution, and any attempt to abolish the commissions or lessen their powers would meet with almost universal disapproval. The corporations find that it is no longer necessary for them to have legislative agents at the Capitol to combat "strike legislation," as the commissions, under their general or special powers, are enabled to correct almost any conditions which may arise. There is no longer bitterness on the part of the corporations against a citizen complaining of their service, and the investigation conducted by a commission with adequate authority assumes in most cases more the aspect of a friendly reference than contested litigation. It being now an accepted axiom that the operation of a public utility is a public trust, there has come with the commissions a keen realization of the obligations due the public, and all along the line efforts are being made by corporations to win and hold public favor.

The magnitude of the work of these commissions can best be understood when it is known that the New York City Commission has under its supervision 1,555 miles of street surface,

elevated and underground railways, and 82 miles of steam railroads, carrying 1,600,000,000 passengers annually, and collecting from the public nearly eighty million dollars each twelve months. The 183 corporations in the greater city have a nominal capitalization of \$1,120,000,000. The gas and electrical corporations in this District sell \$60,000,000 of their products each year. The city commission has already authorized upward of a quarter of a billion dollars of new capitalization. During May of this year this commission approved five additional rapid transit routes. With these routes the work of laying out the lines for the dual system of subways is practically completed, which assures the consummation of the greatest rapid transit undertaking in the world. Within five years it will give to New York City a system of subways and elevated lines of about six hundred miles of single track, costing in its entirety, including the cost of the existing subway, about \$400,000,000, exclusive of the cost of the existing elevated railroads which will be a part of the system, though owned by private companies.

The commission of the Second or up-State District exercises jurisdiction throughout a territory which has a population of nearly five million people. Within that territory the commission possesses regulating powers over more than one thousand corporations. The steam railroad mileage is 17,743, and the street railroad 4,700. There are 184 steam railroad corporations, 124 street railroad corporations, 7 express companies, 1 sleeping-car company, 294 electrical corporations, 143 gas corporations, 50 combined gas and electrical corporations, 10 telegraph corporations, and 142 telephone corporations. No other State has such a network of steam railroads, and their equipment is not excelled in all the world. The street railways now in operation in New York State alone would reach from New York to San Francisco, and back again as far as Denver. The State contains nearly twice as many miles of trolley tracks as are laid throughout the United Kingdom of Great Britain. For every thousand inhabitants added to this State during the last decade, a full mile of new street railway road-bed is recorded as having been built and equipped at a cost of about seventy-five dollars per capita, and the New York State Street Railway Association claims that

its members have now provided more than a yard of track to every man, woman and child in the whole State. The corporations in this District have a capitalization of nearly five billion dollars, and in the past five years the commission has authorized the issuance of new securities to the amount of nearly seven hundred million dollars. During the year 1911 the commission gave its approval to the issuance of new capitalization to the amount of \$162,581,718.52. At this writing the commission has pending applications for additional capitalization to the amount of one hundred million dollars.

Inasmuch as the commission of the First District is concerned exclusively with the regulating of public utilities in the City of New York, though exercising State functions, it will be the purpose of this article as concerns detail work to treat of the Second District, which comprises all the State outside of Greater New York, and which has conditions akin to those generally found in other States. The number of matters brought to the attention of this commission during the five years is over ten thousand, covering every variety of circumstances possible in connection with the operation of public utilities. Of this great number of complaints, appeals, and applications, 70 per cent. have been adjusted amicably without one cent of cost to the complainants or applicants. The commission always endeavors to adjust complaints in an informal way, and this policy has been productive of great good. Hundreds of cases have been quickly adjusted by informal means which would have been disastrous to citizens if required to await long and tedious formal proceedings. A simple letter from the humblest citizen will set the powerful machinery of the commission in motion, and, if the cause is found to be just, the matter will not be closed until relief is afforded. Cases are made formal only when substantial propositions of adjustment have failed by informal means. The public hearings are conducted with dignity, but the procedure is so simple that any citizen can conduct his own case.

That the commission is a busy one may be inferred from the statement that in the last year 285 days were devoted to public hearings by commissioners, and 572 formal matters were on the calendar. The commission has had its lighter vein in the great

number of complaints and communications of various kinds, on about every conceivable question, from individuals who have mistaken the purposes for which the commission was organized and considered it the panacea for all the evils inflicted on mankind.

When the commission came into existence there was widespread complaint of slow freight service. Buffalo, the gateway to lake traffic and the rail lines of the west, was without sufficient terminal facilities, and delays beyond all reason were the rule. The strong hand of the commission took hold of the situation, and freight moves through the great railroad yards of Buffalo with as much ease and facility as at the smallest junction point in the State. A traffic bureau, with branch office at Buffalo, is constantly on the watch for congested conditions in freight terminals, and the commission's inspectors are quickly on the ground when any unusual condition arises and stay until the congestion is relieved and remedies applied which will prevent recurrences.

Soon after its organization the commission received many complaints concerning irregular and unreliable schedules of passenger trains. After an exhaustive investigation a system of train delay reports was adopted: every train arriving at a division terminal five minutes or more late must be reported to the commission, together with the cause of delay. Each month the record is tabulated and published. Under this system many divisions have shown a record of every train on time. Railroads have vied with each other for records, and one division of a system has aimed to better the record of another, with the result that passenger train service in the State is at the highest possible point of efficiency. In sections of the State where the service was inadequate additional trains have been ordered, and at stations not having adequate train service requirement has been made that additional trains stop at these stations.

Every mile of railroad in the State is frequently inspected by high class engineers experienced in the work of actual railroad-ing, and their examinations are recognized as thorough and helpful to the railroads. The supervision of locomotives and safety appliances is in charge of a bureau of the commission which devotes its entire time to maintenance of locomotives so that the motive power of railroads may be adequate and in proper condi-

tion. A systematic supervision and inspection is also made of the boilers of locomotives, to the end that they may be fit for the best class of service and that the lives of employees and passengers may be safeguarded. The system in effect has been adopted without change, in the States of Pennsylvania and Ohio, and is a model upon which many other States are prescribing regulations for inspection of locomotive boilers. The Interstate Commerce Commission's regulations are practically identical with those first established in this State. Every railroad accident of consequence is investigated, and when it appears that such accident was caused by defective equipment, road-bed conditions, or methods of operation, orders are made effective with the intent of preventing a repetition of the occurrence.

The commission, after a thorough examination into the cause of fires in the Forest Preserves, conducted by a commissioner who is an expert in locomotive building, ordered the steam railroads to use oil-burning locomotives in operating through the Adirondacks. This was the first step taken by any State, in the East at least, for the protection of forests from fires caused by sparks from coal-burning locomotives, and the result has been most gratifying. In 1908, the year before this order was made, 370,000 acres of wooded land in the Forest Preserves were destroyed, and the money damage in the Adirondacks was over \$800,000. Since the oil-burning locomotives were put into use there have been no fires of any consequence, and last season the record shows only one railroad fire of any importance.

The commission has set itself steadfastly against additional grade crossings where new railroads are constructed and in every case possible crossings other than at grade are required. Orders have been made requiring protection to be established at large numbers of dangerous existing grade crossings.

The commission issues a weekly bulletin of changes in carriers' tariff schedules, which is sent free to all chambers of commerce, business men's associations, hundreds of shippers, and the press.

In September, 1910, the jurisdiction of the commission was extended to telegraph and telephone corporations throughout the entire State, including New York City, and the work of

supervision of these corporations is now fully organized. Soon after it assumed jurisdiction complaint was made that the rates between the Borough of Manhattan and the Borough of Brooklyn, New York City, were excessive. After a very careful consideration of all the facts and circumstances concerning the telephone business as conducted by the New York Telephone Company in the city of New York, the commission entered an order reducing the Interborough charge from ten to five cents. This order, on a basis of last year's business between these boroughs, affects more than thirty million messages annually. The order also included a general readjustment of toll rates within the city, and later brought about a change of rates between the Borough of Manhattan and points in New Jersey served by the company. The expressions of satisfaction received from citizens of both boroughs were many and sincere. As indicating the scope of the commission's watchfulness of the operations of this class of corporations, its telephone division last year, in addition to investigating numerous complaints, inspected 424 central offices serving 372,860 sub-stations.

The users of gas and electricity have been gainers by the work of supervision. A corps of inspectors is constantly watching the purity and quality of the gas supplied, testing meters on complaint, requiring necessary apparatus and proper methods of manufacture and distribution, and many hundred of differences between patrons and companies are adjusted. New companies are not allowed to enter occupied fields where there is only sufficient business for one concern; but to be assured of this protection the commission requires that the existing company give the best of service, with rates that are reasonable under all the circumstances. A case in point was at Niagara Falls, where a new company tried to become the competitor of an old-established company. The service which the existing company afforded was not the best, and the rates for such service were too high. The commission gave the established company an opportunity to improve its service and to decrease its rates, before entering a determination upon the petition of the new corporation. The result was that the city in question obtained a reduction for its street lighting from \$65 to \$52 per lamp, the indi-

vidual users of power received better service, and the new corporation did not enter the field, which was insufficient to support two companies. This action, therefore, improved the service, reduced the rates, and probably avoided two receiverships.

The commission is now sharply after a number of municipal lighting plants because of the laxity of their accounting methods. There are fifty in the jurisdiction; and it is stated that such municipal plants are, with a few commendable exceptions, unable or unwilling to adopt practices of modern accounting, and in many instances the bookkeeping is limited to a record of consumers' accounts and a simple statement of receipts and disbursements with little or no attempt at analysis or classification. In some cases the affairs of the lighting plants are so interrelated with those of water or some other department, and the accounts of the two departments are so confused, that it is impossible to determine the actual results of the operations of either department. The commission remarks that it is a matter of supreme importance, when municipalities embark in business enterprises, that they should adopt businesslike methods. The citizens of many a village are convinced that their lighting service is cheap when as a matter of fact it is dear, because the lack of a proper accounting system fails to reveal the actual conditions.

The commission's requirements prescribing uniform accounts have brought about conditions of the utmost value to the public in its personal uses of public utilities. After a most complete study of conditions as it found them, the commission ordered systems of accounts based on the fundamental principles of economics as applied to corporation accounting: depreciation accounts are provided; discounts on securities must not be capitalized, but paid from earnings; operating expenses are so defined that there is no excuse for charging them to capital; betterments cannot be included in operating expenses, but must be charged either to capital or directly to income; entries on the books are required to be definite and plain, and a double-entry method only is allowed. With the systems ordered by the commission, the books will indicate the true state of affairs of all corporations: for the benefit of the public whose franchises they enjoy, and for the benefit of investors whose money is in the business.

The last and probably the most important function to be spoken of is that of the regulation of capitalization. In this regard the commission stands in the front rank. Before the passing of this calendar year it will have passed on applications nearing the billion dollar mark. In 1907, when the State entered upon the regulation of public utility corporations, it was found that a great many corporations had gone to the extreme in putting out stock and bond issues with no property value back of them. It was found that at the organization of many corporations the common stock at least represented no value, was usually given as a bonus to enlist capital, and the only hope of the holders was in unusual earning capacity, which, as the record shows, rarely developed. The Court of Appeals, in commenting on the necessity for the law, remarked in an opinion: "For a generation or more the public has been frequently imposed upon by the issues of stock and bonds of public service corporations for improper purposes, without actual consideration therefor, by company officers seeking to enrich themselves at the expense of innocent and confiding investors."

The commission has done much to correct this situation. It can hardly be called a reform; it is more properly an evolution. The corporations which formerly honestly but unthinkingly capitalized operating expenses, losses of income, replacements and interest, are now having the situation put accurately before them with a clear statement of the inevitable result. Frenzied finance and wild-cat speculations are dead. The dishonest promoter has relinquished his activities within the State and turned his attention to more fertile and less regulated fields. The moral effect of the commission's scrutiny of applications, and the examination of the books and papers of the companies at their own places of business, is undoubtedly infinitely greater than the actual tangible results. Many companies which regarded bookkeeping as a luxury, to be indulged in only after proceeds were realized, have now come to the conclusion that rather than let a proper system of accounts wait until profits are realized, it is better to note the actual conditions of business and avoid unexpected receiverships. Some of the larger interests, which were engaged in promotion of new enterprises according to the doctrine of the

old school, the cost to be defrayed by the issue of bonds, and most of the stock to be given as a bonus, are winding up their finances on such bases, and their extensions and future financing are to be conducted upon the basis of dollar spent for dollar issued.

With reference to large interests which have been formed since the organization of the commission, it is requiring them to organize on a sound financial basis, with reasonable but not excessive rewards to promoters. As to large enterprises which were not fully completed upon the organization of the commission, but whose plans as to financing were definitely fixed before it became organized and cognizant of the details, it is, with due regard to the rights of innocent parties and the necessity to the public for completion of such enterprises, requiring a correct financial statement and the paring down wherever possible of watered capitalization.

The supervision of capitalization has had but one effect, that of enforcing sound and honorable principles in corporate management. If the commission is to regulate corporations as to service and rates, it must of necessity control their capitalization. Rates, service and capitalization are so closely related that it is impossible to deal with one without a consideration of the effect upon the others. It is the fact, repeatedly testified to before the commissions, that securities authorized by the commissions command a premium from the bond houses and investors.

At a hearing before the commission, the head of one of the largest trolley properties in the country said that it had cost a great deal of money to adjust the affairs of his properties to meet the requirements of the law, but in the end he and his associates were gratified, as wherever he went bond houses told him that securities authorized by the commission commanded from two to three points premium, because the investing public had come to know that before authority to issue had been given, careful scrutiny and examination had been exercised and it was assured that the security represented actual value.

Commenting on the work of the commission, *The Electrical World* recently said: "The Up-State Commission has not hesitated to criticise financial or other methods which it thought in-

compatible with the public interest, but it has undertaken no general probing investigations, and its hearings, although open to the public, are not prolific of newspaper sensations. Its work has been conducted quietly and with a policy to make precedents slowly, in the belief that its work would not be a permanent element in history unless its decisions were so fair minded as to appeal to the respect and justice of well balanced minds."

This commission, acting as a quasi-judicial body, divorced from politics, has not been influenced or swayed by any consideration other than the merits of the cases in which it has been called to administer the law. Politics has had no place in the selection of its staff, and every appointment has been made with merit, ability and personal character as the sole qualifications.

Regulation of railroads and other utilities by direct action of legislation is unquestionably impracticable under modern business methods, and between the socialistic doctrine of government ownership, and regulating control, there can be no argument but that the latter alternative, as administered in New York State, is the practical solution of this important question. The only danger to the public or to the corporations from the existence of the law will be when unscrupulous and designing men gain majority control and use its great powers for their aggrandizement or selfish purposes. That this can be possible, with present-day conditions of the public mind, is incomprehensible.

THE WOMEN OF THE SHAWLS

SHAEMAS O SHEEL

BY my windows, which look out
On a polite and pleasant street,
There often pass
Women of the dingy quarter down the hill;
Creatures of primary faith and primitive doubt,
Brief love and narrow faith and small deceit,
Brief sleep, long toil, a roof, a rag, and meat,
Patience beneath unrealized defeat,—
Mortgaged too deep to Fate, alas!
To leave much scope for will.
And they are slow and large and ponderous,
And are not beautiful as all women should be,
And under Life's incessant mockery
That by which woman chiefly is beauteous,
Wonder and sweet illusion, has quite gone.
And like a burdened river they move on,
With no complaint, no choice, no change, no thrill,
Brown clods with so much muscle, so much nerve,
A womb and two breasts each, who still must serve
As Fate directs, until
Fate bids them be quite still—
I fancy they are placid when they go.
And so
They pass, each folded in a sullen shawl,
Death's froward symbol, Life's ironic pall.

G. K. CHESTERTON

O. W. FIRKINS

I

TWENTY years ago one would have said that the style of Macaulay, except as a qualifying force, had disappeared from English literature—that it belonged with the sackbut and the virginals, with the baldrick and the coat-of-mail, among the curiosities of history. But the fact of death is not always established, in literature at least, by the fact of inquest, and one of the alertest of our younger writers has taken the relic from its cabinet, reset and refurbished it, and found its merits preferable to the praise of originality. The old marks of Macaulay, the short, forcible sentence with the velocity and the impact of a missile, the clash of a word upon its repeated self like jingling castanets, the old readiness, if not quite the old richness and remoteness of allusion, the controversial zest, the glow of conflict, the impatience of half-truths and half-certainties, the insistence that all assertions shall be sweeping and all demonstrations final, the old and more than the old fertility of comparison and the relish for the homely simile that rivets and clamps the idea, the fearless use of balance, the terse, casual sarcasm which, like the scythe on the chariot, does execution as an incident of transit—all these traits, for the most part unabated and altogether unabashed, reappear to-day in the style of Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton.

But the later writer has not been content with a duplication of his prototype; he has gone further and evolved a serious style which might have passed without question as a burlesque of Macaulay. He has added a daredevil and boisterous tone (confined, it is true, to things intellectual), a curious and motley word-play, from the pun up, of which now the felicity, now the triviality, is electrifying, a more than Macaulayesque pertinacity in hounding a thought to its death and baiting it after its surrender, and a delight in paradox which assimilates his pages to those circus billboards in which acrobats figure in every form

of topsy-turviness and contortion. In spite of some higher and less strident traits, such as the searching epithet that rather distils than describes an object, and a fancy whimsical even to elfishness, the total effect remains, in one word, shrill: it is exaggeration passing into caricature; it is Browne superadded to Dickens.

II

There are vehicles in which the whirl and whiz of the mechanism destroy for the time being the sense of surroundings and the interest in destination. The perception of message, of substance, almost of mind itself, in Mr. Chesterton's work is swept away at the outset by the deadening and deafening effect of his omnipresent and overbearing style. Later on, we perceive in his make-up an analyst and a logician. His pursuit of generalizations is unflagging; he is never happy with a fact until he has matched it with a principle. He is not only willing to introduce philosophy into the brief newspaper sketches of which he has republished several volumes (*Tremendous Trifles*, *All Things Considered*, *Alarms and Discursions*); he is unwilling to leave it out. He has an eye for objects and the gift of picture, but a case of pure description or pure record in these sketches is hardly discoverable. His mind moves like a shuttle from picture to theory and from theory to picture, providing an illustration for every thesis and an hypothesis for every fact; but it cannot abide long and easily in either the abstract or the concrete; it does not pass naturally like a poet's from picture to picture, nor like a mathematician's or metaphysician's from theory to theory. Like Emerson, like the great maxim-writers, he stands for the philosopher as distinct, in point of fact divided, from the systematizer. He can scarcely write a treatise; his *Orthodoxy* is a chain of papers; his critiques are successions of insights. He divagates even in newspaper sketches; he always rambles when he is short of time.

The logician is hardly less conspicuous. The swiftness, the deftness, the crispness, are, in this field also, extraordinary; the author runs up and down the logical rigging of the syllogism, the analogy, or the dilemma with the agility of a sailor or a cat.

The reader is committed to revolutionary or discomfiting conclusions before he has had time to catch his bearings or to get his breath; everything is proved, proved off-hand, proved completely, proved redundantly; errors go down before his spear at a touch, but knowing he is Chesterton. Yet nothing, in the long run, is more suspicious than the appearance of universal cogency. The claim, like that of infallibility, is discredited by its very compass. Every man who grasps the mixed and doubtful nature of about half the truths in the moral world knows that an aspect of conclusiveness cannot be at the same time universal (or even widespread) and genuine. An opening is made for extreme reactions, for suspicions of trickery and superficiality, which, in some cases and notably in Mr. Chesterton's, are only partly justified.

An actual test of the logic proves that if Mr. Chesterton belongs to the class of generals who claim victories even when they are beaten, he belongs also to the class who win victories. His reasoning at its best is annihilative; it makes an end both of the topic and the antagonist. His refutations, in particular, are sometimes of incredible cogency and address. He can expose the contradictions in the multifarious arguments of the diverse assailants of Christianity with unequalled brilliancy and effect; he can puncture the Nietzschean "superman" ambiguity with a dexterity that is exhilarating, he can riddle the "up-to-date" or "modernist" fallacy in a score of careless but irrefutable sentences. On the other hand, no man is more prone to defend the idlest errors on the flimsiest grounds; he makes mistakes from which five minutes' thought should have saved a stupid man. Never was a mind at once so acute and so unwary, as no mind so original ever succumbed so often to the obvious. The latter fact may be explained by a style which gives a glaze of originality even to a platitude, and the former, possibly, by the faith that his unwariness will lead him into no trap from which his acuteness will prove insufficient to release him. We should exaggerate little in affirming that the chances are about even that a dictum of Mr. Chesterton's will turn out to be a truism magnificently restated, a brilliant but fallacious novelty, or an insight of real originality and power.

III

Mr. Chesterton's literary and artistic criticism includes a keen little book on *Varied Types*, two works on Dickens and one on Browning, authors congenial through vitality, optimism, and grotesqueness; biographies of G. F. Watts and William Blake, with whom his point of contact is mysticism or religion; and a monograph on George Bernard Shaw. These works are able, incisive, and unequal. Mr. Chesterton affects to disdain literature, and practises criticism with a princely unconcern. His judgment of wholes or totals is impaired by the want of system which reduces his works to mere groups of insights, and by his tendency to confuse the important with the exciting, or, in other words, to confound what is worth stating with what can be stated strongly. If Mr. Chesterton were sent to measure the dimensions of a beam and found the length and breadth normal but the thickness extraordinary, he would report only on the thickness. It is unfortunate for the adequacy of such a method that half the truths in criticism are unsensational.

His sense of beauty, art, technique, is insufficient. For mere sound or phrasing indeed, particularly if it be odd or freakish, he has a rare sensitiveness which has made him an incorrigible punster and an incomparable parodist. But his criticism undervalues art and beauty. He calls Browning, in a phrase in which grammar and sense expire together, "on the whole a very perfect artist," and imagines the case against that poet's art to be disposed of by proving the large variety of his metres and literary forms and by the sounding but very inconclusive doctrine that the rugged and grotesque are legitimate ingredients in art. Out of twenty-four poetical quotations in the same volume, only one is cited for its beauty, and many of the others show the poet's crabbedness and contortedness at its height.

The first of literary merits in Mr. Chesterton's eyes is concurrence with his personal philosophy. This leads to some curious warpings of judgment. Mr. Toots, for instance, falls in with certain prepossessions of the critic in behalf of fools, and is forthwith canonized as "in some ways the masterpiece of

Dickens." Many persons, for whom folly, even in Mr. Chesterton, is not august, love Mr. Toots well enough to look mildly on this gross exaggeration, but tolerance ceases at the point where Cousin Feenix, who happens to corroborate the critic's own disparaging view of the English upper classes, is made one in an artistic triad with Mr. Toots himself and Major Bagstock—an exaltation, it should seem, as disconcerting to that amiable aristocrat as to the every-day reader and critic.

The compensations for these failings are generous. Mr. Chesterton is very quick-sighted where he is not blind, his stock of ideas is exhaustless, and he has a freedom both of vision and of utterance which is quite unhampered by any regard for past critics or any deference for his contemporaries. His private bias has done him a great service; it has freed him from the bias of his time; it is remote from the really harmful type of critical prejudice, the prejudice which the reader shares. Again, Mr. Chesterton faces an author, not as critic to subject, but as man to man; and if this subjects his work to some professional handicaps, it enriches it, on the other hand, with compensating vitalities and humanities. He possesses, moreover, the noble and somewhat rare gift of enthusiasm; before an author whom he loves all his self-assertion and self-sufficiency drop from him in that unreserved and exultant self-surrender which, in men like Dickens, or Browning, or Swinburne, raised homage almost to the level of its object. He can be humble at times, and humility in Mr. Chesterton is very restful. The noteworthy charm of the brief study of G. F. Watts, an essay of subdued key and tempered cleverness, suggests the degree to which his other works might have profited by an exchange of brilliancy for mellowness. It is pleasant to find that everywhere indeed, in the temple of the Muses, Mr. Chesterton lowers his voice a little. It is worth noting as we pass from the subject, that in *George Bernard Shaw*—a work from which it would be just possible for an uninformed stranger to discover that Mr. Shaw was a man of letters—we have almost the only marked instance in Mr. Chesterton's work of a real and fairly equal balancing of faults and merits.

IV

Criticism, for Mr. Chesterton, is a mere study of the human spirit as disclosed in literature, whether as conveyed in its contents or exemplified in its methods; it is a section of philosophy. We may summarize his own philosophy in half a dozen propositions.

First: he upholds a Christianity, orthodox and ritualistic but otherwise undefined, on grounds drawn chiefly from man's psychical needs and barely touching the historical argument. This means collision with the experts and the evolutionists who try his Christianity in a double sense. Second: his defence of a great popular tradition blends naturally with the glorification of the common man, evinced not only in the democratic ideal of government, but in a firm trust in the righteousness, authority, and sanctity of the universal instincts of which the common man is the depositary. The existence of paradox in Mr. Chesterton is therefore itself paradoxical, since it contradicts the universal beliefs whose authority he concedes. Third: as "progress" so-called is drawing men away from Christianity, or at least orthodoxy, he naturally insists that advance need not be amelioration, and that the location of an idea in time has no effect upon its value; on the abstract question he is here quite irrefutable. Fourth: he is a liberal in politics, but an individualist by temperament; he upholds a robust nationality, undiluted with cosmopolitanism and purged of the imperialistic virus. Fifth: he dilates on the wonder latent in the normal and the common, and reveres the ignorance, even the folly, on which these wonders fall with their primal force. Sixth: he preaches a militant and hardy optimism, expressing itself in loyalty to what he calls in a beautiful phrase "the flag of the world."

Three observations may be made on this philosophy. First of all, it is a somewhat curious blending of the instinctive and the conventional. There is enough of elemental, primordial humanity in this creed to impart a real piquancy to the discovery that its holder reveres tradition, upholds convention, and has even

a kind word for artifice. The explanation, however, is simple: the first or primary attitude of men toward convention is poetic and reverent, the second slavish, the third rebellious or disdainful; the third of these attitudes is a protest against the second; Mr. Chesterton has adhered to the first.

We are struck, in the second place, by the absence of novelty and audacity in these propositions: a platform of this kind could be submitted without perturbation to a New England village tea-party or to the British House of Lords. Many of Mr. Chesterton's statements, many of his secondary opinions, are novel and sensational, but the paradox that impregnates his constitution reappears in the fact that his cardinal tenets are unoriginal and unexciting. The novelty lies in the circumstance that he has brought the radical temper to the support of the conservative idea; he neither skulks nor truckles nor propitiates; in assurance, in dexterity, in gayety, in the very levity and wantonness of courage, he outruns his coolest antagonists. He has shown that a sally of the garrison may have more impetus than an assault of the besiegers.

The final comment on these articles of faith is that they gain approval even where they fail to win assent; their manly, tonic, and invigorating quality impresses even the unconvinced. A man who preaches an impassioned and romantic Christianity, and who adds to that the Jeffersonian doctrine of democracy, the Wordsworthian and Tolstoyan doctrine of the majesty of the untutored man, the Carlylean doctrine of wonder, the Emersonian doctrine of the spirituality latent in all objects, the Dickensian faith in the worth and wisdom of the feeble-minded, the Browningsque standard of optimism, affects us as a man with whom, whatever his vagaries and harlequinries, it would be wholesome and inspiring to live.

The two chief intellectual services of Mr. Chesterton are the pointing out that, for purposes of trial and judgment, the tendency of an age is not on the bench but in the dock, and the assertion of the claims of the human spirit against what must appear, from its own point of view, the foreign and barbaric ascendancy of science.

V

We come at length to the last, the deepest, and the most surprising truth in the constitution of this peculiar mind. The strength of this performer, this acrobat, this rhetorician, this *littérateur* lies finally in a few primordial instincts. This nature which seemed to value life as an interesting prerequisite to epigrams is inherently simple, and the power which seemed knack and trick is at bottom organic. A few primal leanings or gravitations, a few wilful unconquerable instincts—these are the ultimate, the authentic Chesterton.

He belongs to that class of men who find in their personal wants a code for humanity. As every perception becomes in his mind the source of a generalization, every feeling becomes the basis of a law. He loves wine, and is pained by the ingratitude to God involved in the existence of teetotalers. He eats his lamb chop with relish, and he shudders at the impiety of Mr. George Bernard Shaw, who prefers vegetables. He finds philosophy succulent, and philosophy is forthwith installed as the regimen for the human race. He has a personal delight in paradox, and paradox is straightway promoted into the stay and groundwork of the universe. He is constitutionally intolerant, because for him the routes to well-doing and well-being are single.

There is in all his feelings, however, a tart and brusque sincerity, a cheery and laughing hardihood, which make them sanative and quickening. We are not surprised to find this unfettered and untutored spring of feeling expressed in lyrics, which run wild like tomboys, but which need only a little grooming to become captivating. He praises wine with a candor which will suggest moderation to one type of mind quite as plainly as it suggests indulgence to another. He expresses his love for women and children with invigorating bluntness. He has a joy of fighting which sanely stops short of an advocacy of war. His contempt for unwieldy fortunes and unchastened luxury is highly valuable because it is purely instinctive; in most men the contempt for wealth is a feeble exotic. Much of the man is expressed in the characteristic declaration that, next to prayer, a

love-song, a drinking-song, and a war-song are the three highest utterances of the human spirit.

Mr. Chesterton's attitude toward religion is the most original and interesting thing in his constitution. A person ignorant of the term might gather from the Chestertonian allusions that religion was some fine old English sport like falconry or archery which a thankless nation had suffered to lapse into unmerited neglect. He even brackets the church with the tavern and beer with the Bible in his half-whimsical lists of the excellent and desirable things in life. He finds himself both religious and jocular—disposed even to combine religion with jocularity. The normal man would accept such incongruities as personal and casual, and would no more try to reconcile them than to harmonize his love of Plato with his love of oysters: Mr. Chesterton insists that the combination is primordial and cosmic. Laughter is the sign of that perfect adjustment of the individual spirit to the nature of things of which religion is the source. He goes so far as to make his maddest burlesque (the novels, *The Man Who Was Thursday*, *The Ball and the Cross*, *The Napoleon of Notting Hill*) the vehicle for his most solemn meditations, and even suggests humor as the unrevealed mystery in the spirit of Jesus Christ.

The opening for ridicule is obvious—too obvious indeed to be worth accepting—but in the fact itself combined with the simplicity of its avowal there is, for the thoughtful mind, something that is touching and reassuring. The grotesque touch is the touch that certifies for the very reason that it is for the hypocrite and the dilettante the touch that invalidates; and this half-grimace has the power to conduct us into the presence of an unassailable sincerity. Moreover, the impossibility of such an avowal from the sober respectabilities in literature, from Johnson or Burke, from Scott or Macaulay, from Tennyson or Arnold, reveals to us in a flash that Mr. Chesterton belongs to the race, though not to the class, of the great pregnant, primal, wilful temperaments, the Richters, the Heines, the Sternes, the Lambs, the Burnses, the Carlyles. In this trait or union of traits, a temperament, otherwise not exceptional, lays hold at the same moment of the seriousness that gives depth and the

grotesqueness that bestows individuality. After this we are pleased rather than surprised to find this brisk and bounding personality capable of awe, capable even of passages which only just fall short of lofty religious exaltation.

This is the decisive and conclusive fact. When we have put aside the irrelevance of a style which is gratuitously bad in virtue of being superfluously good, the irrelevance of a logic which far more than the logic of the corridor or the crossing makes the responsible reader feel that eternal vigilance is the price of sanity, the half-relevance of a philosophy which adds little to the world's hoard of truth, we find the real man to consist, in essence, of real manhood, happily accompanied by a strong infusion of the properties of healthy boyhood and racily individualized by the salt of the grotesque. The zest of life has found a new incarnation.

VI

It is obviously too early to discuss the question of Mr. Chesterton's absolute value, his value for posterity. It is idle to forestall a verdict in the absence of half the evidence and of all the jurors. Two suggestions, however, are in place.

The style of an author, even when convicted of misrepresentation, does not cease to represent him; it still largely determines his effect upon mankind. Mr. Chesterton has been unfortunate in this point. Whether his style was a piece of mischief (a by no means impossible hypothesis), or the means which his love of excitement took to indemnify itself for the moderation of his doctrines, or an attempt to transfer to paper the seismic properties which he divined and extolled in the universe, it is certain that it presents a serious and sincere man in the likeness of a trickster and a mechanic. The deeper and richer notes in his diapason come to us dulled and confused through the charivari of epigrams and antitheses by which he re-convinces himself and his reader five or six times on a page that Mr. Chesterton is the cleverest of men. The danger is that the reader will content himself with this concession.

Granting that the style is unfair to the real seriousness of

the man, it is proper to ask whether a still higher seriousness would not have prevented the adoption of that style. Granting that he mixes religion and mirth without hurt to his religion and with vast profit to his individuality, the question remains as to the nature of the inhibition which has made such a combination impossible to three-fourths of the evangelists and prophets. Is Mr. Chesterton the possessor of a deeper feeling and a finer insight like that which enabled Shakespeare in *King Lear* to blend tragedy and comedy in a fashion impracticable to his weaker rivals? There is nothing in the nature of things to interdict the possibility, but there is also nothing in the nature of Mr. Chesterton to make its application plausible in the present case. Rather, his fine, fresh, boyish, untrammelled temper would suggest that the difference is explicable through his exclusion from an order of experience which subdues and saddens in the measure of the depth and enrichment it confers. It is this exclusion which may constitute for this robust and pungent intellect the drawback to greatness and the bar to immortality.

PLATITUDE

VAN WYCK BROOKS

I HAD carried with me to San Francisco a little volume of Goethe's *Maxims*. Now by some chance I opened it again. What a singular change!

Formerly I had rebelled against these platitudes, as I had thought them, these large, clear, obvious generalizations. How is it possible, I had asked myself, for a mind of delicate fancies, delicate appreciations to externalize itself in this coarse, flat way? But now it struck me as the natural working of a mature judgment. And I saw that these large classifications have all the force of an experience of many things: that in maturity art is valid to us only in relation to life; that the æsthetic itself either becomes a philosophy or else, after a long period of increasing mental shabbiness, it perishes altogether.

Impulsively I resolved to turn away from the little books to make real acquaintance with the few great books—those “large draughts of intellectual day” which have marked epochs: Dante, Rabelais, Cervantes. It seemed to me that this practice must clear the mind of trifles and enable one perpetually to begin afresh with a few large, clear thoughts. For truly all the other books in the world are, so to speak, the penumbra of these great books and merely expand their connotations.

I began to see that the aim of almost all second-rate writers is to be original, while the only way in which they can be original is by being untrue. For every truth is surrounded by a dozen half-truths, every half-truth by a dozen quarter-truths, and the possible combinations are so numerous that in employing them a writer is reasonably certain not to repeat the conclusions of any other writer. Whereas, if he holds by the truth itself, in order to be effective he must have the greatest of all gifts, the gift of authority. I observed that all the really true writers had had precisely this authority; and that this had been so because their writings were the emanations of character, of nature speaking through them (with all of nature's peculiar habit of reiteration) rather than of the intellect proper.

Is it not indeed the case that all true writing, reduced to its lowest terms, generally ends in what we call Platitude?—not in the oratorical sense, but in the sense that the soul recognizes it as a “foregone conclusion,”—the instructed soul, I mean. This is not, I know, the common mind’s conception of literature, because the common mind is impatient of truth. It seeks in literature merely diversion, not refreshing convictions of life itself. The common mind, moreover, has a comparatively slight power of appreciation. In order to be impressed it requires a great quantity and variety of sensations, of external stimuli, higher and higher seasoning, the fantastic, the suggestive, and ultimately the perverted. But the instructed mind works precisely in the opposite direction, training itself to extract flavor and significance from simpler and ever simpler things. That is why the wisest men read books which common minds inevitably find stale, obvious, and insipid; while wisdom itself consists so largely in the power to comprehend Platitude—Homer, Cervantes, Goethe: the Platitude, that is, of high fantasy. *That* Platitude lies at the bottom of things, at the very source of true originality, because it is at the source also of human character, while the originality of lesser men lies somewhere between the bottom and the top. The reason why so many startling theorists do not go down to the bottom of their matter is because, by doing so, they would be annoyed to find themselves at one. They would look each other in the face, chagrined that Moses or Plato had reached their goal three thousand years ahead of them. They lack, in other words, the courage of authority.

Platitude, the grasp of Platitude, that is the first stir of spiritual responsibility—and alas! the first symptom of lunacy. For what befalls the instructed soul in a world of plausibilities? Martyrdom for self’s sake—nothing more apparently noble. Truth needs no protectors—truth spurns her protectors. And the seeker of truth, with his whole portfolio of spiritual discoveries, can do no more than liberate himself. He has no society in either world: and this double exile, before gods and men, is the most unpardonable kind of selfishness. For, properly speaking, the universe permits nothing between the angel and the shopkeeper. And the poor soul who has a partial glimpse

of both felicities stands, blindfolded like Justice and laden with a pair of scales, truth in one, falsehood in the other, and heavy scales they are.

Can he withdraw, wrapping himself in his mantle, and exist in a luminous calm? The wisest of men have perhaps done this—in the midst of life they have been as if they were not. For certain it is that if angels have ever existed in the world they have not been marked and remembered.

But the poor soul who is still, after all, alive, still merely human—what about him, the universal scapegoat? Cry out he must. But the shopkeeper has dragged his mother-tongue through the mud, and the language of angels is only a remote sphere-music which has no currency this side of death. . . . Still alive—only *instructed*: that is the sordid tragedy. Instructed just far enough to see that he is only imperfectly himself, that in order to become himself he must somehow get something into the scales to make the truth go down, so suddenly as to bump falsehood out of them altogether.

Internally he is a very sensational man. For having been led by the hand into the very middle of Platitude, he has unexpectedly opened his eyes, and the dreadful glare has been almost too much for him. Now if only he had *not* been intrusted with the scales, he could so easily rush out into the street and join the Salvation Army. The terrible eternities! the foolish little world-atom dancing minuets in the midst of them! If only he *could* shout, *Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God!* But the scales are so heavy and he must remain such a patient, such a reserved lunatic. It is not so easy, after all, to have only one foot on something solid, and to play the tight-rope-walker with space itself underneath one—and all for the sake of Platitude.

The scapegoat, par excellence—not more so in any respect than his lack of intelligible words: no pure speech at all, but a mixture of two vocabularies, from either world, utterly wanting in logic, tact, persuasiveness. And with only one thing certain, that if he is *not* mad, the rest of the world certainly must be. Truth he knows and falsehood he knows, but plausibility is over his head. And in this world plausibility wins applause—that is no pun, but good etymology. The world has such a singular

way of toning things down, of relieving every Platitude of its most interesting lunacy. . . . How then can *he* speak, or move, or even breathe? So it is in dreams when some vague, horrible shape moves toward us and our muscles grow rigid and we know that we cannot escape—and if we could whither should we fly?

Who is to fill that unusually empty stomach which hungers and thirsts after righteousness? Who can certainly affirm even that “vanity” or “disobedience” or “hardness of heart” have any aptness for the world, to most of us so mild? Mild enough the world is—and perhaps for that very reason so unjust. Perhaps each of us builds up a little order in one corner of the world only to scatter ruin in all the other corners. And perhaps that is because our ego is not, by a tenth, robust enough—not robust enough to be *disinterested*.

Poor, furtive, cowering, rebuffed, ignoble Platitude! Whenever you lift your head you are smitten flat by common sense. Look! there comes another towering prudential objection. Unhappy Platitude, however have you contrived to exist for so many centuries in such a cold-shouldered world?

MY NOVEMBER GUEST

ROBERT FROST

MY Sorrow, when she's here with me,
Thinks these dark days of autumn rain
Are beautiful as days can be:
She loves both bare and withered tree;
She walks the sodden pasture lane.

Her pleasure will not let me stay.
She talks and I am fain to list:
She's glad the birds have gone away;
She's glad her simple worsted gray
Is silvered now with clinging mist.

The fallen, bird-forsaken breeze,
The faded earth, the heavy sky,
The beauties she so truly sees,
She thinks I have no eye for these,
And vexes me for reason why.

Not yesterday I learned to know
The love of bare November days
Before the coming of the snow;
But it were vain to tell her so,
And they are better for her praise.

THE ETERNAL MAIDEN

T. EVERETT HARRÉ

PRELUDE

Long ages ago, darkness brooded over the frozen world and held in its thrall the unreleased waters of the glacial seas. There was no animal life upon the land, and in the depth of the waters no living thing stirred. Kokoyah, the water god, breathed not; Tornahhuchsua, the earth spirit, who rules above the spirits of the wind and air, was veiled in dark melancholy. Men had risen like willows from the frozen earth; but, although they lived, they were as the dead. They spake not, neither did they hunt, nor eat, nor die. Then the Great Spirit, whose name is not known, placed upon earth a man, in his arms the strength to kill, in his heart the spark of animal passion. And in that flowerless arctic Eden, out of its bounteous compassion, the Great Spirit placed also a maiden, her face beautiful with the virgin youth of the world, in her bosom implanted a yearning, not unmixed with fear, for love. Gazing upon her, the youth's heart stirred with desire, the maiden's with virginal terror. The maiden fled, the youth followed. Over the desolate icy mountains the fleet foot of the youth sped with the swiftness of the wind gods, over the silent white seas the maiden with the elusiveness of the air spirits. In the heart of the youth throbbed the passion of love, indomitable, eternal, which the blasting breath of time should never kill. In the maiden's bosom quaked a reasonless shame, an unconquerable terror. Surrounded by her whirling cloud of hair, the maiden sprang, untiring, across the wild white world. His strength failing, the youth pantingly followed. Thousands of years passed; the breathless pursuit continued; the maiden's nebulous hair became shot with streaks of golden fire, from her eyes beams of light streamed across the world over which she exultantly, fearfully bounded; the tremulous faltering youth's face paled until it shone silvery in the darkness, and the beads of perspiration on his forehead glowed with a strange lustre. Reaching, in their mad race, the very end of the world, the maiden leaped, fiery, into space, and her hair becoming suddenly molten, she became the sun—the eternal maiden Sukh-eh-nukh, the beautiful, the all-desired. Utterly exhausted, his wan arms yearningly outstretched, the youth swooned after her into the heavens, and was transformed into the moon—the melancholy, ever-desiring, and ever-sorrowing moon. In the smile of Sukh-eh-nukh the seas melted. Walrus and narwhals, seals and whales came into being on the bosom of Kokoyah; on the earth the snows disappeared, and the brow of Tornahhuchsua was crowned with green grasses and starry flowers. Men hunted game, women laughed for joy; they beat drums, they danced, they sang. By the eternal, unrequited passion of the lovers in the skies, happiness and plenty came upon the earth. But, with Light, came also Death. Jealous of men's happiness, Perdlugssuak, the Great Evil, brought sickness; he struck men on the hunt, on the seas, in the mountains. He was ever feared. He made the Great Dark terrible. But when the night became bright with the melancholy silver of the moon,

Perdlugssuak was for the time forgotten; in their hearts men felt a vague, tender, and ineffable stirring—the lure of a passion stronger and stranger even than death. They gazed upon the moon with instinctive, undefined pity. So, as the years passed, and ages melted and remade the snows, the long day was golden with the Beauty that is ever desired, the Ideal never attained; the night was softly silver with the melancholy and eternal hope of the deathless love that eternally desires, eternally pursues, and is eternally denied.—[Thus runs the Eskimo legend]

I

"Her cheeks were flushed delicately with the soft pink of the lichen flowers that bloom in the rare days of early summer. Her eyes played with a light as elusive, as quick as the golden radiance on the seas."

GREAT excitement prevailed among the members of the tribe. Along a mottled green-and-brown stretch of shore, which rolled undulatingly toward the icy fringe of the polar sea, more than twoscore hunters were engaged in unusual activity. Some were lacing tight over the framework the taut skin of their kayaks. Others sharpened harpoon points with bits of flint. Tateraq busily cut long lashings from tanned walrus hides. Maisanguaq deftly took these and pieced them together into long lines, which were rolled in coils lasso-fashion. Arnaluk and a half dozen others sat on their haunches, between their knees great balls made of the entire hides of seals. With cheeks extended, they blew into these with gusto. Filled with air, the hides became floats, which were attached to the leather lasso lines. The lines in turn were fastened by Attalaq and Papik to harpoons, which were to be driven into the walrus, the natives' chief prey of the arctic sea.

A babel of conversation swayed to and fro among this northernmost fringe of the human race. Now and then it was drowned in the raucous, deafening shriek of auks which swarmed from nearby cliffs and soared in clouds over the shore.

"*Aveq soah! Walrus! Walrus!*" shouted Papik, tossing up his arms and dancing, his brown face twisting with grotesque grimaces of joy.

"*Aveq soah! Aveq soah!*" He leaped in frenzy. He seized his harpoon in mimicry of striking, and darted it up and down in the air. "Walrus! Walrus!" he cried, and his feverish contagion spread through the crowd.

"*Aveq tedicksoah! A great many walrus,*" echoed Arnaluk. "*Aveq tedicksoah! Walrus too many to count!*"

They stopped their work and gathered in a group, Papik before them, his arms pointing toward the sea. His eyes glistened.

To the south, Im-nag-i-na, the entrance to the polar sea, was hidden by grayish mists which, as they shifted across the sun, palpitated with running streaks of gold. From the veiled distance the sound of a glacier exploding pealed over the waters like the muffled roar of artillery. The sun, magnified into a great swimming disc by the rising vapors, poured a rich and colorful light over the sea—it was a light without warmth. In the turquoise sky overhead, the moving clouds changed in hue from crimson to silver, and straggling flecks, like diaphanous ribbons, became stained with mottled dyes. Against the horizon, the arctic armada of eternally

moving icebergs drifted slowly southward and like the spectral ships of the long dead Norsemen who had braved these regions, flaunted the semblance of silver-gleaming sails. The sea rose in great green emerald swells, the wave crests broke in seething silver foam, and in the troughs of descending waters glittered cascades of celestial jewels. It was late summer—the hour, midnight.

The keen eyes of the natives searched the seas.

To the south of where the watchers were gathered, the glacial heels of the inland mountains step precipitously into the sea and rise to a height of several thousand feet. At the base of these iron rocks, corroded with the rust of interminable ages, the fragments of great floes, like catapults, are tossed by the intruding sea. Above, in summertime, rises and falls constantly a black mist resembling shifting cloud smoke. Millions of auks swarm from their moss-ensconced grottoes; an oppressive clamor beats the air. Along the ocean, where crevices of the descending iron-chiselled cliffs are green with ribbons of pale green grass, downy-winged ducks purr, mating guillemots coo incessantly, and tremulous oogzooks chirrup joyously to their young.

As the natives listened, a deep nasal bellowing from the far ocean trembled in the air.

Not a man stirred. The sound vibrated into silence. The auks screamed. Hawks shrilled. From the far interior valleys came the echoed wolf-howling of Eskimo dogs. There the mountain tops, perpetually covered with ice and snow, gleamed through the clouds with running colors of amaranth, green and mottled gold. The air swam with frigid fire. As the tribe stood in silence along the shore, a roar as of gatling guns pealed from the mist-hidden heights. After a taut moment of silence, a frightful scream rose from every living thing on land and sea. Yet the group of men only bent their heads. Then, like an undertone in the chorus of animate life, their quick ears detected the long-drawn, hoarse call of walrus bulls. The howls of the dogs from the distant mountain passes came nearer. More distant receded the stertorous nasal bellow on the sea.

The natives feverishly leaped to their tasks. There was a note of anxiety in their voices. Onto the fore part of the kayaks they placed their weapons, leather lines, floats and drags. More than twoscore boats were drawn over the land-adhering ice to the edge of the sea. A fierce chatter brought all the women to the doors of their seal-skin tents. They looked seaward and shook their heads with dismay.

“Many walrus—far away,” the men shouted.

“No, no,” the timid women returned. “Walrus too far away—*Perdlugssuak* will strike you there!”

Against the distant horizon mighty bergs loomed. In swift eddies of water great floes swirled. The walrus were too far away to be seen. Yet the opportunity of securing walrus was too rare to be missed; for unless food and fuel were soon secured, starvation during the coming winter confronted the tribe. The previous winter had been one of unprecedented severity and had wiped out bears, and herds of caribou and musk oxen. The summer season, which was now drawing to a close, had been destitute of every kind of game. Musk oxen had been seldom found and then only in the far inland valleys. Some blight of nature seemed to have exterminated even the animals of the sea. The natives had lived mainly on the teeming bird life. From the scrawny bodies of the arctic birds, however, neither food that could be preserved nor fuel to be burned in the lamps could be secured.

On musk oxen the tribes depend chiefly for hides and meat, and on walrus for both food and fuel. The ammunition, brought by Danish traders the summer before, was exhausted, so in the hunt they had for many sleeps to rely solely upon their skill with their own primitive weapons. For months the doughty hunters had gathered but few supplies. The prospect of the coming winter was ominous indeed. Wandering up and down the coast in their migrating excursions the tribes had scoured land and sea with but meagre results. At the village from which they now heard the inspiring walrus calls, a dozen visiting tribesmen—most of them in search for wives as well as game—had gathered. Joy filled them in the prospect of securing supplies—and possible success in love—at last.

As they launched their kayaks, in impatient haste lest the walrus drift too far seaward, some one called:

"Ootah! Ootah!"

They gazed anxiously about. Ootah, the bravest and most distinguished of the hunters, was missing. All the young men would gladly have started without Ootah, but the elders, who knew his skill and the might of his arm, were not willing.

To the younger men there was an added zest in the hunt; each felt in the other a rival, and Ootah the one most to be feared. A feverish anxiety, a burning desire to distinguish himself flushed the heart of each brave hunter. For whoever brought back the most game, so they believed, stood the best chance of winning the hand of Annadoah. Of all the unmarried maidens of the tribes, none cooked so well, none could sew so well as Annadoah, none was so skilled in the art of making *ahhteas* and *kamiks* as Annadoah. And, moreover, Annadoah was very fair.

"Ootah! *aveq soah!* Hasten thou! The walrus are drifting to sea."

Attalaq rushed up to the village and paused at the tent of Annadoah.

"Ootah!" he called.

A voice from within replied.

"We start—the wind drifts—the walrus are carried to sea."

"I come!" replied Ootah.

The flap of the tent opened. The sunlight poured upon the face of the young hunter. He smiled radiantly, with the self-assertion of youth, the joy of life.

Ootah was graced with an unwonted beauty. He was slight and agile of limb, his body was supple and lithe, his face was immobile, beardless, and with curving lips vividly red, a nose, small, with nostrils dilating sensitively, and eyebrows heavily lashed, possessed something of the softness of a woman. His glistening black hair, bound about his forehead by a narrow fillet of skins, fell riotously over his shoulders. His eyes were large and dark and swam with an ardent light.

He turned.

"Thou wilt not place thy face to mine, Annadoah? Yet I love thee, Annadoah. My heart melts as streams in springtime, Annadoah. My arms grow strong as the wind, and my hand swift as an arrow for love of thee, Annadoah. The joy the sight of thee gives me is greater than that of food after starving in the long winter! Yea, thou wilt be mine? Surely, for my heart bursts for love of thee, Annadoah."

He leaned back, stretching his arms, but Annadoah shyly drew further inside her shelter.

With a sigh he flung his leather line over his shoulder, seized his harpoons, and stepped from the tent. His step was resilient and buoyant, his

slim body moved with the grace of an arctic deer. He looked back as he reached the icy shore. Annadoah stood at the door of her tent. Her parting laughter rang after him with the sweetness of buntings singing in spring.

Ootah's heart leaped within him. Annadoah possessed a beauty rare among her people. From her father, one of the brave white men who had died with the Greely years before at Cape Sabine, Annadoah had inherited a delicacy and beauty, indeed, more common with the unknown peoples of the south. Her face was fresh and smooth, and of a pale golden hue. Her cheeks were flushed delicately with the soft pink of the lichen flowers that bloom in the rare days of early summer. Her eyes played with a light as elusive, as quick as the golden radiance on the seas. Her dark silken hair straggled luxuriantly from under the loose hood of immaculate white fox fur which had fallen back from her head. The soft skin of blue foxes and of young birds clothed her. From her sleeves her hands peeped; they were small, dainty, childlike. Almost childlike, too, was her face, so fresh, so lovely, so petite. There were mingled in her the coyness of a child and the irresistible coquetry of a woman.

She waved her hands joyously to the hunters leaving the shore. They called back to her. Some of the women frowned. One shook her fist at Annadoah.

Papik, lingering behind, approached Annadoah timidly.

"Thou art beautiful, Annadoah; thou canst sew with great skill. With the needles the white men brought thee, thou hast made garments such as no other maiden. Papik would wed thee, Annadoah."

"Thou art a good lad, Papik," Annadoah replied, laughing gaily. "But thy fingers are very long—and long, indeed, thy nose!"

Papik flushed, for to him this was a tragedy.

"But with my fingers I speed the arrow with skill," he replied.

"True, but the fate of him who shoots with a skill such as thine is unfortunate indeed; for soon the day will come when thou wilt not speed the arrow, when thy hands will be robbed of their cunning. When *ookiah* (winter) comes with his lashes of frost he will smite thy fingers—they will fall off. Then how wilt thou get food for thy wife? *Ookiah* will twist thy nose, and it will freeze. Poor Papik!"

Annadoah laid her hand gently on his arm, and a brief sorrow clouded her smiles.

Papik bowed his head. He understood the blight nature had set upon him and it made his heart cold. Truly his fingers were long and his nose was long—and either was a misfortune to a tribesman. He knew, as all the natives knew, that sooner or later during a long winter his fingers would inevitably freeze; then he would lose his skill with weapons; consequently he would not be able to provide for a wife. His nose, too, in all probability would freeze; then he would be disfigured and the trials of life would be more complicated.

From the inherited experience of ages the natives know that a hunter with short hands and feet is most likely to live long; a man's length of life can be pretty accurately gauged by the stubbiness of his nose. The degree of radiation of the human body is such that it can prevent freezing in this northern region only when the extremities are short; thus a man with long feet is almost for a certainty doomed to lose his toes, and the most fortunate is he whose feet and hands are short, whose nose is stubby and whose ears are small. The exigencies of life place an economic value on the struc-

ture of a hunter's body, and the little Eskimo women—endowed with a crude social conscience which demands that a father shall live and remain efficient so as to care for his own children—are loath to marry one afflicted such as Papik.

"But I care for thee, Annadoah," Papik protested.

"And well do I know thou art a brave lad, but seek thou another maiden; thou dost not touch my heart, Papik, and thy fingers are very, very long."

With native spontaneity, Papik laughed and turned shoreward. As he passed the assembled maidens he paused momentarily and greeted them. He made a brief proposal of marriage to Ahningnetty, a fat maiden, and was met with laughter.

"Go on, Long Fingers," one called. "How wilt thou strike the bear when thy fingers are gone?"

The maiden who spoke was extremely thin.

"Ha, ha!" Papik returned. "How wilt thou warm thy husband when the winter comes? How wilt thou warm the little baby when thou art like the bear after a famished winter, thou maid of skin and bones!"

"Long-nose! Long-nose! may thy nose freeze!" she called.

The other maidens laughed and giped at her. In anger she fled into her *tupik*, or tent. Being very thin she, too, like Papik, suffered from the bar sinister of nature. For, in selecting a wife, a native comes down to the practical consideration of choosing a wife who will likely grow fat, so that, during the long cold winters, her body will be a sort of human radiator to keep the husband and children warm. Love, in this region, is largely influenced by an instinctive knowledge of natural economics.

As he launched his kayak, Ootah turned toward Annadoah.

"Thou art the sun, Annadoah!" he called.

"And thou the moon, Ootah," she replied. "I shall await thee, Ootah! Bring thou back fat and blubber, Ootah, to warm thy fires, Ootah." And she laughed gaily. Then she turned her back to Ootah, bent her head coyly and did not turn around again. To Ootah this was a good augury—for when a maiden turns her back upon a suitor she thinks favorably of him. This is the custom.

Ootah felt a new strength in his veins. He felt himself master of all the prey in the sea.

At the entrance of the tent of Sipsu, the *angakoq*, or native magician, stood Maisanguaq, one of the rivals for the hand of Annadoah. His face twisted with jealous rage as he heard Annadoah calling to the speeding Ootah. His narrow eyes glittered vindictively. Turning on his heel he entered Sipsu's dwelling place.

Sipsu sat on the floor near his oil lamp. When Maisanguaq entered he did not stir. He was as still, as grotesque, as evil-looking as the tortured idols of the Chinese; like theirs his eyes were beadlike, expressionless, dull; such are the eyes of dead seal. His face was brown and cracked like old leather, and was covered with a crust of dirt; his gray-streaked hair was matted and straggled over his face; it teemed with lice. He held his knotty hands motionless over the flame of his lamp. His nails were long and curled like sharp talons. As Maisanguaq saw him he could not repress a shudder.

Sipsu was feared, and as correspondingly hated, by the tribe. They brought to him, it is true, offerings of musk ox meat and walrus blubber when members fell ill. But that was the urge of necessity. Of late years

Sipsu's conjurations for recovery had resulted in few cures; his heart was not in them; but with greater vehemence did he enter upon séances of malediction. With almost unerring exactness he prophesied many deaths. For this the tribe did not love him. Nor did Sipsu love the tribe; especially did he hate the youthful, and those who courted and were newly wed. When Maisanguaq touched his shoulder, he turned with a growl.

"Canst thou invoke the curse of death upon one who goes hunting upon the seas?"

Through the rheum of years Sipsu's eyes gleamed.

The aged, gnarled thing found voice. It was hollow and thin.

"Ha, thou art Maisanguaq," his toothless jaws chattered. "Thou bearest no one good will. Seldom dost thou smile. For this I like thee."

He laughed harshly. Maisanguaq impatiently repeated his question.

"Can Sipsu invoke the great curse? Ha, what dost thou mean? Art thou a fool? Have not many died upon the word of Sipsu, Sipsu whose spirits never desert him! Harken! Did not Sipsu go unto the mountains in his youth? Did he not hear the hill spirits speaking? Did he not carry food to them, and wood and arrow points for weapons? And in *ookiah* (winter) did they not strike? Did they not kill one Otaq, who hated Sipsu? Did Sipsu not go unto the lower land of the dead—did he not speak to those who freeze in the dark? Yea, did Sipsu not learn how the world is kept up, and the souls of nature are bound together? And hath he not the power to separate them, yea, as a man from his shadow?"

"Thou evil-tongued wretch, well does Maisanguaq believe thee! Here—I promise thee meat. I follow Ootah upon the chase. There are walrus on the sea. Invoke the curse of destruction upon Ootah—and I will give thee meat for the long winter."

"Ootah—Ootah—yah—hah! Ootah!" Sipsu snapped the name viciously. "With joy shall I bring the great evil unto Ootah. For hath he not despised my art, hath he not scoffed at my spirits! But thou—what reason hast thou to desire his death?"

"Ootah finds favor with Annadoah," said Maisanguaq briefly. "I would she never make his *kamiks* (boots)."

"Yea, and she shall not! She shall not!" the old man shrieked in a sudden access of rage. "So saith Sipsu, whose spirits never fail."

Lying on the floor Sipsu closed his eyes and, moving his head up and down, called repeatedly:

"*Quilaka Nauk! Quilaka Nauk!* Where are my spirits? Where are my spirits?"

Presently he rose, and swaying his body crooned:

"*Tassa quilivagit! Tassa quilivagit!* My spirits are here—they are here! *Tassa quilivagit!*"

Grasping a drum made of animal tissue strung over a rib-bone he began to dance. He beat a slow, uneasy measure on the drum. His face grinned hideously. His voice at times rose to a harsh shriek, then suddenly it trailed away until it seemed like the voice of one speaking very far off. In a curious sort of intermittent crooning and shrieking ventriloquism he called down curses upon Ootah. His dance increased; he beat the drum frenziedly. His legs twisted under him, he described short running circles and jumped up and down in periods of hysteria. His scraggy arms, with their tattered clothes, writhed in the air as he beat the drum above him. His head began to nod from side to side; his eyes glowed like coals; his tongue hung from his mouth; foam gathered at his lips.

"Ootah! Ootah! May his *kaneg* (head) swell with the great fire! May he see horrors that do not exist—what the wicked dead dream in their frigid hell! May the wrath of the spirits descend upon him! May the wrath of the spirits descend upon him!"

Sipsu uttered short howls. Maisanguaq joined in the incantation, and re-echoed the blighting curses.

"May he suffer from *kangerdlugpoq* (terrible body pains). May they end not! May he lie awake forever! May he never sleep! May his teeth chatter during the great dark!"

Sipsu groaned. He worked himself into an ecstasy of torture. His form became a black whirling figure in the dim tent.

"May Ootah's eyes close, may the lids swell; may they burn with fire."

"May he never see the light of day—may he never aim the arrow—may his harpoons strike forever in the darkness!"

Maisanguaq replied rancorously. "May the wrath of the spirits descend upon him!"

"May Ootah's tongue fasten to his mouth—may it be as the tongues of dead *ahmingmah* (musk oxen)," chanted Sipsu.

"May he never speak—may Annadoah never hear his voice," chorussed Maisanguaq.

"May Ootah lose his *pungo* (dogs); may they all die!"

Maisanguaq, caught by the evil contagion, began to sway his body in rhythm to the weird dance.

"May Ootah become a cripple! May he break his bones! May he lie helpless for years! May his shadow leave him! May he suffer with the greatest of all pains!"

As he uttered this terrible curse, desiring that Ootah's shadow, wherein exists the soul, might depart from his still-living body, and thus cause the most excruciating bodily anguish, Sipsu sank exhausted to the ground. He writhed in a paroxysm.

"May Ootah die slowly; may his legs die, may his hands die—yea, may the spirits of his body be severed from one another as ice fields in the breaking; may the spirit of his hands, the spirit of his feet, the spirit of his lungs, the spirit of his head, the spirit of his heart wander apart—may they be torn asunder as the clouds in a storm! May they wander apart forever seeking and may they never find themselves! May Ootah suffer as never suffered the unhappy dead!"

And Maisanguaq's deep voice growled hatefully:

"May Ootah's body lie unburied! May he rot upon the earth! May the ravens peck out his eyes! May a murderer drink his blood! May the wolves eat his heart! May the spirit of the fog grow fat upon his entrails! And may the spirits of his body scatter—as the clouds in the wild *anore* (winds) scatter! May his soul forever seek to find its kindred spirits unavailingly and suffer in *Sila* (throughout the universe) forever!"

From under a pile of skins Sipsu, his chant subsiding, brought forth a bundle of old bones; there were the bones of musk oxen, seals, walrus and smaller animals.

"Yah-hah-hah! I shall create a *tupilak*!" he crooned vindictively. "I shall create a *tupilak*! And from the depths of the waters the *tupilak* shall see Ootah. Hah-hah-hah! I shall create a *tupilak*, and from the hands of Sipsu it shall carry destruction to Ootah on the sea. Yah-hah-hah!" He laughed crazily. Continuing his chant he constructed of the

bones a crude likeness to an animal skeleton. Over this he sprinkled a handful of dried turf. Then, from beneath the cover of his bed he brought a stone pot and from it poured a sluggish red liquid over the strange object of his creation. This was a mixture of clotted animal blood and water kept for such purposes of conjuration. This done, he threw over the bones an aged sealskin. Then he rose to his feet, and in a low voice uttered the secret formulæ whereby, in the depths of the sea, the result of his labor should take the form of an artificial walrus.

Maisanguaq stood by silent, evil exultation shining in his eyes.

While Sipsu was moaning his spell over the pile of bones, Maisanguaq turned and left the tent. Out on the sea he saw the kayaks of his departing companions.

"Good luck, Maisanguaq, have courage in the chase! Remember Annadoah awaits you all!" Annadoah called blithely and coquettishly after him.

Maisanguaq's lips tightened, his heart leaped, but well he knew that he meant nothing to the maiden, well he knew what little chance he had, and envy filled him, and bitter doubt, for he knew Ootah's prowess, his strength of limb, and braveness of heart. However, he put out with quick powerful strokes, and with a sense of anticipated triumph, for he was confident that the magician by his necromancy had created in the depths of the sea a *tupilak*, or artificial walrus, which should attack Ootah. He knew it might upset Ootah's kayak and cause him to be drowned. The probabilities were, however, that it would permit itself to be harpooned, in which case its blighting curse would fall upon Ootah, who would lose all power and strength of limb, whose body would become bent and crippled and racked with the *kangerdlugpoq*, and who would die slowly, inch by inch. Thus, Ootah would be helpless the rest of his days and as he died all the dreadful horrors of the curses would come upon him.

As the midnight sun dipped below the horizon, the sea became more deeply golden. To the women watching along the shore, the multitude of kayaks became mere black specks. They disappeared now and then behind the crests of leaping waves, and reappearing moved with the swiftness of birds along the horizon.

At the door of her tent Annadoah stood, one hand shading her eyes as they pierced the radiant distance. From the mountain passes behind the village echoed the joyous howls of approaching dogs. Something stirred in the heart of Annadoah—something fluttered there like the wings of a frightened bird.

Ootah's paddle touched the water with the softness of a feather, yet so quickly that the double blades emitted constant flashes of light intermittently on either side. His arms moved with consummate ease. His kayak made a dark blurred line as it sped forward over the yellow waters. Soon he had outdistanced the party. Then his speed slackened, he glanced behind.

The other kayaks darted after him like erratic bugs. The land was a mere curve on the horizon; all about him the sea rose and fell, and from the shimmering mirror of every wave the sunlight shot backwards in various directions. A thousand golden searchlights seemed playing over the sea. Now and then through the coppery mists an emerald green berg loomed titanically, and as it slowly bore down upon him, Ootah would gracefully manipulate one end of his paddle and shift his kayak about while

the berg lurched toweringly onward. As he gained distance from the land the ocean swelled with increasing volume. His frail skin kayak was lifted high on the oily crests of waves, and as it descended with swift rushes, Ootah felt exultant thrills in his heart. Far away he heard a resounding explosion of ice bergs crushing. A low bellow arose from a floe immediately ahead. Ootah's blood leaped, the spirit of the hunter throbbed in his veins, his nostrils sensitively quivered. With a slow silent movement of the paddle, he prevented his kayak from going too great a distance forward in order to await the others. Judging by the sound of the muffled bellowing, he assumed that the great animals were sunning themselves on the southern ridge of the floe. His tactics were to paddle about to the north, land on the floe, and descend upon the walrus from the protection of the ridges of crushed ice which always abound on these rafts of the arctic sea. As he played with his oars, Ootah became conscious of disquieting things in the world about him.

In the heavens he saw low lying clouds moving slowly southward. Higher above, clouds moved more swiftly in another direction.

"The *quilanialeqisut* (air spirits) are not at rest," murmured Ootah. "O spirits of the air, what disturbs your ease?"

The clouds in the higher ether circled as if in an eddy of wind. Certainly the spirits were not at peace among themselves.

"Spirits of the air," spake Ootah, "waft your caresses to Annadoah's cheeks. Tell her Ootah waits to kill the walrus, that Ootah loves her and would make Annadoah his wife—*neuilacto* Annadoah; tell Annadoah Ootah presses his nose to hers and calls her *Mamacadosa* (of all things that which tastes the most delightful)."

A gust swept the clouds from the zenith. Still no breath of air touched the sea.

To the lee a group of small icebergs passed. They rocked and eddied, and from their glacial sides the light poured in changing colors.

"O spirit of the light, carry thy bright message to the eyes of Annadoah, tell her Ootah has loved her for many, many moons."

The bergs crashed into one another, and in the impact sank into the sea. Ootah bit his lips. A vague misgiving was cold within his heart.

A flock of gulls passed low over the waters.

He called to them—that they should take his love to Annadoah. They were to tell Annadoah that he would soon return, laden with food and fuel for the winter. Their raucous cries mocked him. He demanded what they meant. "Ootah—Ootah," they seemed to call, "how foolish thou art, Ootah, how foolish art thou to love Annadoah. For fickle is Annadoah—fickle, fickle the heart of the maiden Annadoah!"

Ootah shrieked an enraged defiance. His eyes sought the horizon. *Kokoyah*, the sea god, was breathing deeply, and in the mists which rose like fire-shot smoke before the sun, singular forms took shape. Ootah saw the magnified shadows of great dogs. They seemed to be dashing along the horizon. Then, with crushing strides, behind the adumbration a great sled, a Titan figure gathered substance in the clouds. It moved with terrific speed; it dominated the sky. Its dress was not that of the northern tribes. Ootah felt a resentful stirring, as, looking upwards, in the clouds overhead, a white face, hard, fierce, scowling, with burning blue eyes, momentarily appeared.

"A white warrior from the south," Ootah murmured. "And he comes with swift tread. What can it mean?"

In common with many primitive peoples, Ootah possessed the soul of a poet—nature was vocal with him, and the disembodied beings of other worlds made themselves manifest and spoke in the light and in the clouds. To him everything lived; the clouds were the habitation of spirits, the waves were alive, all the animals and fish possessed souls; the very winds were endowed with sex functions and loved and quarrelled among themselves. The interrelations of man and the forces of the universe were inseparably intimate and familiar; integral parts of one another, their destinies were bound together. And to Ootah nature found much to gossip about in the affairs of men.

Eagerly Ootah sought the clouds. Along the horizon they resolved themselves into a phantasmagoria of Eskimo maidens, and white men resembling the Danes who came each summer to gather riches of ivories and furs. And the Eskimo maidens and white men danced together. As these mirage-forms melted, Ootah glanced into the water by his side. Looking up from the ultramarine depths he saw something white. For an instant it assumed the likeness of the face of Annadoah. He saw her golden skin, her cheeks flushed with the pink of spring lichen blossoms, her lips red as the mountain poppies of late summer. He started back and called aloud:

“Annadoah! Annadoah!” For she had smiled cruelly and disdainfully. Hoarse laughter answered him—the laughter of white men from the south. A flock of hawks passed over the water. He was about to shout when he heard the swift sounds of kayaks behind him. He recalled himself and beckoned silence.

II

“The thought of Annadoah in the embrace of the big blond man, of her face pressed to his in the white men’s strange kiss of abomination, aroused in Ootah a sense of violation. . . . He heard Annadoah murmur tenderly, ‘Thou art a great man, thou art strong; thy arms hurt me, thy hands make me ache.’”

Slowly, with silent paddles, the hunters moved over the limpid waters to the north of the floe. On the far side they saw a horde of walrus bulls dozing in the sunlight. Behind a ridge of ice they landed, drawing their kayaks after them. With skin lassoes, harpoons and floats, the party crouched low and crept toward the prey. Thus they would be mistaken for other walrus by the unsuspecting animals. Ootah was ahead. Softly they all muttered the magic formulæ to prevent themselves from being seen:

“Nunavdlo sermitdlo-akorngakut-tamarnuga!” In the rear, his eyes evilly alight, Maisanguaq followed.

As they approached the herd they scattered. Along the edge of the floe lay about twenty monstrous animals, steam rising from their nostrils as they snorted in their slumber. There were a half dozen mother walrus with half-grown young about them. Now and then they sleepily opened their eyes and made low maternal noises.

Before the others realized what had happened, Ootah sprang toward a bull and delivered his harpoon. It rose in the air and roared deafeningly. Ootah struck a second time. The animal floundered in a pool of blood, whipping the floe furiously with its huge tail.

With a thunderous roar all the others leaped with one glide into the sea. The floe rocked, the water churned like a boiling cauldron. In a few minutes Ootah had despatched the beast. Standing erect, he gazed in de-

fiance at the clouds, at the distant gulls. He forgot the omens, and laughed with joy.

Not a moment was to be lost, however. Springing into their kayaks, the Eskimos put to sea. Now the battle began in earnest. Attacking enraged walrus in these frail skin boats is probably the most dangerous form of hunting in the world. At any moment an infuriated animal is liable to rise from the sea immediately beneath a kayak and upturn it. At any instant a gleaming ivory tusk may pierce the boat.

Forming a semi-circle on the water about the swimming herd, the fearless hunters sat in their tossing boats, one arm upraised ready to strike, the other manipulating the paddle. Whenever a whiskered head rose above the water one of the hunters let a harpoon descend. After each attack they waited breathlessly.

Tateraq suddenly let his arm descend—his harpoon point struck home. He shouted with joy—for he, too, sought Annadoah. Roaring with rage the lanced sea-horse dived into the deep. The foaming water became red with blood, and a few snorting, bellowing heads appeared. All about glared enraged, fiery eyes. The animals plunged and tossed furiously in the water—the savor of blood maddened them. They began a series of attacks upon the kayaks.

Alive to their danger the men kept an alert watch. As they saw the water seething in a streak as an animal raged toward them, they would skilfully shift their positions. The animal would rush snortingly by.

With dexterous movements of the paddle, Ootah playfully moved his kayak among the herd, in one hand his harpoon ready to strike. A feverish desire to make the greatest kill possessed him. Each time a hunter made an attack he felt a pang of anxiety—tense rivalry spurred the young hunters.

In the midst of the battle Arnaluk struck a beast. Ootah summoned all his skill, and dashed in succession after a number of appearing heads—he forgot his danger. Before the others realized it, he had killed two. Maisanguaq's harpoon went wild. He jealously watched Ootah and struck without skill, carried away by chagrin and rage. Eré made valiant attacks, for he, too, thought of Annadoah, but the walrus invariably went skimming from under his blows. Papik's harpoon glanced the backs of half a dozen. Finally it landed. He shouted with glee. The inflated floats attached to the harpoon lines bobbed crazily on the surface of the ensanguined waters as the animals tossed in their death struggles below.

Two white tusks appeared near Ootah's kayak. His arm cut the air—his harpoon sped into the water—an enraged bellow followed. He withdrew the handle, free of its line-attached metal point—the point, with the sinew, descended into the water. It had struck home.

Suddenly a cry went up. One of the natives waved his arms frantically. A great monster had risen by his kayak and fastened one of its tusks in the skin covering the boat from gunwale to gunwale. To strike it with the harpoon meant that it would plunge and capsize the boat. Crazy with excitement, the native began hissing and spitting in the beast's face.

"Lift his head!" cried Ootah, paddling near. "Lift—*tugaq!*—lift his tusk!"

"Lift his head!" echoed the others.

"*Aureti! Aureti!* Behave! Behave!" the panic-stricken man ludicrously shrieked at the animal.

Ootah paddled his kayak to the side of his companion's and, leaning

forward with a quick movement, threw a lasso over the animal's nose and under one tusk. With a terrific jerk of the body, he gave a backward pull—the walrus rose on the water, the kayak was freed of the tusk and slipped away. With a roar the animal sank into the sea. A number now rose angrily about Ootah's kayak—he harpooned right and left. They were bent upon a combined assault.

Ootah warded off the attacking bulls on all sides with his harpoon. The air trembled with infuriated calls, the animals were insane with brute rage. The other natives, alarmed, paddled to a safe distance and watched the unequal conflict. While Ootah manipulated his harpoons, Maisanguaq, in the shelter of the floe, watched him with eager eyes.

He saw Ootah, with almost superhuman dexterity, striking constantly. Repeatedly he had to renew the metal points on his weapon-handle. One by one the animals gave up the attack and dispersed, until only an obdurate bull remained. The battle between man and beast continued. Finally Ootah let the harpoon fly with full strength. It struck the animal near the heart. Ootah uncoiled the free line attached to the harpoon point quickly—and the walrus, weighing three thousand pounds, plunged with the impetus of a bulk of iron into the sea. Then a strange thing happened.

The pan-shaped drag, attached to the long line securing the harpoon which Ootah had driven into the animal, became entangled in the lashings on the forepart of Ootah's kayak. Leaning forward, Ootah tried to disentangle it. He feared that the beast, in its struggle, might drag all his weapons and paraphernalia into the sea. He felt it tugging at the line which he held securely while he unknotted the tangle. While he was doing this Maisanguaq saw the beast rise to the surface of the water not far from Ootah and describe a quick circle about his kayak. Before he realized it, the leather line had wrapped itself about under Ootah's chest. It took but a minute for the animal to circle the boat—then it plunged.

Maisanguaq saw Ootah struggle to release himself; then he saw the kayak tilt as the hunter was drawn, by the mighty impetus of the plunging sea-horse, into the water. He heard Ootah's cry—saw the blood red waters seethe. Then the kayak righted itself—it was empty.

A murmur of dismay rose from the others. "The *tupilak!* the *tupilak!*" Maisanguaq exultantly murmured, his eyes alight. "Happy *angakoq!* Thou shalt have much of Ootah's meat!"

Over the spot where Ootah sank the sun flamed. The water seethed with the threshing of the animals beneath the sea. Ootah's float finally rose. The natives watched breathlessly for the reappearance of Ootah. The float bobbed up and down as the animal's death struggles beneath the water subsided.

Maisanguaq, looking at the floats which marked the dead animals, called out:

"Ootah hath won Annadoah—hah-hah-hah! Hah! Ootah hath won Annadoah only to lose her! We shall take Ootah's catch to Annadoah, but Ootah sleeps. Ootah hath gone to taste the water in the country of the dead! Hah-hah!"

At that moment Maisanguaq nearly fell from his kayak.

"Methinks thou wilt perhaps join the fishes first, friend Maisanguaq," a familiar voice laughed joyously behind him.

Maisanguaq's face became livid with dismay. Had the *angakoq* failed? And why?

Turning, he saw Ootah, not far away, clambering from the water onto the floe. He was unscathed by the mishap—the water even had not penetrated his skin garments. A joyous cry arose from the hunters as they saw him running to and fro, working his arms to get up circulation. Noting Maisanguaq's scowling face, Ootah twitted him:

"Laugh, friend Maisanguaq," he said, "for winter comes and then thy teeth will chatter." Maisanguaq scowled deeply—Ootah's blithesome remarks filled him with rancor.

"Peace, Maisanguaq. Methinks thou, too, lovest Annadoah," continued Ootah kindly. "Therefor, I bear thee no spite! For who cannot love Annadoah? *Ka—ka!* Come—come!" Shaking the water from him, he bade the others tow his kayak to the floe.

Ootah entered his kayak. The struggles of the walrus had subsided, and only two skin floats bobbed feebly on top of the waves. The hunters now strung series of kayaks together with strong leather ropes, three skin boats being attached in a catamaran. Taking up the leather floats one by one, to the rear kayak of each series the hunters fastened the harpoon lines which secured the prey. Thus the animals were towed slowly ashore.

Altogether eight walrus had been secured; four of these had fallen to the skill of Ootah. Ootah sang for joy. Again he had achieved distinction on the hunt, and so, with all the better chances of success, he believed he might pursue his suit for the hand of Annadoah. With powerful, steady strokes of their oars the hunters, in their processions of kayaks, towed the walrus through the sea shoreward. They joined unrestrainedly in Ootah's hunting chant. Only Maisanguaq was silent.

Now and then, unable to restrain his genuine joy, Ootah sang his love to the clouds, the waves, the winds.

"O winds, O happy winds, speed my message to Annadoah!" he called. "Tell her that I return with the food of the sea! O spirits of the air, breathe to her that Ootah's heart hungers for her as starving *ahmingmah* desire green grass in winter time. O happy, happy waters, I return to Annadoah with food and fuel for winter—say Ootah *neuilacto*—would wed—Annadoah. Tell her Ootah calls her *Mamacadosa!*"

The others, although disappointed in being outwon, in spontaneous recognition of his superior feat, chimed a chorus of congratulations. Suddenly Maisanguaq gleefully pointed a significant finger to the sky.

"*Pst!*" he said.

A black guillemot, an omen of evil, passed over Ootah's head.

By all the immemorial customs of their people, because of the established preëminence of his prowess, Ootah should now find favor in the eyes of Annadoah. Scarce seventeen summers had passed over Annadoah's head and of wooers she had a score. The young hunters, not only of her own tribe, but of others far south sought her hand. The fame of her beauty and skill had travelled far. None, it was said, equalled her dexterity in plaiting sinew thread; none cut and sewed garments as this maid with tender child's hands. She made weapons, she brewed marvellous broths. Since the death of her parents she had served the tribe with her skill. Yet, as the summers passed, she remained carefree and to all her suitors shook her head. "Become a great chief," she would say. "Win in the games, bring back the musk oxen, then perhaps Annadoah will listen." Each summer the young men pursued the hunt with the hope of becoming chief hunter among the tribesmen. But for three summers Ootah had won sig-

nally above them all. To the remote regions of their world the name of Ootah was whispered with awe. Ootah carried off honors in the muscle-tapping and finger-pulling matches; he outdistanced all rivals in kayak races on the sea; he left everyone behind on perilous sled journeys to the inland mountains. Of every living animal on land and sea he had killed, and in quantity of game he excelled them all. Only of late had Annadoah listened with some degree of favor to his pleadings. In the days of want he brought blubber to her for fuel, and provided her with meat. And she was grateful. Perhaps her heart stirred, but she feared the quiet passion of Ootah, and by a perverse feminine instinct she resented a tenderness so gentle that it seemed almost womanly. Now that winter was approaching and when food was scarce, it was inevitable that Annadoah should wed. And now that Ootah in the quest of the walrus had killed the greatest number, none doubted that he should be chosen.

As the kayaks approached the village an unexpected sight greeted the eyes of the hunters.

Along the shore, the women of the tribe and strange men were dancing.

Before the village tents they were gathered in groups. While the elder women of the tribe beat a savage dance on membrane drums, the chubby-bodied maidens, dressed in fur trousers, swayed in the arms of the foreigners.

As the boats approached the shore, the natives recognized the visitors. They were one of a half dozen parties of Danish traders who came north yearly from Uppernavik to gather the results of the season's hunt. Their visit meant an untold distribution of wealth among the tribe, for they brought needles, knives, axes, guns, ammunition, and in return secured a fortune in furs and ivory tusks. They also doled out tea, biscuits, matches, tobacco, thread, and gaudy handkerchiefs beloved by the women. Their coming had not been expected this season because of the dearth of game.

The men in the boats shouted to one another joyously. Only Ootah felt a heavy sinking at his heart. He saw the big blonde-bearded men chucking the little women under their chins. Their method of kissing was strange and repugnant to him. Accustomed only to the chaste touching of a maiden's face, the kiss of the white men he instinctively regarded as unnamably unclean. He resented their freedom with the women. But, children of the heart and brain, primitive, innocent, the women did not understand the white men's strange behavior. And the husbands, not comprehending, did not care. A gun, ammunition, a few boxes of matches—these constituted wealth in value exceeding a wife.

Now and then Ootah saw some of the visitors raising flasks to their lips. Then their hilarity rang out more boisterously.

When they saw the boats approaching the shore the strangers shouted. The hunters replied. Only Ootah remained silent. Disapproving of the spectacle, his thoughts were busier elsewhere; his heart glowed.

"Ho, ho, what there?" some called.

"*Aveq soah*," Maisanguaq replied.

"Jolly for you!" shouted a Newfoundland sailor, whom Ootah recognized as having been in the region with some sportsmen from far away America several years before.

As they danced the visitors broke into the fragments of a wild sailor's chorus.

When they had finished, the Newfoundlander, a tall, tough, red-faced whaler, drank again from his flask and strode to the shore.

"Come on up—bring 'er in—that's right."

Ootah and his companions landed. Tugging at the leather lines they drew the walrus one by one from the water to the ice. In these monstrous palpitating black bodies were tons of food and fuel. Without wasting time, they fell to their task and dressed the animals. Meanwhile sleds were brought from the tents and the masses of steaming meat and blubber were loaded. While the natives were thus busily engaged, the half-drunken Newfoundlander strode about uttering great oaths. The strangers' dogs, attracted by the meat, with shrill howling descended to the ice and surrounded the sled-loads of blubber. Ootah seized an oar and beat them away.

"What the —— d'ye mean?" the Newfoundlander demanded. "You beat our dogs? Eh? Get away, damn you!" He lifted his fist above Ootah. His face purpled. Ootah raised his lithe body, his muscles quivered like drawn rubber. His black eyes flashed proud defiance.

"You'd fight me, eh?—you defy me, you —— heathen!"

His hand descended. Beyond the drum beaters ceased, the dancers turned—a surprised cry went up.

Ootah drew back, his face flushed. There was a red spot on his cheek where the white man's fist had struck. He felt a sense of momentary terror. The white men's methods of fighting were unfamiliar to the natives. A blow from the fist is a thing unknown among them. Ootah drew away—the bullying Newfoundlander followed.

"You'd beat our dogs, eh? Well, I'll show you, you oily husky!"

He called the dogs, and stooping to the treasured mass of blubber threw a great mass to the howling animals.

"Ha! ha! ha! guess you thought you were smart, eh?" A second team of dogs, released from their tethering, came wildly dashing shoreward. The whaler seized another mass of meat and flung it to the animals.

Ootah felt a flush of fierce indignation rise within him. His food for the winter, whereby he hoped to win Annadoah, that which might keep away the wolves of starvation, was being wantonly wasted. He saw his companions cowering at the sight of the white man—he drew himself erect. He saw the Newfoundlander turn and shout to his companions on the shore. Ootah thought of the saying, "Strike thy enemy when his back is turned." He seized a heavy harpoon handle, made of a great narwhal tusk, and swinging it high struck the Newfoundlander a terrific blow on the head. He fell senseless to the earth, his face bleeding. Half stunned he tried to struggle to his feet, but Ootah leaped upon him, and, as was ethical in the native method of fighting, trampled him into insensibility. The man lay unconscious, his face bleeding effusively.

Without a word Ootah continued loading his share of the game onto his sleds. Attracted by the attack, the other members of the trading party descended and surrounded the fallen man.

"Nice trick, eh?" laughed one. "Sam got his all right. 'Minds him right for being so d—— fresh." They surveyed Ootah. "Slick little devil," one said, handing Ootah his gun.

"Take it, son," he said, with maudlin magnanimity. "You've got nerve!"

Ootah smiled bashfully. "Later," he replied.

The white half-drunken traders, laughing at what they considered a clever trick, carried their companion into one of the tents and poured brandy into his mouth. Then they left him lying alone, half sodden, and

returned to the shore. Some watched the natives working, while others clasped the native maidens in their arms and danced. Half afraid of the whites, flattered by their attentions, and extremely embarrassed, the little women jumped and danced in the visitors' arms.

Papik finally drew his single sledge load of walrus toward his tent. He had been rejected repeatedly, but now—with a load of blubber—he knew he could not afford to miss the opportunity of seeking a wife.

"Ahningnetty! Ahningnetty!" he hailed a chubby maiden who, breaking from the arms of one of the white men, was seen running toward her shelter.

"What wouldst thou, Papik?" she called.

"Papik would speak with thee. Ookiah, winter, comes, and his teeth are sharp. They will bite thee with pangs of hunger, and the meat Papik brings will make joyful Papik's wife."

Ahningnetty, summoning some of the other maidens, surveyed Papik's load of blubber.

"Truly, as he saith, there is little food, and happy will be Papik's wife," said one.

"But when thy blubber is gone with what shalt thou provide her?" asked Ahningnetty.

"Perchance the bears will come," Papik said. "And skilful is Papik's hand with the lance."

"But thy hand is long, Papik, and long fingers soon lose their skill."

"But thou art chubby—yea," said Papik admiringly—"thou art fat as the mother bears after a fat summer, and thy body is warm; it giveth heat; Papik would give thee food, and thou shalt keep him warm during the long winter."

The maiden smiled delightedly. For, as Papik indicated, whereas a man may admire a slimmer beauty during the summer, when the long night comes a maiden fat and chubby is a wife to be prized. For, not only can she live longer without food than a thin maiden, but the radiation of her body is an economic asset which is to be prized.

"But alas, thy nose is long, Papik," she said, shaking her head.

And the others chorused:

"Long nose, short life! Long nose—short life! Long nose—short life!" In anger Papik struck the offending member, and drawing his sledge after him proceeded toward his tent.

Assisted by a number of the natives, Ootah, smiling, exultant, drew five sled-loads of blubber up over the ice toward Annadoah's tupik. With their comparatively meagre portions the others followed. To Annadoah Ootah meant to show the spoils of his quest. To her he desired to present the greater portion of the riches he had by his prowess secured. Here was meat to serve them during the long winter, and in that region the catch was a priceless fortune. Surely Annadoah could not refuse him now. He had proved himself beyond question the chief hunter of the tribe. His eyes filled, his temples excitedly throbbed. He felt a greater joy than that the natives feel when the sun dawns after the long night. In his heart pulsed the sweet song of spring's first ineffable bird.

Not far from Annadoah's tent he paused. About him the natives, wondering, admiring, had gathered. He turned to them; he felt a strength, a dignity, an assertion he had never experienced before. His voice rose in a happy, ingenuously proud chant of exultation:

"From the bosom of *Nerrvik* have I not brought food for the long

winter; yea, have I not for many moons sought to win in the chase that I might claim Annadoah? Annadoah! Annadoah!"

"Yea, that thou mightest claim Annadoah! Thou art the strongest hunter of the tribe," the natives rejoicingly chorussed.

"Did I not win in the muscle-tapping games?" he sang. "Did I not speed the arrow as none other—did I not speed the arrows as the birds fly?"

"Yea," they replied, "thou didst speed the arrow with the skill of the happy dead playing in the aurora—over the earth as the birds fly didst thou send the arrows. Strong is thy arm, Ootah."

Not far away some of the natives, joining in the chorus, began beating drums. The white men hilariously drank from bottles and joined in the merry dances.

"Did I not call the walrus and seal from the sea—as none other? Have I not lured the caribou from their hidden lair? Have I not enticed the birds, the foxes, the tiny hares by my calls—as none other of the tribes?"

In succession Ootah uttered imitations of the calls of the walrus bulls, the female caribou, the hares, and cries of the various birds.

"Have I not held converse with the animals of the land, the birds of the air, and shall I not one day perchance comb the hair of *Nerrvik* in the sea!"

The drums beat more loudly; the dancers hopped and leaped. The chorus replied:

"Thou lurest the walrus and seal from the sea, thou enticest the caribou, *ahmingmah* and birds unto thee! Thou hast learned the language of nature, and the happy spirits are kind to thee! Marvellous is thy power, Ootah."

And in the chorus, deep, hoarse, sneeringly ironical rang the words of Maisanguaq:

"Marvellous is thy power, Ootah," and his low bitter laughter followed.

The white men began to sing as they danced with the chubby women. In couples they rocked to and fro.

"Have I not killed of all the birds of the air, the animals of the land and sea! Have I not observed the customs of the august dead? Have I done aught to bring misfortune to the tribe?"

In spontaneous recognition of his preëminence the young men freely yielded Annadoah. Only Maisanguaq felt bitter.

Ootah summoned his helpers and the sleds of blubber were drawn to the immediate entrance of Annadoah's tent. He seemed to step upon air. His heart bounded.

"Annadoah! Annadoah!" he called. "Ootah waits thee. Ootah hath brought thee treasure from the depths of the sea. Strong is the arm and brave is the heart of Ootah when the arm strikes and the heart beats with the thought of thee."

Seeing him there, the natives ceased dancing. The white men, curious, drew near the tent.

As he stood there, his head erect, proud, expectant, he became conscious of a sudden ominous silence on the part of his companions. Some distance away the women were whispering to one another, and above, in the sky, circled the black guillemot.

"Annadoah," he softly called.

Only the hawk replied.

"Annadoah, I bring thee my love, as constant as my shadow! I bring thee riches! Ootah would give thy couch new furs and caress thee."

From the brown, weather-worn sealskin tent came the murmurous sound of voices. Ootah heard the voice of Annadoah—and that of another.

The black bird in the sky screamed.

Not far distant in the tent of the *angakoq* Ootah heard the low disquieting sound of a drum beaten in some malevolent incantation.

His heart sank as heavily as a dead walrus sinks in the sea.

Something stifled him. Then the flap of the tent parted and Annadoah stepped forth, her head tossed haughtily, her beautiful eyes flashing.

"Get hence," she said. "Thou art a boy, thy tongue is that of a boy. Thou art soft—thou hast the heart of a woman."

"Annadoah . . ." Ootah's voice wailed. The stretch of shore seemed to heave and writhe. He put out his hands as if to ward off a blow.

Behind Annadoah, at the door of the tent, the form of a man stooped. As he emerged, Ootah saw he was taller than Annadoah's tent. His shoulders were broad and massive. His face, bronzed by the burning sun, was like tanned leather, hard, wrinkled; his expression was as grim as graven stone. His large blue eyes glittered with the coldness of flint. His hair and long curling moustache were blonde. Ootah recognized "*Olafaksoah*"—Olaf, the great white trader—whom he had seen two seasons before at a southern village. He was noted for his brutality and hard bargaining.

"What's all the noise about?" he growled. His voice was deep and gruff.

Ootah staggered back.

"Annadoah, Annadoah," he moaned softly, supporting himself on the upstander of his loaded sled.

Olafaksoah strode forward with great steps, scowling. He critically surveyed the loads of blubber and gleaming walrus tusks.

"Good haul, boy—good haul! Game's been pretty scarce all along the coast. It's lucky we got here in time, eh, comrades? What'll you take"—he turned to Ootah—"I don't know your name." He spoke in broken Eskimo.

"Ootah," Annadoah whispered, "that is his name. Ha-ha, thou callest him a boy." Ootah winced.

Olafaksoah, with heavy strides, passed down the line of sledges. Turning to his men, he called:

"Bring the junk."

A sled of matches, needles, tea, biscuits, knives, tin cups, a few hatchets, and several guns and cases of ammunition, was brought. While these were unloaded a half-dozen eager natives hastened into their tents and hurriedly brought out their portions of the precious preserved skins and ivories of the meagre summer hunt. Clamorous, insistent, they presented these to Olafaksoah. They clustered around him so that he could not walk. Ootah watched as the bargaining began. He saw Annadoah clinging near the white trader. A number of the white men began dickering down the line with Arnaluk.

"Load blubber—one tin cup—box black powder."

Arnaluk shook his head. Olafaksoah cuffed him with his fist. The timid native did not have the courage to resent this brutality.

"What d'ye want, you greedy savage—two boxes matches!"

"Two boxes matches—one box shooting fire—one tin cup."

Still he could not be persuaded to part with the precious meat. Olafaksoah swore and shook his fists. Fearful of offending the stranger, the women joined in and shrieked at Arnaluk, urging him to consent.

Unprotesting, he let them draw away his sled of blubber and tusks. He had a tin cup, matches and cartridges—which he could not eat.

"Rotten lot," Olafaksoah said to Papik, surveying his single catch of a young walrus.

"Two boxes fire-powder," said Olafaksoah. Papik refused. Olafaksoah browbeat him in a high voice. Finally he kicked him. "One case needles." He called Papik's mother and chucked her under the chin. She smiled at him, awed, flattered, half-afraid. Papik parted with his load for a box of ammunition and a few needles. In exchange for stuff of trifling value the white men secured by their method of threatening bargaining, loads of blue and white fox skins, caribou hides, and walrus and narwhal tusks which the natives had previously preserved. One man parted with five tusks, worth as many hundred dollars, for two gaudy handkerchiefs for his wife. Another gave several exquisite fox skins for a plug of tobacco. When they demanded more biscuits, tobacco or matches than were offered, Olafaksoah frightened them with threats. Yet they hung about him, eager for the almost worthless barter, for the time being valuing a box of crackers and allotments of tea more than their substantial supply of walrus meat. Finally the leader paused before Ootah's loaded sledges.

"What'll you take—a gun, fire-powder?"

Ootah shook his head.

Olafaksoah had recourse to his stock-in-trade of oaths, and told his men to bring a gun, two hatchets, ammunition.

Ootah was still obdurate. The natives' voices arose murmurously, for they felt it was not well to offend the strangers. During future seasons they might not come again, as they threatened, with ammunition and guns.

"Bring some crackers—tea," Olafaksoah paused. Ootah watched Annadoah nestling near the "white trader." He had forgotten all about the sledges of meat. He did not hear Olafaksoah. He still continued shaking his head.

"I'll be liberal with you, sonny," Olafaksoah indulgently increased his offer.

Six more boxes of ammunition, more tea and crackers were added to the pile.

Ootah again mechanically shook his head. Amid all of those about him, he saw only the face of Annadoah, golden as sunlight and pink as the lichen blossoms of spring. Through her open *ahhtee*, or fur garment, he saw her breasts as tender as those of eider-feathered birds. The sight of her melted his heart, the streams of spring were loosened within him. Yet, with an agonized pang, he observed her gaze adoringly and eagerly at the tall stranger's hard face; he saw her quiver at the sound of his harsh, gruff voice. Olafaksoah's brutal masculinity for the time dominated the shrinking femininity of the girl. Ootah saw Annadoah beseechingly, almost fawningly, touch the white chief's horny hand. Olaf, the trader, was oblivious to this.

"Greedy, eh? Well, we need the meat! If we're goin' to stay here

to chance hunting our dogs got to be fed!" More supplies were brought. Still Ootah did not speak.

The white chief presently gazed hard at Ootah. Then his eyes brightened with amused mirth. He saw the despairing, yearning gaze of the youth toward the girl he had selected to favor.

"Ha, ha, ha!" he laughed mirthfully. "I see. I've keel-hauled your Romeo stunt, eh? Want the stuff?" He kicked the supplies interrogatively.

Ootah sadly shook his head. He dully heard the vulgar gibes of the white men and the mocking laughter of Maisanguaq.

One of the natives began beating a drum. Ootah giddily caught an evanescent vision of women dancing with reeling traders. He heard Olafaksoah as he entered Annadoah's tent laughing heartily.

The thought of Annadoah in the embrace of the big blond man, of her face pressed to his in the white men's strange kiss of abomination, aroused in Ootah a sense of violation, an instinctive repugnance akin to the horror a native feels for the dead. All the ardent hopes of his life for many moons had centred upon his bringing the results of a successful hunt to Annadoah and asking her to share his igloo, to become his wife. And now, in his hour of high victory, after everyone else had acclaimed him, he was crushed.

A fervid fever seemed to take fire in his forehead and flush his veins, yet his heart was colder than ice, his hands and feet were cold. He felt as though some one were strangling him; he felt giddy, suddenly sick. At that moment he was too stunned to realize fully the blighting tragedy which had annihilated his hopes.

Nearby in her tent he heard Annadoah's voice, sweet as the song of buntings.

"Olafaksoah, Olafaksoah," he heard her murmur tenderly, "thou art a great man. Thou art strong. Thy arms hurt me, thy hands make me ache." Then Ootah heard the man's hard voice and Annadoah's repressed murmurs of mingled pain and delight. The day became black about him. He felt that he must get away; a wild madness to run seized him. He felt the impetus of the winds in his feet. Turning on his heel, his face to the north-west, he fled.

In the sky overhead the black guillemot screamed.

[*To be continued*]

EDITORIAL NOTES

The Election and the People

THE political prophets have made their prophecies, and are waiting for the event to justify them. With curious unanimity, they have discovered that their own favorites are the favorites of the public, in spite of every indication that might deceive the obtuse or the faint-hearted. They have foreseen what they desire, and will in due time receive what they deserve. The candidates themselves have done their best, or their worst, according to the viewpoint of the observer; and the issue is now in the keeping of the people. For, big business and the bosses notwithstanding, the people still have the final word in the matter of their own government. They cannot be exploited without their own consent. They cannot be misgoverned without their own consent. Nor, on the other hand, can they secure a just, enlightened and progressive government, without their own consent, and their own resolution. And without a just, enlightened and progressive government, there is no true democracy.

The people have too often allowed themselves to be flattered, and flouted. They have been satisfied with the appearance of power, parting too easily with the substance. But both the appearance and the substance are theirs, if they wish; and with them, the responsibility. For where the power is, there is the responsibility. And where the responsibility lies, there lies also the accusation—if accusation be demanded by the abuse of power and the neglect of responsibility.

* * *

FAR too often, when fault has been found with the government of this country; when the decay of the republican spirit has been denounced, and the decay of the Republic foretold; the blame has been placed at the doors of certain men or types of men—financiers, political bullies, public defrauders. The blame may stay there, undisowned: but the greater blame, and the greater shame, is with the people who have chosen their

masters, and submitted to the whip. It is idle for them to cry out, or seek comfort in vague promises of a "square deal" from professional politicians. Only the people can give the people a square deal; and it is time that the people recognized the fact; recognized their complete responsibility for the mistakes of the past, and their complete authority to provide for a new and better order in the future.

* * *

THERE are many who sneer at democracy as a system of government, counting it a proven failure, and the inevitable precursor of an oligarchy or dictatorship, avowed or concealed. There are others who are losing faith, seeing the feeble practice that discredits the firm theory. It is for the people themselves to silence criticism and establish their right to self-government, by proving that they can exercise that right worthily. The insincere have told them that they have already done so. If they believe this, if they believe that democracy can stand squarely on its past achievements, then democracy is condemned, and the experiment is finished. But if, seeing their faults and knowing the difficulties before them, they will forsake boastfulness and false confidence and undertake the business of government seriously and carefully, listening neither to the demagogue nor to the reactionary, learning from the past yet looking steadily to the future, then they may redeem themselves from the stigma that rests upon them. For there *is* a stigma; and it is little credit to those on whom it rests that they have so long failed to see it.

* * *

TOO long, far too long, have the people been flattered and cajoled, so that abuses have grown up, and tyranny has flaunted itself, that would not have been endured for many days by men in whom the spirit of the Fathers endured. The institutions that those Fathers devised and bequeathed to us, still preserve their outward form and semblance; but the power that gave them vitality, though not yet extinct, is enfeebled and vitiated. The men who revolted against a King and a Parliament beyond the seas, would not have tolerated the Murphys and similar parasites who have fastened themselves on the home soil, and, with

a pretence of cheap benevolence toward their dupes and dependents, prey openly on the country and the people that have given them a welcome and a career, and received in return contempt. For these are not Americans, though technically they may claim the name. No man is an American,—though he trace his ancestry from the first Pilgrims,—who is alien from the American spirit, alien from the American character, alien from the American conception of honor and fidelity to trust. Yet the land is flooded with such aliens, placed or maintained in power by those whom they cajole and defraud.

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IT would seem incredible that a Tammany boss, with the degradation of public life and the systematic spoliation that he openly stands for, should even now be a factor in politics, presuming to discuss conditions, or to attempt to discuss conditions, with men of fine character and integrity. It would seem incredible that the people, who cannot claim inexperience in public affairs, should tolerate, throughout the length and breadth of the country, corruption or gross incompetence in their local or State governments. It is not that they are ignorant of the facts; they have seen, and they have been told, and re-told. But they are so familiar with false standards and criminal corruption, that few scandals can hold their attention for more than the passing moment. The keenness of the sensation is rapidly dulled, and with it, all spasmodic desire for reform. They are experts in forgetfulness, experts in tolerating the intolerable. It is a strange state of affairs that in a free country even educated men should shrug their shoulders at the revelation of some new knavishness, saying merely that such conditions have always prevailed, and always will prevail; that no man can fight the octopus of corruption. Not in such a spirit was this Republic founded, and not in such a spirit can it be continued and justified. Corruption must go, if democracy is to remain. And the first step is to discontinue the old lies to the people, and tell them the truth: that it is they, and they only, who have established and now maintain the vicious system of government by professionals, for professionals, against the people. But it is the people themselves who are entirely responsible. Let them grasp that fact:

let them remember that it is not measures, or men, nostrums or palliatives, that we want; but common sense, and a public opinion that insists upon decency and will not tolerate shams. In this spirit let them exercise their rights of citizenship at the election, and vote, not for names and shibboleths, but for the principles that those names stand for: and if, on any ticket, there is a name that stands unquestionably for integrity, ability, and a high conception of public duty, then let them vote, not in accordance with hard-and-fast party prejudices, but in accordance with the dictates of patriotism and the imperative demand for rational reform.

President Taft

PRESIDENT TAFT goes to the country with a far better record than is generally recognized. He has been a normal Republican President, harassed by abnormal conditions and by an unprecedented personal attack. He has gone steadily on his way, making mistakes, but not neglecting the business of the nation or lowering the traditions of his party. He has not proved a magnetic leader, or shown the wide vision and indomitable resolution of the great statesman; but, at the end of his administration, he leaves the country prosperous and, on the whole, appreciative. He has been accused of weakness, and has justified the accusation; yet, as his personality becomes better understood, he is credited with firmness as well as patience, with integrity and courtesy, with the habit of industry and a preference for common sense as opposed to rodomontade. He has had valuable administrative experience; he has introduced some useful reforms; he has enforced the law without assuming the right to interpret it to suit his personal whims; and he has maintained the tariff while opening the way to a sufficient reduction based on proper investigation. He will no doubt be supported by the majority of his party and by a large number of those who are reluctant to exchange a tried and balanced administration for an administration of innovations and unrest, with the consequent commercial depression. If he were regarded now as he may be regarded in the near future, he would not be fighting a losing campaign.

Theodore Roosevelt

COLONEL ROOSEVELT is handicapped by himself, and by his associates: for, with few exceptions, he has failed to secure such supporters as Oscar Straus, of New York—men who by their own personal following would add to the prestige of the party. The ex-President has still many friends; some sincere, hoping for progress; others merely carried away by the unusual personal magnetism of their leader. But he has lost all chance of support from the majority of reasonable men.

It is not pleasant to criticise severely one who has just been the victim of a lunatic's mania; but personal sympathy cannot be allowed to interfere with a definite public duty. Colonel Roosevelt has ability and aggressiveness; but it is travestying words to maintain that he has sincerity. He must be judged by his actions. A professed Republican, he has attempted to wreck his party rather than forgo a Presidential nomination: not until the regular nomination had eluded his grasp, did he discover any need whatever for a new party. A professed friend of Mr. Taft, he has attacked him with unexampled virulence—whether from a sense of public duty, or from thwarted personal ambition, the public may decide without much difficulty. Ashamed to admit that he had changed his opinions, as a man may legitimately do, he attempted to explain away specific statements that no one could possibly twist from their clear and intended meaning. He has adopted a platform of opportunism, constructed for vote-catching purposes. He has indorsed votes for women, in the hope of securing their support. He did not indorse votes for women when he was the undisputed leader of the Republican party, and did not need the support of the women.

Colonel Roosevelt will receive the votes of some malcontents and some enthusiasts from all parties; he will be supported by some genuine progressives, who are willing to ignore his record and trust to his promises; and he will be followed blindly by a large number of personal adherents, who want Rooseveltism, without knowing or caring what Rooseveltism may mean. It may mean progress: yet no one has a right to expect progress from a one-man party and a one-man government. Whether it

might mean a dictatorship, none can say—least of all, Colonel Roosevelt himself. For he has gone so far, in the wrong direction, from his original standpoint, that he cannot now foretell anything about his attitude in the future—except that it will be dictated by personal considerations.

Woodrow Wilson

WOODROW WILSON received the nomination of his party after a protracted and bitter struggle. He was not the one outstanding figure, the inevitable standard-bearer. He went to the convention at Baltimore with a brief political record, and an academic reputation. Many of the rank and file of his party were unfamiliar with his personality, unsure of his ability as a leader, distrustful of his scholastic qualifications and associations. But since the nomination, the qualities that were known to his friends have become known more and more widely in the country. He has shown a definite and unusual capacity for leadership; he has already dissipated any ideas that he might prove a mere figurehead, to be manipulated at the pleasure of the professionals. He has shown strength, dignity, tact. He has inspired his own party with confidence, and his opponents with distrust of their chances in the election.

It is true that he would go to the White House without long administrative experience; yet such experience as he has gained as Governor of New Jersey should not be under-valued, while his exceptional knowledge of the theory and practice of government would stand him in good stead. It is as idle to depreciate such expert knowledge as it would be to decry technical training in any branch of industry or art. For government is both a business and an art. The real danger, perhaps, is not that Mr. Wilson would prove ineffective and plastic; but that he would be too resolute, too autocratic. But he belongs, if he may be judged by his public actions and utterances, to the type which does not repeat mistakes; which is willing to learn, slow to forget; the type which does not go backward, but forward; which expands as the environment widens.

Here, at least, is no impulsive boy or querulous egotist. He

leads his party at the floodtide of its fortunes; and throws into the scale unquestioned integrity and high character. He has also the gift that is very closely allied to genius—the gift of success.

His chief weakness may be in the settlement of the dangerous and difficult tariff problem. The great majority of business men will not readily permit any tampering with the policy that has apparently been justified by the country's prosperity. Yet there is undoubtedly a strong demand from the consumer for the reduction of excessive rates, for a revision that, while protecting American labor, will remove the abuses of unchecked monopoly. It may be taken for granted that free trade is out of court as a practical issue. The question is whether the experiment shall be tried of revising the tariff on rational, and in some cases, on radical, lines, or whether the country will be satisfied with the more meagre reductions of the Taft administration.

Mr. Wilson will have practically the united support of his own party; for few sensible Democrats will waste votes on the third-term candidate in order to strengthen Mr. Taft's chances of re-election. On the other hand, some Republicans, dissatisfied with the present régime, will vote for Mr. Wilson; while many others who would regard the victory of Colonel Roosevelt as a catastrophe, will deliberately support the Democratic candidate, not because they necessarily prefer him to Mr. Taft, but because they regard the President as a losing candidate, and therefore accept Mr. Wilson as the only alternative to Rooseveltism.

The probabilities are that Mr. Wilson will win easily in the triangular contest, but will fail to secure the necessary majority in the Electoral College, so that he will have to wait for formal election by the House of Representatives.

THE FORUM

FOR DECEMBER 1912

THE CRISIS IN THE MEDITERRANEAN

ROLAND G. USHER

A GREAT crisis in international affairs is approaching. England and her allies, among whom is the United States, are facing a situation quite as grave as when the first ships of the Spanish Armada entered the Channel or when Napoleon's fleet had swept the Mediterranean, eluded Nelson, and landed the French army in Egypt. No less a man than Lord Roberts has publicly declared that England has never been in a position of greater peril, and the Leader of the Opposition solemnly affirmed the truth of this opinion in debate in the House of Commons. It is, in fact, almost farcical to speak and write of the probability of war. In reality, the struggle for supremacy is already well under way. Yet, a month ago, the only military movements were the lazy and unopposed manœuvres of a few Italian regiments in an African desert and the mock bombardment of the Dardanelles by a few torpedo boats, which, like the famous King of France and all his men, sailed cautiously into the Straits and out again in solemn triumph. Indeed, it is difficult to make the average man believe that anything of consequence is occurring where every aspect of affairs that meets his eye is so utterly devoid of dramatic intensity and so absolutely lacking in every attribute of war as the poets have sung it. Nevertheless, in this gigantic game, the very pawns are kingdoms and the control of the world itself the stake; so vast are the forces at the disposal of the combatants, that navies and armies might almost be called incidental factors which it may or may not be necessary to employ and which might not indeed be decisive for victory or defeat.

The Tripolitan war has turned out to be a boomerang. It was meant to bind Italy tightly to England and France by allowing her to realize her cherished ambition and take possession of the fertile fields of the wealthiest province of ancient Rome. For more than a generation they had denied it to her and now they saw vital reasons for granting her repeated requests. The Italian navy, added to the French navy, would, for years to come, so far preponderate over the Austrian and Turkish fleets, that the English Mediterranean squadron could be practically withdrawn. Thus, a considerable and immediate increase of strength could be made to the English Channel fleet without essentially endangering the security of the allies' control in the Mediterranean. Italy's position, flanking the Adriatic, would make Austrian control of that sea improbable and hence would effectively eliminate the possibility of an attack by the latter's fleet from the rear of Malta upon the English lines of communication with Egypt and India; the possession of Sicily and Sardinia would give added security to the lines of defence centring at Malta and thus would completely shield from direct attack the posts of the allies in the western Mediterranean. Indeed, while the alliance lasted, no rival fleet could possibly find a basis of operations. Further, while Tripoli remained in the hands of the Turk, who was only too obviously falling into the clutches of Germany and Austria, the occupation of Tripoli by Germany would be a possibility than which nothing could be worse; for then both Egypt and Tunis would be outflanked. Italy, though weak, was nevertheless, unlike Turkey, no third rate Power whose desires and prerogatives could be disregarded or invaded at will. Once in her possession, thought the English, that province would be placed in the hands of one of the great Powers and could only fall into German hands after a struggle in which Italy's active participation would be assured. Tripoli would thus bind Italy to the Anglo-French alliance by the solid chains of self-interest.

So much was clearly true: none doubted it, least of all the Italians. Their expectations, however, were grievously disappointed. They had expected to put forward some technical *casus belli*, to make a prompt show of force, resulting in the occupation of Tripoli after some slight Turkish resistance, and

then to receive title to the coveted territory by a treaty of peace whose terms England and France would arrange to the satisfaction of the three conspirators. The first obstacle appeared where none had been expected—from the Turk, who obstinately refused to countenance the loss of the territory and publicly called upon England and France to redeem the pledges of protection in the existing treaties. True to their promises to Italy, both Governments replied that the moment was inopportune for intervention. But to everyone's astonishment, it immediately became clear that neither England nor France was in a position to fulfil the rest of the compact with Italy. Secretly to coerce the Turk by the methods so long successful, by threatening to refuse further loans or to leave him to the mercy of Russia, was now out of the question, they found, because German money and promises had practically usurped the place officially accorded to England and France by the treaties. Openly to assist Italy was also out of the question. The hostility of the native races in Tripoli to the proposed arrangement was only too promptly made manifest, and so high ran the flames of Muslim indignation, and so widespread was the sympathy in Egypt and Morocco, that the union of all the Muslims in the North African littoral against the Infidel in a new holy war was for some weeks a possibility. The open support of Italy by England and France, thought keen observers, would be the signal for its outbreak. Such a contingency could not be risked, even to gain a great deal more than either nation expected to lose if Italy did not at once secure undisputed possession of Tripoli. England also became aware of a serious ferment among the thronging Muslims in India, roused by their resentment of her agreement with Russia for crushing the nascent independence of Persia; and she at once realized the paramount importance of avoiding further ill feeling by refraining at all costs from a direct attack upon the Sultan himself, the Head of the Mohammedan religion. England and France, therefore, promptly declined to put the expected diplomatic pressure upon Turkey, and Italy found herself committed to a war, which military critics agreed would be costly even if not prolonged, and whose outcome was by no means a foregone conclusion. This prospect was anything but pleasing to

a Ministry already tired of meeting extensive deficits. Indeed, the Italians had expected to find the sales of land and a brisk trade between the colony and the mother country productive directly and indirectly of enough revenue to relieve the existing stringency in the national finances. The certainty that actual conquest by the sword would so embitter the natives as to make the government of Tripoli expensive and difficult for years to come, only made their disappointment the keener at finding the new possession already a liability instead of an asset. The Italians were in a very real dilemma, from which their allies were afraid to extricate them for fear of raising the whirlwind in their own possessions.

Under these circumstances, with such calamities expected and such hopes unfulfilled, the Italians were in a mood to listen to whispered counsels from the Wilhelmstrasse. Italy obviously wanted to obtain possession of Tripoli, said the Germans, without the delay and expense of conquest and the certain aftermath of native hatred; England and France were powerless to secure it for her. Germany, on the other hand, was in a position to promise her not only Tripoli, but Tunis, and even more if Italy would return to the old Triple Alliance. England and France, the Germans pointed out, claimed control of the whole North African littoral except Tripoli, of many islands in the Mediterranean, and practically of Greece and the Ægean. But their failure to decide the fate of Tripoli revealed the astounding truth that their boasted strength was a figment of the imagination. So far were they from really controlling the Mediterranean that its conquest would be only a question of time once Italy threw in her lot with Germany and Austria. Their united endeavors would enable them easily to rob England and France of anything they claimed to possess. Where there was so much to gain, would not a fair chance for victory be well worth a good deal of risk? And was not the certainty of victory obvious?

The English naval posts were, of course, it was asserted, nothing but bases for action by her fleet, and the key to the whole sea was Malta, not Gibraltar. Malta taken, they would be at once thrown back upon Minorca and Bizerta; their possessions in the Central Mediterranean would fall; and their communica-

tions with Suez and India would be broken. All this an alliance between Italy, Germany, and Austria could accomplish without the striking of a blow. Austria and Italy together would control the Adriatic beyond a peradventure and attack Malta from the front; a fleet operating from Naples and Messina could at once isolate Malta, by a simultaneous attack in the rear. Once this became possible the key of the English defence would lose most of its strength. Then a great naval station could be constructed on the Tripolitan coast from which the approaches to Egypt, Suez, and Constantinople could be absolutely controlled. Nor would this be a question of future gains. It would become an immediate fact. By this single shift of Italy from one side to the other, the strategic positions on which England and France had based their defence of the Mediterranean would be vastly weakened, if not destroyed, and the naval force, which they had believed overwhelmingly preponderant, reduced to a bare equality which made offensive movements impossible and rendered the success of defensive movements problematical. Not a lira need be spent, not a life sacrificed to make the conquest of the Mediterranean an eminently feasible operation and to strike a more deadly blow at English naval supremacy than it had suffered since the Seven Years' War.

This position, already commanding, could then easily be made impregnable under cover of the very war which Italy had come to regard as so unfortunate. To its prosecution, England and France had lent public countenance; they had even formally declined to assist the Turk. They would, therefore, be unable to oppose the seizure by Italy of every island and strategic point in the eastern Mediterranean which acknowledged a nominal sovereignty to the Sultan. Thus the coveted Rhodes, the great island of Cyprus, the islands of the Ægean controlling the channel to Constantinople, could all be occupied under cover of this most fortunate war, and a strategic control of the eastern Mediterranean could be actually secured without danger and without cost which under other circumstances could not even have been attempted without precipitating a general European war. Under cover of the war with the natives, the new allies would fortify the Tripolitan coast, create naval stations, build railroads and

military posts in the interior and along the frontiers, and thus actually equip a base of military operations in Africa in the most advantageous spot they could have selected had they been allowed an unrestricted choice. From it they would threaten Suez, Malta, and Tunis at the same time with the same force. The fear of a German naval station at Agadir had almost caused a European war; and here the allies would be able actually to create a complete naval and military base in the very heart of the enemy's possessions without striking a blow and without danger of receiving one. Such substantial and probable accomplishments would be thought the worthy fruits of a hard-fought and costly war, and here they could actually be had for nothing! Nor could England and France meet the crisis merely by a rearrangement of their existing forces. For them to attempt interference when their naval forces could be made numerically strong enough to insure victory in the Mediterranean only by so weakening the forces in the English Channel as to court disaster at home, would be to risk everything which they could lose even by actual defeat in a great war. They would be forced to create new bases and new ships, and to do so faster than Germany, Italy, and Austria could increase the navies they already possessed. Then, when the victory had been won and the Mediterranean snatched from England and France, what a vast booty would there be to divide! The Italians could not fail to gain more from such a *débâcle* than from robbing the impoverished and enfeebled Turk of such lands as England and France would grudgingly permit them to seize.

The Italians were quick to appreciate the magnitude of the opportunity and promptly embraced it. The results have more than fulfilled even the sanguine expectations of the allies. The Italian navy bombarded a few forts and sank a Turkish vessel or two, purely to maintain the appearance of a war, and then seized island after island in the *Ægean*—Rhodes, long considered the key to the eastern Mediterranean, Lemnos, Chios, and others. So confident of success were the Italians that they everywhere assured the inhabitants that the occupation was no mere military measure, but would be permanent. From Crete, if it obtains the autonomy the Cretans desire, the allies will un-

doubtedly demand possession of its harbors as naval bases. Their development, the fortification of the Tripolitan coast, and the use of both as field bases for an Austro-Italian fleet operating from the Adriatic will surely rob Malta of all practical importance and might even make necessary its abandonment. The loss of Malta's strategic significance robs England's defence of its keystone and compels a complete rearrangement of her naval dispositions.

Obviously, the consent of England and France to this *status quo* by their ratification of or acquiescence in a treaty with Turkey permitting the cessation of formal war and allowing Italy to hold what she already had occupied, would be desirable. The value of the war as a cover for aggressive movements and for military and naval preparations would not be lost, for it could be reopened at any time under color of some alleged breach of the treaty. To give England, France, and their ally, Russia, some practical reason for consenting to the arrangement, the brilliant expedient was adopted of bombarding the Turkish forts in the Dardanelles. The Turks promptly closed the straits and the whole trade of England, France, and Russia with the Black Sea was thus stopped for weeks. The heavy demurrage fees for the ships detained, the breaking of contracts and complete disorganization of the whole shipping schedule, as well as the perceptible effect produced by the non-arrival of the regular grain shipments, which form one of the most considerable sources of English supply, caused, as was intended, serious inconvenience to many individuals, who, as was expected, put pressure on their respective Governments to bring about some settlement between the belligerents. The scheme, however, failed of the ultimate result hoped for, though it was a brilliant success in showing England, France, and Russia how soon they could be made to feel the loss of the control of Constantinople and to how great an extent their position was already imperilled.

Meanwhile, the new allies proceeded with the execution of the complementary details of the scheme. The German, Austrian, and Italian naval programmes were at once enlarged. With the proposed German fleet nearly equal in number to the proposed English Channel squadron and the Austro-Italian fleet

actually the equal of the entire French battleship fleet, an increased activity of building is expected in a couple of years to give the allies a substantial superiority in both the Mediterranean and the German Ocean. The German railway facilities along the Belgian and French frontiers are being rapidly improved; the Austrian army put more nearly on a war footing and its equipment modernized; the Italian army at home prepared to "reinforce" the army "in Tripoli." Work on the section of the Bagdad railroad already under construction is being actively pushed and extensive plans have been made for the immediate promotion of the work on the last section. It would be a calamity of the first magnitude if the moment for concerted action should arrive and find a vital part of the preparations unfinished. The able German officers and diplomats, who have been busy in the consummation of the work at Constantinople, have just been moved to places where their presence is more necessary; Von Bieberstein, the diplomat, becoming ambassador to England, Von der Goltz, the soldier, becoming virtually head of the German army. The sudden death of the former was an unexpected blow and occurred at a most unpropitious moment. Above all, the German Emperor personally visited all the sovereigns whose coöperation had already been obtained, and all those whose aid was hoped for or whose active opposition would prove a formidable obstacle in the allies' way. He made, by word of mouth, promises, assurances, and explanations which could not have been intrusted to subordinates. Unquestionably, the energy of Wilhelm II, his persuasive powers, and his faith in this gigantic scheme have been of vital importance in securing the coöperation of his present allies. The death of Edward VII was one of the greatest blows England has suffered of late years; he alone could have undermined the impressions left by the Kaiser.

The English and French, alarmed beyond measure by this unexpected turn of affairs, have been straining every nerve to meet it with preparations which shall be more than adequate for any emergency; but both have felt that openly to avow the truth about the situation would not only expose them to the danger of attack at a moment when they are more likely to suffer reverses than at any time since the Franco-Prussian war ended,

but also would have an unfavorable effect on English and French public opinion, either sapping the popular confidence in the national strength, or, more probably, causing a demand for instant war which would be difficult to resist. In some way the people must be made to realize that a vital crisis is at hand, but one which can be met only by careful and systematic preparation of the most thorough sort. The immediate adoption of the most extensive naval and military preparations either nation has yet undertaken is imperative, but so extensive are the plans as to seem justifiable to the average man only to avert an impending crisis in which the very national existence is at stake; they demand financial sacrifices he is likely to approve only when the danger is exceedingly tangible. The chief present difficulty lies, therefore, in the fact that the time necessary for their completion is in itself proof to most people that the emergency is contingent rather than immediate. It is hard to make the ordinary man see the expediency of spending as much money and effort to postpone or avert a war as would seem to him necessary to prosecute it.

In England, the position of parties in the House of Commons has seriously hampered the Government in dealing with the crisis. Neither of the great English parties has a majority in the House, and the existing Ministry is a coalition of the Liberals, the Laborites, and the Irish Nationalists. The latter two groups, whose votes alone keep the Liberals in power, are violently opposed to any considerable increase in the naval appropriations; the one, because it objects to the increase in the taxes and disbelieves in war on various grounds; the other, because it believes a great increase of naval expenditure renders highly improbable the grant of as considerable a subsidy to the new Irish Government as the present Home Rule Bill provides, and without which they well know Home Rule is impossible. Knowing this, the Germans and Austrians could not fail to consider a confession of weakness Mr. Churchill's public promise to decrease the English plans for additional ships in proportion to any decrease in the German plans, and his hint that England would be willing formally to guarantee the immunity of the Austrian sea coast from attack, if the plans for the increase of

the Austrian navy should be abandoned. His scarcely veiled threat to surpass in number any increase they might attempt to make, they greeted with derision. So confident were they that he could not execute his threat, that shortly after his Glasgow speech they announced a very substantial increase in the German and Austrian naval estimates. Such action was tantamount to a direct challenge to fulfil his threat. And the amazing fact is that he could not do it. So determined was the opposition of the Labor and Home Rule members to any considerable alteration of the very moderate programme already announced, and so clear was it that money could not be found to meet their demands and those of the fleet at the same time, that the Ministry were obliged to agree to so small an increase of the English naval appropriations that by the public admission of the First Lord of the Admiralty, Germany will have as early as 1914 twenty-nine ships in the North Sea to England's thirty-three. The Opposition of the Commons and in the Lords, as well as the foremost naval and military authorities, are insisting in the frankest language that the English Supplementary Estimates are on their face utterly inadequate. At the same time, the Unionist leaders know that without the adhesion of the Labor and Nationalist parties, they cannot themselves take office, and that, if they did, they would be forced to pay the same price for the privilege of continuing in office. Naturally, knowledge of this situation has not diminished the confidence already felt at Berlin, Vienna and Rome, and it has so obviously shaken confidence at Paris, that some of the most influential journals have actually begun to question the value of England's support should she lose, not her control of the Channel by actual defeat, but her naval preponderance. Indeed the contrast is sufficiently striking between the prompt passage of the considerable supplementary German estimates without dissent from a Reichstag notoriously hostile to the Administration, and the grudging passage of a slight increase by the English House of Commons where the existing Ministry possessed so powerful a majority as to have overridden opposition to all other measures.

The English Ministry have done what they could to counteract these doubts by secret promises and assurances, by official

visits to the Mediterranean naval stations, both French and English, and by long conferences with the French admirals. Lord Kitchener has been for some months engaged in extensive preparations for the defence of Egypt and more particularly busied with an attempt to conciliate the Egyptians of all classes. His very wise administrative measures and some agrarian changes have, according to English reports, roused the enthusiasm and loyalty of the fellaheen to a surprising extent. The Mohammedan unrest in India the English have tried to satisfy by the administrative changes announced at the Durbar and by assurances and explanations personally made by the King to the Indian potentates. The native rulers as a whole are in consequence, it is claimed, more loyal than for many years. To minimize the danger of native revolts in Morocco, France has bought the abdication of the Sultan, who was extremely unpopular with the tribesmen, and has appointed in his stead a man of whom little is known to his credit or discredit. He practically paid for his office by agreeing to accept French dictation in everything. Should the present situation continue to develop unfavorable symptoms at the rate of the last few months, absolute control of every resource in Egypt and Morocco, together with the loyal adhesion of the natives, will be necessary to maintain the rule of the English and French.

The English colonies have been informed of the serious nature of the situation, have responded with fervor, and have pledged several cruisers and at least one battleship, which are to be integral parts of the English fleet entirely at the disposal of the Admiralty. The administration of the fleet both for offence and defence has been entirely reorganized, and a new school for the training of officers and a board for directing operations established.

England's allies have also seen the necessity for action. France has officially adopted the two Power standard in the Mediterranean, which is understood to mean that she will create and maintain a fleet sufficiently numerous easily to outweigh the combined Italian and Austrian navies. Spain's neutrality (if not assistance) has been bought by the concession of a larger sphere of influence in Morocco, and the territory around Tangier is

to be made a neutral zone under international guarantee. Russia has signed a naval convention with France which pledges her to a rapid and considerable increase of her Baltic fleet and the creation of a new naval base almost on the Prussian frontier. A really powerful Russian fleet in the Baltic would be a thorn in Germany's side: it could menace Berlin and all North Germany; it could shell the Kiel Canal; it could debouch from the Sund upon the rear of the Atlantic Squadron of the German fleet; it might, indeed, make a subdivision of the German North Sea fleet imperative and so vitally weaken the forces available for an offensive war as to postpone its date by years, if not make its outcome so uncertain as to prevent it altogether.

But the most significant movement is the project for the Trans-Persian railway which England, France and Russia have adopted. The line is to run south-east from Teheran to Bushire in the English zone of influence and to follow the coast of the Persian Gulf to Karachi. Unquestionably, a Russian army arriving in India by that route would turn the flank of Quetta and render useless all the fortifications and dispositions yet made to keep Russia out of India. For England to consent to it is to abandon the policy of isolating India from Europe by preventing the establishment of easy communication by land. Should Russia attack from Herat and from the new railroad line at the same moment, nothing could prevent the overwhelming of the English army. Russia has three-quarters of a million men enrolled in her army who live within 2,000 miles of the Indian frontier. They may not be highly trained, but they will certainly outnumber the English army ten to one and the combined native and English troops four to one. Lord Curzon voices the conviction of many Anglo-Indians when he declares that the construction of the Trans-Persian railroad is the death-knell of the British power in India. It means, further, the admission of Russia to the rich marts of India and a recognition of her right to share directly in that trade, and, whatever its effect might be on English retention of the sovereignty in India, it would at once end England's practical monopoly of Indian trade. To the British merchant and manufacturer there would seem to be little left worth struggling for, if that is renounced.

Such, however, are not the purposes of that railroad and such will not necessarily be the results of its construction. The project is based upon the absolute necessity for an English military road to India in case Germany and her allies succeed in securing actual control of the Mediterranean. The new road would prevent the use by Germany of the Bagdad railroad and the Persian Gulf as an approach to India. It would enable England, *so long as her alliance with Russia lasted*, to reinforce the Indian army far more rapidly than would be possible by way of the Panama Canal and the Pacific. In fact, should the Triple Alliance secure control of the Mediterranean, nothing short of some such road would enable England and Russia combined to place enough troops in India to prevent its immediate conquest by Germany. England wishes to keep it; Russia has always dreamed of possessing it; but both would rather see it in the hands of the other than allow Germany to get it. Such an increase of German power would at once endanger the very existence of England and the continued possession by Russia of any territories in the Baltic or in Poland. To the English Ministry, moreover, the danger of losing India because of the new railway's construction seems small beside the undeniable military value of the road as an offensive measure against Germany. The road will run mainly through British territory; it will follow the coast of the Persian Gulf and therefore could always be controlled by an English fleet; nor will it put Russia nearer the Indian defences than she is already; the look-outs at Herat can almost see a Russian railroad station, and Herat is the key to India, scarcely a fourth as far from the frontier and Quetta as Teheran is from Karachi. In fact, say the English military experts, Russia already possesses quite as favorable a position for an assault as the railroad would afford her; but clearly she does not wish to use it, nor will she desire to do so as long as the assistance of England and France is necessary to prevent Germany from overrunning the Baltic.

The feasibility of a military road to India through Russia and Persia has been many times declared. The route through Turkestan, across the Caspian and up the Russian rivers, was one of the commonest roads followed by invasion after invasion

from Asia; it was one of the recognized trade routes of Europe during the Middle Ages and was well worn by the feet of merchants. Upon its existence, the English Muscovy Company depended and from the trade grew wealthy. Until the construction of the Suez Canal, it was as practicable as any land route and more rapid, though more expensive and dangerous, than the voyage round the Cape of Good Hope. Through it Alexander invaded India, and no less a soldier than Napoleon himself conceived the idea of following the precise route the English and Russians propose to employ in case of need. Napoleon had the whole route carefully surveyed and measured, and his engineers reported its entire practicability. In addition, if we suppose the existence of a general European war and an attempt by Germany on India at a time when England could spare neither men nor ships from European waters, the new railroad would enable her to permit a sufficient Russian force to enter India to defeat the Germans without actually delivering into Russia's hands the keys of the Himalyas, Herat and Quetta. Should Russia after defeating Germany turn traitor, the English in India with the possession of Quetta and the aid of the fleet set free by Germany's defeat might still make a good fight. Should Germany decisively defeat the Channel fleet while her allies were overrunning the Mediterranean, the deluge would have already arrived and India would be irretrievably lost, railroad or no railroad, and England would be glad to see a nation strengthened by the possession of India which might do battle with the all-conquering Germans. The Trans-Persian railroad is not necessarily desirable; it seems to the English merely the best of a number of extremely undesirable and regrettable expedients of which unfortunately one must be chosen. So a deputation of the members of the House of Commons and of London merchant princes visited Russia and formally sanctioned the commercial aspects of the military agreement. The incident shows conclusively how dependent England is upon her allies and how much trust she is forced to repose in them. It indicates with even greater certainty the English belief in the feasibility of the German plans for securing possession of the Mediterranean and the Suez Canal.

At this juncture, with so much actually gained by the allies, with England, France, and Russia forced by their own open confession to strain every nerve to meet the crisis, and when, as far as the Mediterranean was concerned, the allies did not believe them either able or willing to take a decisive step to recover the lost ground, a new difficulty appeared. The Turks once more declined to ratify the proposed settlement arranged by their "friends," and the treaty with Italy was denounced and opposed by the Young Turk party and by the Committee of Union and Progress as a scheme to rob Turkey to which they would never consent. The strong patriotic movement in Turkey could not fail to put obstacles in the way of the cession of Tripoli. The negotiations at Geneva hung fire; changes of Ministry at Constantinople, hints of revolution, threats of financial consequences, left the Turkish leaders unmoved. But the outbreak of war in the Balkans in October at once solved the difficulty. It is as yet too early to say whether the war was begun to compel the Turks to close with Italy on any terms, and, when once begun, could not be so readily stopped; that is a supposition to which certain despatches lend color. Nor is there here space even to enumerate the multifarious complications caused by the war. Its indirect effect is sufficiently striking.

The Turks, pressed by the Bulgarians on one side, by the Servians and Montenegrins on the other, and with the Italian fleet occupying the *Ægean*, were forced to yield. To withdraw the army from Tripoli was to abandon that province with slight chance of recovering it by negotiations; to leave the army there was to invite defeat in Europe; to permit the Italian fleet to remain in the *Ægean* was to risk severing the Turkish corps in Asia Minor and Africa from the main army and meant that the Turks would be beaten both in Europe and in Africa. There was no alternative but the unconditional surrender of Tripoli. Until some decisive factor appears to alter the situation, which may or may not grow out of the war in the Balkans, it is hardly too much to say that England has suffered a more serious reverse than at any time since the Mediterranean fell into her hands. Her enemies have obtained what they never before possessed—a foothold in Africa, the control of the Adriatic, and the pos-

session (for some months at any rate) of most of the strategic islands of the eastern Mediterranean. It has been usually said that Nelson's victory at Aboukir saved the English control of the Mediterranean. Had he lost the battle, the result could have been scarcely more disastrous than the passing of Tripoli into Italy's undisputed control. The allies actually possess what Napoleon hoped to create.

THE VOODOO

MADISON CAWEIN

WHO mutters and stoops by the lone bayou
Where the little green leaves hang hushed on the
trees,

Till an owl in an oak cries, "Who-oh-who,"
And a fox barks wild where the moon gleams through
The moss that sways to a sudden breeze?
O little green leaves, so still on the trees,
What's that she sees,
The wandering moon?
What's that which lifts in the woods its croon
Of "Woe and death, come soon! come soon!"

Who mutters and kneels with bosom bare,
Where the little green leaves scarce stir on the trees?
And is it a bat that flutters the air?
And is it a snake that hisses there?
And is it the moss that waves in the breeze?
O little green leaves, astir on the trees,
What's that she sees,
The frightened moon?
What cries like an owl its quavering croon
Of "Woe and death, come soon! come soon!"

Who digs? and why is the hole so deep,
Where the little green leaves sound strange on the trees?
And what are the noises that crawl and creep?
What mutters and maunders? Who whine and weep
In wood and in water and weariless breeze?
O little green leaves, so dark on the trees,
What's that she sees,
The haunted moon?
What hobbles off with its mindless croon
Of "Woe and death, come soon! come soon!"

II

In the hut by the wood it comes to him,
Where the little green leaves droop limp on the trees:
And all on a sudden his eyes grow dim—
And is it a shadow that seems to swim
There at the door in the bayou breeze?
O little green leaves, a-droop on the trees,
What's that he sees,
That limps and leers in the light o' the moon,
With its evil croon
Of "Woe and death, come soon! come soon!"

The thing has entered the open door,
Where the little green leaves go mad on the trees!
The thing that the man must bend before!
That strikes his form to the cabin floor,
And hunts his soul on the wandering breeze.
O little green leaves, so wild on the trees,
What's that it sees,
With eyes so wild in the waning moon?
With its hollow croon,
Of "Woe and death, come soon! come soon!"

REVOLT

MARTHA DICKINSON BIANCHI

SHE turned from her hearth and its fires forsaking
Fled wild to Nature—a mortal escaping!
To lose human passion, her hot heart freeing—
With Wind and River to merge her being.

O Wind I am come! O circling Water!
A loveless pagan, behold your daughter!
My lips are weary of languorous kisses,
My shoulders are burdened by arms that cling,
The fetters of Love are irksome blisses—
I weep and tremble when I would sing!

Let me race high with your gusty huntsmen,
Coursing tall tree tops the long night through;
Let me dance glad with the clamorous torrent,
Veiled in the mists of her rainbow dew!
My outstretched arms,—you will never bind them!
My wandering feet you will never snare!
My heart you will never freight with sorrow—
My eyes you will never dim with care.

O Wind I am come! O circling Water!
O pagan Mother, receive your daughter!
My eyes are holden by mortal weeping,
And my heart rebels at its own desire;
My dreams are thrall to a Lover's keeping—
My life consumes in a wasting fire!

But the Winds blew Northward and would not heed her,
Hallooing hard on the track of their leader—
The Torrent sped on to its flooding river,
Mocking aloud through glisten and shiver—

“ Turn back! Turn back from this shrineless portal!
 Nature is fair but Love is immortal!
 The sky has its stars and gods above you,
 The blossom must bloom and bird must fly—
 You may not venture with Wind or Water,
 Turn home sad mortal with Love to lie! ”

* * *

The Poet's Interlude

Nature is sibylline, timeless and heartless,
 Her hand lies hard as a primal law,
 Though immemorial beings entreat her,
 Her suns appear and her moons withdraw.

The prescience of Autumn, the April's trouble,
 Vanishing fragrance, wings that hover—
 What are they more than illumined transcription,
 Varying mood of a mortal Lover?

Love is the longing of purple shadow,
 Love is the glamour of golden grain,
 Love is the might of the trampling tempest,
 Love is the call of the wander-rain!

Though you fain rebel and elude with Nature,
 In vain her sorceries reft of this,
 Her luring wild and her wantoning joyance
 Fade at the brink of a mortal kiss.

Crimson of coppice and russet of dingle
 Falter or flame by Love's furtive grace,
 Dreamless the stile in the silvering moonbeam
 Till Love's light crossing to Love's embrace.

Love is the instinct of brooding nightfall,
 Love is where Westering wood-paths lead,
 Love is the star on the flushed horizon
 Thrilling the sense with a mystic need.

Nature is magical, wayward, illusive—

Her goals set far beyond man's scant hour,
But the human touch to the wistful human
Transcends the mark of her fateful power.

What beauty lurks in her smile to challenge
The curving lips for Love's wine out-thrust?
Drink and forget in the cup of your Lover—
Human to human as dust to dust!

* * *

Then the Wind shouted high "I ride forever!"
The stream replied, "I run to my river!"—
"Impotent arms you will open to stay us
Our rapture shall never tarry or bide,
Sleep if you will in our loveless chambers—
Of sweet-mouthed mortals your dreams betide!"

She fled the forest—her deft feet escaping
Turned to her hearth-stone, her folly forsaking,
To claim the immortal, her hot heart freeing—
In the cup of her Lover to lose her being;
Her lips turned faint for his languorous kisses,
Her slight arms fain for his arms that cling,
Her hands outstretched to claim her fetters—
To weep and tremble nor care to sing.

THE TIRED

FLORENCE KIPER

QUIET dead, whom others weep,
We have envy of thy sleep.
Dead in us is being's zest;
Easy would it be to rest.
Stooped so low are we by toil,
We are near the friendly soil.
Quiet dead, do seeds of spring
Ever stir thy slumbering?
Does the push of life anew
Wake in thee its yearnings too?
We would lie too deep and still
E'en to know the sentient thrill.
We would lie too still and deep
E'er to waken from our sleep.
Surely in the depths of earth
There is resting from rebirth.
Surely somewhere is there peace,
Where the tides of being cease.
Many have with life been blest.
Lord, Thy weary ask Thee rest.

EXIT

WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE

NO, your exit by the gate
Will not leave the wind ajar;
You will go when it is late
With a misty star.

One will call, you cannot see;
One will call, you will not hear;
You shall take no company.
Nor a hope or fear.

We will smile who loved you so—
They who gave you hate will weep;
But for us the winds will blow
Pulsing through your sleep.

THE INJURY

CHARLES MARRIOTT

AT first Earle found the acquaintance rather tiresome. Hutchinson made him feel that he talked too much and too loosely. Most of the other members of the club were in business or the solider professions; doctors, lawyers, engineers and a few civil servants. Younger than most, Earle was most nearly connected with the liberal arts. Under a brilliant chief he was already being talked about as an architect of real originality, and his occasional essays and poems were eagerly welcomed by a small circle of readers. In the somewhat heavy atmosphere of the club he stood for idealism. If the other men thought him erratic they did not complain because, relegating him to the ornamental side of life, almost as if he had been a woman, they expected him to be erratic. None of them was near enough to his interests to tackle him on his own ground. Coming in tired and bored from their humdrum occupations they liked to hear Earle talking. He had been talking about the subject of affinities when Hutchinson, who had never spoken to him before, and was apparently not listening, put down his newspaper and said: "That's nonsense." The immediate occasion of the remark was an illustration which Earle had drawn from chemistry, and in the little good-natured argument which followed he gathered that Hutchinson was professionally connected with the subject. The point, which was not essential, had to be yielded to the authority; and Hutchinson, picking up his newspaper again, appeared to take no further interest in the discussion.

After that Earle had the uneasy feeling that Hutchinson might come down upon him at any moment. He was not a humbug, but the good-humored indulgence of the other men toward a point of view they did not profess to understand encouraged him to be careless and extravagant in his statements. He had enough sense of humor not to resent criticism; indeed, he appreciated the advantage of being made to pick his words and illustrations with care; but he had the talkative man's fear of

the silent one, and he could have wished that Hutchinson had continued to ignore him.

The ice broken, however, Hutchinson seemed inclined to improve the acquaintance. He was a grave, bearded man of about fifty; a manufacturing chemist. Though fairly regular in his attendance at the club he did not seem to have many friends there. His manners were civil but not expansive, and Earle observed that the club servants regarded him as a man who must not be kept waiting. His interest in Earle, which the younger man could not fail to regard as a compliment, was expressed in challenging statements, often based upon something Earle had said in conversation with somebody else. Or Hutchinson would ask a question, about art or literature or human relations, and having drawn Earle out by the Socratic method, would refrain from giving his own views on the subject. The effect upon Earle was to make him feel that he was being taken more seriously than was convenient. It was like being studied under the microscope, and he could not help feeling that at the bottom of his heart Hutchinson despised his order of intelligence. At this stage he could not have said if he liked Hutchinson or not. He summed him up as an old-fashioned materialist, with a good logical brain, conservative in his views, unimaginative, and decidedly anti-democratic in social matters. He would be a just but exacting employer.

As the acquaintance progressed, each advance being made by Hutchinson in his rather brusque manner, the two men would sometimes have tea together. Beyond the feeling that Hutchinson saved up little problems for his opinion, and reflected upon what he said, Earle did not receive the impression that the elder man was personally interested in him. Hutchinson was not curious about his professional performances. Once he spoke of having read a poem of Earle's in a review, but beyond saying that he wondered whether there was anything in love beyond physical attraction he expressed no opinion of its merits. Earle gathered that Hutchinson, who was evidently well read in the English classics, thought poorly of modern literature in general.

II

Earle had a flat in Westminster and being a frequent diner-out he generally left the club, in the Adelphi, earlier than Hutchinson. One evening when he had no engagement he stayed until nearly seven. When he rose to go Hutchinson said: "If you have nothing to do this evening will you dine with me?" Earle hesitated for a moment and Hutchinson went on: "My wife will be glad to make your acquaintance. She is interested in your writing."

That made it impossible to decline with a good grace. Until then Earle had not known that Hutchinson was married; without really thinking about it he had set him down as a bachelor, and the news that he was married did nothing to remove the slight feeling of hesitation about turning acquaintance into friendship. Earle was popular enough to be rather exacting of his entertainment and he thought that the Hutchinson household must be dull. As a rule he didn't like women who were interested in writing—even his own—and there might be serious daughters as well. However, he must risk being bored for one evening.

Hutchinson lived in Cavendish Square—which didn't sound promising. The house, however, interested Earle professionally. The moment he got inside the door he recognized that everything was done with remarkable consistency. It was not his taste but, as he said, he took off his hat to a sense of period. His feeling of respect increased as, ascending the stairs, he began to understand that the consistency was not deliberate; evidently the house reflected the instinctive tastes of its occupants.

They entered a large room on the first floor where Mrs. Hutchinson sat alone reading by the fire—for it was late October. She looked round calmly as the two men came into the room and Hutchinson said: "Miriam, I've brought Mr. Earle home to dinner."

Earle observed that his tone was not apologetic. Evidently the resources of the house were equal to sudden calls. Also he observed that Mrs. Hutchinson's placid greeting,

though quite civil, was not enthusiastic; there was nothing to show whether her interest in his writing—for she had evidently recognized his name—was friendly or hostile. She took his hand firmly and spoke pleasantly but she did not smile. At first he felt a little afraid of her. In type she reminded him of a figure on a Pompeian vase. Her black hair was carefully arranged, bound to her head with a purple ribbon and finished off at the back in a heavy knot. Her features were bold, her eyes veiled in their expression under thick, drooping lids, and level, strongly marked eyebrows. She looked proud, sensual and inclined to be sullen; if crossed she would be quietly insolent rather than passionate. Her evening gown of black and purple was cut straight across to reveal firm, broad shoulders, and it hung weightily, giving dignity to her figure. Earle, who was thirty-two, guessed her to be five or six years older than himself. Imperious and enigmatic were the words that summed up his first impression of her.

The atmosphere of the house gave him singular confidence. It was reposeful, but in a large way that suggested an excess rather than a lack of character. The relations between husband and wife seemed to be those of partners with great respect for each other and enough affection for the comfortable adjustment of individual interests. Earle guessed that each lived a full and independent life. He felt that in the course of the evening he would be critically considered. If he failed to satisfy some personal standard, he knew not what, of Mrs. Hutchinson's, he might remain a friend of her husband's but he would not be asked again to the house. If on the other hand he pleased her, he would be admitted to a circle, probably small, and certainly interesting.

Dinner, though not elaborate, indicated that the Hutchinsons lived well. Without any suggestion of grossness Mrs. Hutchinson took a serious interest in her food and Earle felt amusedly that he fell a little short of her standard in that particular. Possibly because anything like reserve with such a hostess would have been unavailing to conceal imperfections, he found himself in a talkative mood, unusually frank in the statement of his views upon things in general. Hutchinson, though

not for him remarkably silent, left the conversation pretty much to his wife and Earle, occasionally giving it a turn in the direction of some subject that he and Earle had already discussed. Earle received the not unpleasant impression that Hutchinson wanted his wife to get the full flavor of him. He knew that he was rattling but he also knew that he was not showing off; the atmosphere, of settled conviction against the modern spirit of which he might be called a champion, invited extravagance. Mrs. Hutchinson piqued him; unlike her husband she gave no sign of curiosity or dissent, but he felt that in her case everything he said was received into a rich consideration beside which Hutchinson's critical attitude was merely an intellectual phenomenon. Leaning her chin on her hand and occasionally provoking him to impudent over-statement by some bantering remark, she watched him under her lowered lids with an expression that he could not interpret. She made him feel extraordinarily young without on her part betraying a point of view that could be identified with middle age. He could not place her; she was just too far away from the modern spirit to be called old-fashioned, and over and over again he was reminded of the associations of her type. He might have been talking to a matron of the Roman decadence.

Although Mrs. Hutchinson's remarks implied that she was familiar with Earle's writing, she did not name any particular piece or express either liking or disapproval. But this, coupled with her amused interest in his conversation, was the most delicate flattery to an author whose work was occasional in appearance and slender in amount; it made him feel that he was taken for granted as having something to say. The only remark she made that sounded like a criticism was applied to a school rather than to him as an individual. "Ah, you are whistling in the dark of emancipation to keep up your courage. And in your furthest adventures you hang on to the life-lines of old sanctions."

Of her tastes and habits he learnt little, but like the house, it was all consistent. Apparently the Hutchinsons moved in a circle of learned societies and probably most of their friends were middle-aged. History seemed to be Mrs. Hutchinson's

preference in reading; she was particularly well-informed in the history and topography of London and she was evidently a constant visitor to museums and public galleries, though here again her interest was historical rather than artistic. She was a regular attendant at concerts, of the more definitely classical kind, but she was not herself a musician.

Altogether Earle spent a very pleasant evening. He could hardly have said whether as a woman Mrs. Hutchinson attracted or repelled him, though she certainly piqued his curiosity. Nor could he judge if he had or had not gained her approval. Her manner at parting was friendly but non-committal; she did not express a desire to see more of him. From Hutchinson's manner, however, he gathered that he had not been a gross failure. It pleased him, though he could not have said why, that Mrs. Hutchinson should seem the stronger character of the two; nor could he have explained the vague wish that he had made her acquaintance without her husband's intervention.

III

Ordinarily Earle was not very punctilious in the fulfilment of minor social obligations, but he felt that in this case a visit of digestion was imperative. He would not have been surprised if Mrs. Hutchinson, though at home, had declined to receive him. She would expect the formality, but she would not necessarily submit to what, for anything he knew, might be a boredom. She did receive him, however, in a negligent gown of black lace that was in itself a welcome, and was good enough to say that boredom was just what his visit relieved her from. Lightly as it was said it made him feel that the test of his eligibility had been really postponed until now, and he commended his own judgment in supposing that the visit was imperative. If he failed to interest or amuse Mrs. Hutchinson, now, he ceased to exist for her except as a club acquaintance of her husband's.

His acceptance of the challenge was made more spirited by the fact that after a merely formal opening of generalities she began to talk about him and his writing.

"You are one of my periodical refreshments, you know,"

she said, indicating a litter of papers and reviews on the little table beside the couch on which she indolently reclined; "and it is part of the refreshment that one never knows when and where you are going to turn up."

He was old enough not to attach too flattering a meaning to the word refreshment, and young enough to try to force an expression of her opinion by saying: "At least I can claim the merit of giving small doses at long intervals."

"Yes, you're considerate," she said, coolly, and he laughed at the deserved evasion.

"And innocuous," he said.

"Well, why not?" she said, in so frank a tone that he hastened to disclaim any desire to startle the Philistines.

"That's allowed," she said. "One wouldn't be bothered with you otherwise."

"Still," he persisted, in pursuit of her point of view rather than from the wish to know what she thought of him, "we give you refreshment rather than solid food?"

"Ah, don't despise your privilege," she said, with sudden energy and a melancholy behind it that strangely stirred him. "Believe me it is worth having—if you care at all for the gratitude of your fellow creatures."

It was only the intense curiosity she aroused in him that made him dissatisfied with so rich a compliment. Sincerely as it had been paid there was a depth in her that was not involved in it.

"You're generous," he said, smiling rather ruefully, "but you give from the bank and not the mine."

She smiled, but a slight change of color told him that she had understood him and, to herself at least, admitted the justice of his complaint. After a moment's consideration, in which he watched her closely for some betrayal of her deeper self, she said:

"Youth is too precious a thing to be wasted in dusty exploration."

He began protestingly: "Oh, youth——"

"——Is not to be measured by years," she said. "But we'll have some tea. Will you please ring that bell?"

He obeyed, wondering whether he had been snubbed for his curiosity or whether she only wished to evade it. He was intelligent enough to see that in either case persistence, now, would be unrewarded.

Over tea she talked to him in a friendly, matter-of-fact way about his material affairs; asking him questions about his professional doings, his recreations and his way of living.

"You seem to have arranged your life very sensibly with regard to your ambitions," she said. "And are you happy?"

"As a sand-boy," he assured her. She dwelt, a little enviously, on his laughing face and then, lowering her eyes to the tea table while she arranged the cups, added:

"And there's a woman?"

"Not to interfere," he said stoutly.

"But to help?"

"I suppose I'm arrogant——" he began, but she checked him with:

"Not at all. We like you all the better for wanting to be sure of that. It's a compliment—which we don't all deserve."

"At present," he said, "I'm not paying compliments. I'm building houses."

"Well," she said, "there's plenty of time. But, unless you take vows, you will eventually build better or worse for some woman."

The remark, with its implied conception of his temperament, was just personal enough to make him feel sure that he hadn't been snubbed. But claiming the privilege to read him was a different thing from revealing herself, and before he could think of a sufficiently subtle way of turning the conversation upon her she strengthened her defences by saying:

"My husband tells me that you are building very well now."

A few days ago the knowledge of Hutchinson's appreciation would have pleased him immensely, but now he felt that Hutchinson was irrelevant.

"I didn't think he had noticed," he said.

Evidently amused at his slight tone of chagrin she said:

"My husband is a very observant man. He often speaks of you."

"I amuse him," said Earle.

"No, I think he takes you rather seriously," she said with a judicious air.

Encouraged by her bantering tone he said:

"What, precisely, do you take seriously?"

"Tea," she said; "you are eating nothing."

With a gesture of mock desperation he took a piece of cake. She laughed and went on:

"At least a woman can help you there—without any serious risk."

"I'm prepared to take risks," he said, without any particular intention.

"So long as they don't menace the building," she said.

"Hang the building," he said, "if it interferes with my interest in my fellow creatures."

"You must not even say that," she said gravely; adding, "though of course it needn't."

"Then why do you close the book?" he said boldly.

She made no pretence of not recognizing the personal application, but smiled rather sadly, and shook her head.

"Not worth while—to an idealist," she said.

He was too intelligent to disclaim the label and said: "But mayn't one be permitted to judge that for oneself?"

"Well, it's open to read," she said, carelessly.

"In cipher," he retorted.

She glanced at him quickly before she said, with less command than hitherto:

"That sounds rather alarming."

"Or alluring," he said, quietly.

From her expression he could not tell whether she were vexed or amused. She had colored slightly, she smiled, looked grave again, and kept her eyes down. Moved as he had not been before, he was wondering if he ought not to cover his last remark with something less personal when she raised her eyes and said in a level tone:

"You may smoke and if you'll give me a cigarette I'll keep you company."

He came to the couch where she sat. As he lit her cigarette

he observed that her hand was a little unsteady. It came to him in a flash of illumination that words were not the right key to the enigma. When he had thrown away the match he sat down beside her. She betrayed self-consciousness only in a slight raising of her voice as she explained unnecessarily that smoking was not one of her regular indulgences. They talked in that strain, both a little forcedly. After a few seconds she threw away her cigarette and said:

"There, I have countenanced you."

"To attempt the cipher?" he said, unsteadily.

"Ah, don't waste your youth," she murmured.

The effect was to make him daring and he lifted her hand to his lips. It would not have surprised him to receive a blow for the liberty. She released her hand but only to rest it on his shoulder, and, with narrowed eyes, looked at him searchingly. She was grave now, her color uneven, her breathing uncertain. Emboldened he put his arm round her and murmured: "Well, do I only amuse you?" Her breath, arrested by his action, came back slowly in a sigh. "Wait," she said; and, rising, locked the door.

IV

Afterwards Earle tried, with only partial success, to persuade himself that Hutchinson was not really his friend. Theoretically he could make out a fairly good case; he had not welcomed the acquaintance and all along he had been the passive partner; but at the bottom of his heart he knew that the advance on the part of so reserved a man as Hutchinson was evidence of a feeling toward him for which friendship was the only possible word.

Apart from the guilty sense of confidence abused, Earle had no scruples. Miriam Hutchinson was old and intelligent enough to be permitted the right of making what personal relations she chose. He believed that she, like himself, would be prepared to face the consequences of technical infidelity to her husband supposing their intrigue were discovered. He had no reason to suppose that the injury was more than technical; unless he were very much mistaken the relations between husband and

wife had long been merely those of good comrades. Whatever their original affection it was now of a sort that need suffer no decline. There was deceit, of course, but in the circumstances that was almost a kindness.

Under these familiar sophistries the sense of guilt only gave romantic value to the adventure. In pursuit of it technical honor was appeased by tacit agreement in that the abuse of hospitality was not repeated. She came to his flat. Earle continued to visit Hutchinson's house occasionally, but he seldom saw Miriam alone and his conscience was flattered by the reflection that he gave every incentive to suspicion by evading the increasing friendliness of the elder man. Hutchinson was too proud and reserved to comment upon Earle's coldness, but he was evidently a little hurt and perplexed.

To the romantic side of Earle the intrigue was full of inspiration. There was the extreme contrast between the grave, dignified, self-contained and rather formal hostess, when he saw her amongst her friends, and the passionate mistress. Emotionally she was inexhaustible. Imperious and enigmatic he had called her on their first acquaintance and imperious and enigmatic he found her in the closest intimacy. She was as firm in refusal as frank in abandonment. And in the most passionate surrender there lurked a profound melancholy. She gave what she gave with the generosity of a queen, but kept her own secret. In her abandonment as in her melancholy Earle found something deeper than the despairing clutch of a middle-aged woman at the joy of life; she was driven by some excess of temperament which was as far from mere sensuality as it was from the desire for love in its modern conception.

She made no sentimental claims upon him. Her one anxiety, indeed, was that he should not occupy his mind with her at the expense of his work. This, as he saw, did not come from humility but from pride. The result was to call out the devotion she did not claim, and what began in passion deepened through gratitude into something that he did not recognize as love. If she recognized it she kept her own counsel, and the word was not used between them. With supreme wisdom she renounced the name and accepted the reality so that, without

knowing that he was confiding, he gave her the last atom of his confidence; bringing to her his aspirations and difficulties, his hopes, fears, successes and disappointments. He did not know, and she did not betray, what he was gaining from her sane judgment and sympathy. Whether she knew it or not he was building better for knowing her.

In a very strange way she duped him. Her unashamed conduct of the intrigue together with her practical discretion, so carefully careless that suspicion was never aroused, led him to assume tacitly that he was not her first lover. Not recognizing that his passion had passed into love, he wondered why the assumption did not repel him. Without knowing it he underestimated his privilege; if he had been asked he would have said that he was fortunate rather than happy.

Two things conspired to leave him unsatisfied; her implacable reserve in everything beyond the appeal of passion, and her husband's persistent friendliness. The first was a lure, the second an irritation. He knew that he liked Hutchinson; in spite of their relative positions he did not despise him; and he felt, though he tried to deny the feeling, that his own unresponsiveness was a real grief to the elder man. Earle himself would have been glad to force the situation and he sometimes wondered why Miriam preferred concealment. She was not a woman to be afraid of either public censure or the practical consequences of divorce. The problem was associated in his mind with her habitual reserve. He could not quite understand why she had given herself to him. The desire for concealment in face of his implied willingness to bear the consequences of discovery pointed to mere indulgence of the body, which tallied with his assumption that he was not her first lover; yet, whenever he recalled her mingled joy, pride, melancholy and, above all, tenderness in his arms, his mind refused to accept that explanation. There were times when he was almost ready to believe that Hutchinson must know; that for some unexplained reason he was compelled to tolerate the aberrations of a strange woman.

Once Earle ventured to hint to her his desire for honesty. She betrayed no alarm, but was inflexible.

"No," she said, "that would be the end of everything. You are not jealous of him?"

"I'm jealous of his regard," he said.

"Yes, I can understand that," she said after a pause, "but that, unfortunately, is in the nature of things. It is the price you pay. Otherwise—you have no need to be jealous. Is the price too heavy?"

There could only be one answer and Earle did not again question his good fortune.

Still, as time went on, his jealousy of Hutchinson's regard only increased. He began to recognize, too, that it was not Hutchinson's force of character and moral and intellectual power, but some simplicity, some need in the man, that vexed his peace of mind. It was as if he were deceiving a child. This was brought home to him one evening when, unable without actual rudeness to evade the invitation, he had dined in Cavendish Square. There were other guests and, if he had been the most modest of men, he could not have escaped the impression that Hutchinson was showing him off. Remarks of his, that he himself had forgotten, were quoted with the implication that the elder man had thought them over and modified his views accordingly. At one point in the conversation Hutchinson laid his hand affectionately on his arm and then removed it with a slight flush and stammer that in so undemonstrative a man were infinitely touching. Earle saw that Miriam had observed the action; she smiled, but not amusedly.

A few days later she came to Earle's flat with her great air of the matron, irreproachable and unapproachable, which made her transformation to the mistress an ever new delight. That afternoon they were unusually happy, and, as the hour of parting drew near, Earle spoke of his grief at having so little of her confidence.

"Don't waste your youth," she said, repeating her former answer. The words recalled the occasion and he strained her to him, passionately murmuring:

"Indeed, in spite of all, I know you no better to-day."

"Be content," she whispered.

"Content is not the word," he said, "but——"

She stopped his mouth with a kiss and then, holding his head between her hands, gazed at him with eyes that were almost maternal in their tenderness.

"Have I given you anything?" she said. "I don't speak of pleasure."

"You have given me new life," he said.

"And nothing can take it away?" she said, giving his head a little shake.

"Nothing," he said, wondering at the question. He thought that perhaps she was about to make some admission about her past life. But instead she suddenly bowed her face on his shoulder and began to sob heavily. He had never seen her cry before and the convulsive anguish of her weeping alarmed him. He pressed her into a chair and knelt beside her begging her to forget his words.

"Don't tell me anything," he said. "Nothing can make any difference."

She mastered herself with an effort as terrible as her sudden breakdown, and, smiling at him bravely, said:

"Forgive my foolishness—but that is true?"

He pressed his lips to her hand and said reverently:

"If I were never to touch your hand again you would still be the joy of my life. Nothing could take it away."

V

The next afternoon when Earle entered the club a waiter, looking at him strangely, gave him a note addressed in Hutchinson's handwriting. Warned by the man's face he took the note to the silence room before he opened it.

"Dear Earle," it ran. "My wife shot herself at midday—I fear not accidentally. I can think of no reason why she should take her life, though the possibility was always there. She was an unhappy woman, not for any positive reason, but by temperament. I feel that you ought to have this from me because you were one of the very few people who did not bore her. I believe, gratefully, and you may be glad to know, that if anything could have reconciled her to the life she found wearisome it

would have been your friendship. That I can well understand, and when the immediate grief of this is over I hope you will extend to a lonely man the comfort she undoubtedly derived from your society."

It was only then that Earle knew that he loved her. He knew that his last words to her were simply true; that if he could have called her back, the mere knowledge that she was in the world, the quiet assurance of her words, her calming glance, would have been enough. Though loving his life and not given to desperate actions, his first impulse was to follow her, and if the means had been at hand he would probably have done so. But when he came to himself he felt the craving to have at least some further word of her. Though he understood, only too well, that her last visit to him had been a deliberate "good-bye," it seemed to him incredible that she could have gone out without some explanation.

Avoiding everybody he left the club. In the Strand he recalled the face of the man who had given him the note. Already the news must be in the evening papers. The desire for any detail about her rather than the hope of illumination prompted him to buy a paper, and he searched it, standing on the pavement, jostled by the passers-by.

Early in the afternoon her maids had been startled by a report from the drawing-room. They found her lying dead on the couch, shot through the heart. Even as he read Earle found himself admiring the sharp manner of her death.

So far as was known she had left no trace of writing to account for her action, but Earle felt certain that she had written to him. Afraid to go home before sufficient time had passed for the delivery of her letter, he continued to walk the streets, quickly and aimlessly.

At six o'clock he returned to his flat, where he had not been since early morning. Yes, there was a letter addressed to him in her masculine hand with the orderly placing of words that was so characteristic.

She began without preamble: "When you get this I shall be gone. He did not know, he does not know, he must never know. That by everything you hold sacred between us.

“Forgive me for the shabby trick I seem to be playing you. It will not be in vain if I can make you understand. Briefly—we are not our own. There is always a claim. We wronged him. Yes, but how? Not by my ‘unfaithfulness’: that, in our case, is a mere figure of speech. He lost nothing in me; indeed, he gained by what I had of you; and concealment was—a courtesy. Therefore you need feel no remorse. You have time and opportunity for so much more than reparation that I go gladly in the thought of it.

“Even at the end, after thinking it over for days—weeks—it is difficult to find words sufficiently clear and important to express what I mean. We robbed him not of me but of you. His need of you is as real and beautiful a thing as I have ever known in my life. And, though it may sound strangely from me, he is worth while. He is, in his way, a great man. I could tell you things—but it is not necessary. He deserves all you can give him, and you can give much.

“You could not know this and therefore the wrong was altogether mine. I ought to have known, at the beginning, but I did not. Partly, I think, because I misjudged you. I thought that I might have joy of you and yet leave you all that he needed in you. But then I saw that your singleness made that impossible, and your singleness is—you; and from that moment I knew that we were sinning. Not a moment before. But not seeing is no excuse and seeing is the last imperative. Therefore I must go.

“Now you begin to understand what, in going, I put upon you. It is a hard but not an impossible task. Be yourself to him. If you have gained anything from me I shall have part in your fulfilment, and that will be my expiation. What you are in yourself is the measure of my temptation and of this necessity. Oh no, I am not praising you for a virtue. Just what you have you are not responsible for; you do not even value it. But youth, the undying youth that is yours, is a terrible gift. Guard it, oh guard it both for your own sake and for the sake of those to whom it may be a blessing and an inspiration. Do not suffer it to be abused. Not that I think I harmed you—and I have your word that you are not less happy for knowing me. Your interpretation of that in your future relations with him will be

the test of the man I believe you to be, and your tribute to my memory.

“What last words can I say to my Love, my Lover? For me it is an exultation to write the words, now, for the first time. Writing them I can go with a laugh on my lips. Here, anyhow, I feel not the shadow of remorse or regret. I can fling it in the face of judgment, against the wisdom of the virtuous, that with no purpose but selfish gratification I was permitted to know the culmination of life. If you can say the same—and I have your word—you will not think too sadly of my departure. We have delighted together—*tempus abire est.*”

A PRESIDENTIAL PREFERENCE VOTE AND THE ELECTORAL COLLEGE

JOHN WALKER HOLCOMBE

IN a former article,* it was urged that Congress, by a brief enactment, assist the Electors to assemble in convention for the purpose of nominating candidates for President and Vice-President, and prohibit conventions and other extra-legal agencies from forestalling the choice of the Electoral College. It was shown that the Electors have the constitutional right so to assemble and nominate, and that party conventions are purely voluntary, irresponsible bodies, acting without warrant of law.

The Electors are "appointed" by direct vote of the people. Though elected on a general State ticket, it is the invariable custom to put on that ticket a resident of every Congressional district. Thus the Electors are known personally or by reputation to the people among whom they live. They may be designated by primary elections, and they constitute a truly representative body, knowing and sharing in the opinions of their constituents. They are a fit body to choose the President because they are a sensitive index of public opinion. This reason influenced the Constitutional Convention in determining the mode of election, the mode adopted being thought the best of all that were proposed, to interpret and carry out the people's will.† But to know that will the Electors were left to their own understanding. No systematic means of the people themselves expressing their will were provided; indeed, such means could not be provided in that age. Methods of voting were extremely

* In the November FORUM.

† Gouverneur Morris wrote in 1801: "It was inferred that the mode least favorable to intrigue and corruption, that in which the unbiased voice of the people will be most attended to, and that which will be least likely to terminate in violence and usurpation, ought to be adopted." And Alexander Hamilton in *The Federalist*, No. 68: "It was desirable that the sense of the people should operate in the choice of the person to whom so important a trust was to be confided. This end will be answered by committing the right of making it, not to any pre-established body, but to men chosen for the special purpose, and at the particular conjuncture."

crude, and it is only in our own day that a really effective ballot has been devised, while the idea of primary elections of candidates is most recent. Meantime, to aid the Electors, left powerless by the requirement to give their votes in their respective states, nominating conventions sprang up, and they have attained a rank growth, imposing upon the Electors as the will of the people the results of Homeric wrangles of politicians.

But the day of the convention is said to be passed. Since the highly unedifying spectacles of last summer, nearly every newspaper and periodical has so predicted in language more or less temperate. The convention is an excrescence upon the body politic, and ought to go, and with it the whole fabric of Presidential campaigns, of which it is the foundation. The country has grown too big for the system, the conventions too unwieldy, the expenses too enormous, the excitement too intense. This applies with even greater force to an election of President by direct popular vote. Let the personal element be eliminated, and the President be found without candidates and without campaigns.

We have too much of parties and partisanship. Our nationwide campaign is a gigantic evil: its unifying influence no longer needed, its educative value negative, its vast expenditure worse than waste, its irritating effects thoroughly unwholesome. The shameless vituperation of public men, the unscrupulous misrepresentation of policies, the lurid picturing of outrages past and horrors to come, have too often roused the unthinking to madness, and may be held responsible for the assassination of one-third of our Presidents elected since the Civil War. With this evil record, the worst among modern nations, we still industriously cultivate the tree that bears such fruit, our system of frenzied politics.

The substitute offered for the conventions is the nomination of candidates by primary elections, each party voting separately among candidates designated in advance by petition or some such means. The objections of confusion, cumbrousness, intricacy and expense, in attempts to apply this scheme to Presidential elections, were discussed in the former article referred to; but, also, this system recognizes and perpetuates by law, parties and

partisan organizations. In view of the developed political capacity of the electorate, it is right and possible for the people to express their wishes respecting candidates for the offices of government, and the best means possible should be devised for a full and effective expression thereof. But by no means should it pass through the medium of party conventions. Such a medium is wholly unnecessary and altogether obstructive. Most emphatically it is urged that the people, in undertaking to advise respecting the Presidency, address their advice directly to the responsible agents commissioned by them and vested by them with authority to act thereon, that is, the Electoral College.

This desirable expression of Presidential preferences by the voters at large, may be given in a simple and effective manner, with scarcely any addition to the labor involved in casting and collecting the ballots. Naturally the preference vote should be given in connection with the vote for Electors, and such would be the case in practice; but in legislating upon the subject, in order to avoid all questions of validity, Congress would wisely connect this vote with the vote for Representatives, a subject over which that body has complete jurisdiction,* while the power to determine the manner of "appointing" the Electors is vested in the State legislatures. A paragraph in the act for assembling the Electoral College should provide that in the years when a President is to be elected there shall be printed on the ballots used in voting for Representatives in Congress words to this effect: *Here the voter may write the name of his choice for President of the United States*, and below them a blank line; and when the ballots are counted in each State all names written on this line by the voters, which have received more than one thousand votes each, shall be tabulated with the number of votes for each, and the tabulation shall be certified to the Electors, and shall be published.

* This is placed beyond doubt by the Supreme Court in the following language: "So in the case of laws regulating the elections of Representatives to Congress the State may make regulations on the subject; Congress may make regulations on the same subject; or may alter or add to those already made. The paramount character of those made by Congress has the effect to supersede those made by the State, so far as the two are incompatible, and no farther." *Ex parte Siebold*, 100 U. S. 386. See also *Ex parte Yarborough*, 110 U. S. 651; and *Wiley v. Sinkler*, 179 U. S. 62.

When the Electors assemble in convention those from each State will present the tabulation with which they have been provided, and thereupon a consolidated table will be compiled, showing in proper order all the names that have received more than one thousand votes in any State, the number of votes given to every name in each State, and the total number of votes for every name in the whole Union. Remember that the people have, without prior nominations or dictation from any source, out of their own knowledge and best wisdom given these votes. The Electors will thus have reported to them the real voice of the people, but speaking a variable language. From every State there may be several or many names, and without doubt the best qualified men of the nation will be in the lists. It will be the task of the Electors to analyze the lists and determine what is the highest expression of the people's will. They will mark a number of names that have received the largest totals of votes, and those whose votes are derived from the greatest number of States, and among those found to be general favorites they will consider the elements of distinction, past services and qualifications. Each Elector will give to the varying elements such weight as his own judgment and conscience approve, and the results of their deliberations cannot fail to be more satisfactory to an enlightened country than are the fortuitous conclusions of our national conventions.

To complete the discussion of this question, something should be said of the manner of "appointing" the Electors, though this is not within Federal jurisdiction. Being left to the State legislatures, various modes were employed, each suited doubtless to local conditions. In certain States the legislatures themselves appointed them, in others they were elected by Congressional districts, in others all were voted for upon a general State ticket. The last mode has come to prevail, because it gives an advantage to the majority, and the party in power wants and expects to get all the Electoral votes. But election by Congressional districts was preferred by the early statesmen. Wilson, Gallatin, Hamilton expressed themselves strongly to that effect. Jefferson wrote: "A most favorable event would certainly be the division of every State into districts for the election of Electors"; and

Madison reported: "The district mode was mostly, if not exclusively, in view when the constitution was framed and adopted. The States when voting for President by general ticket are a string of beads. When they make their elections by districts, some of these differing in sentiment from others, and sympathizing with other districts in other States, they are so knit together as to break the force of those geographical and other noxious parties which might render the repulsive too strong for the cohesive force within the political system." Certainly, the district mode of election seems the fairer, as it would give voice to any existing majorities in the several districts, which might be different from the majority in the State as a whole; and it would render the Electoral College more nearly the counterpart it was intended to be of the national legislature. Logically the Electors corresponding to Representatives ought to be elected in the same manner and by the same constituencies as the Representatives, while the two that correspond to Senators should be elected by the State at large.

The plan here advocated is a restoration of the system designed by the creators of our government, with important modifications required by the developed capacity and enlightenment of the electorate. It was intended that "the sense of the people should operate" through a body of men assembled from every part of every State, and knowing the popular will from their intimate relations with the people. It is here proposed that the body of chosen delegates shall receive directly the advice of the people, their own personal knowledge being supplemented by the popular preference vote. Such a combination of the old and new methods would go far toward taking the Presidency out of politics, as it was conceived by the Fathers. To them the States were the familiar theatres of party contests, their varying interests causing divisions within themselves on diverse issues. Supposing that partisan contentions would be confined within State boundaries, they beheld the National Executive raised above parties, presiding impartially over the destinies of federated States. This is a nobler, grander ideal of the Presidency than the reality it has become, a party chief raised to power by methods which in winning him victory have also won him dis-

trust. The Presidency of this nation is too splendid a prize to be safely thrown into the arena of personal ambition. It should be bestowed unsought, the office seeking the man. If it be objected that this plan is undemocratic, it should be answered that it is possibly the most truly democratic that can be devised for a large constituency. Pure democracy can only be exercised over a small area, where the entire body of voters in mass meeting pass ordinances and elect officers, as in the Swiss cantons and New England towns. When the political unit is enlarged, composed of many parts, its democracy becomes forthwith representative. Representatives are chosen to enact laws affecting every vital interest, and by representatives our Presidents are in fact selected. The question here is whether these shall be self-constituted representatives, the bosses of disorderly conventions, or shall be the body created for that especial service by our venerated constitution. Should the satisfaction of expressing by ballot a choice among candidates A, B, C, and D, dictated severally by agencies over which we have no control, be greater than that of accepting finally a choice made by agents lawfully elected and advised by the people, and responsible to them for the proper execution of their solemn trust?

As has often been remarked, the authors of the constitution builded better than they knew. In devising only the principal great agencies of government, with only general specifications and restrictions of power, they created an organism which has harmonized with all environments, proved equal to every new condition and controlled successfully an undreamed-of expansion. As provisions little understood have been found of vital efficacy when brought into action by legislative enactment or judicial decision, to meet arising needs, we may be sure our ancient charter holds latent the means of present safety. Some statesman of the early days, divining the tremendous potency of the commerce clause, called it "a Sleeping Giant in the Constitution." So "that abandoned provision, the Electoral College," may prove to be a Veiled Saviour.

A GROUP OF IRISH POETS *

MICHAEL MONAHAN

II

Gerald Griffin

THE love of poetry is given unto most of the children of men, but the literary concept of the thing is too often a pain and a weariness. The critics and the professors of poetry are evermore bandying their apple of discord. The great public,—as the newspapers phrase it,—the vulgar many, if you will, are not seldom a unit and cast a single suffrage. The many are in the wrong, of course, but I am not always sure of it. After much critical reading, one recurs with a refreshing sense to those sources of pleasure about which even the critics are agreed that it is not worth while to dispute. The mental ache is gone; the tension of thought which latter-day poetry induces is instantly relieved. There is hardly any artifice in these rhymes; an occasional false quantity does not displease us; the soul-probing casuistry and all the rest of it, are happily absent. Here is passion enough, but of a natural sort, without a damnable complexity of motive and refinements that are super-sexual. Here is patriotism that shames the diluted article of our day. Here is love that does not lack the essentials of human interest because it is pure, and innocence may hold the page, unharmed of any lurking satyr.

It is told of Handel that he once said he would rather have composed the tender melody of *Eileen Aroon* than all the elaborate works of his genius. Simplicity, the first note in nature, is the last result in art. After a strong course of the reigning Muscovite or Slavic fiction, even after the more delicate and artistic pruriencies of the French realists, we think better of Doctor Primrose, take down the little volume reverently and follow with a chastened heart the simple fortunes of the good vicar. And against the judgment of the critics who have in our

* The first paper appeared in the November number.

day discounted Dickens, who have told us that one generation is enough to weep over Tiny Tim and Little Nell—against this chilling decree may be set the fact—reassuring to some of us who have felt the spell of the wizard—that *David Copperfield* is still the high water mark by which we measure the popular sense of the good, the true and the beautiful in fiction.

In a lately published volume of Irish songs, compiled by Mr. Charles MacCarthy Collins, M. R. I. A., the editor makes it a subject of lament that Irish poetry offers “no epics with a trace of the fire of Homer, of the grandeur of Dante, of the majesty of Milton; no descriptive poems like *Childe Harold*, no satires like the *Dunciad*.” Truly, I do not think the Irish are greatly to be pitied for their lack of epics. Ancient Irish nomenclature raises such difficulties that the reading of them might perforce be left to the antiquarians. Even the exquisite art of Tennyson does not save the Arthurian legends from palling. Merlin, Lancelot, Guinevere and the rest “come like shadows, so depart,” with no relation to the living world. If this be poetry—and it would be daring to doubt—we are perhaps unfit for the message. Our ears have not been touched that we may hear, our eyes that we may see. Too easily the fairy gift escapes our gross perception, nor may we follow it with the chastened vision of Sir Galahad, as he traces the mystic flight of the Holy Grail. Only we know, despairing of the beauty and the mystery, that it is lost to us—

Adown dark tides of glory slides
And star-like mingles with the stars!

The world is, indeed, greatly blessed with epics which it seldom takes down from the upper shelf. But this is, in a sense, to apply the yard-measure to poetry. A single line becomes unforgettable. A book sinks into oblivion. We have broken with the old gods, who were, perhaps, no great gods after all. There shall be no more epics. For it is now an article of perfect faith that a man shall fittingly waste his whole life, heart, passion, the very inmost flame of him, for some dozen lines of real poetry.

The best of Irish songs are peerless in the respects of natural sentiment, tenderness, pathos and delicacy—and what else

is there to put into a song? I do not limit this observation to the melodies of Thomas Moore, who stands by himself and whose songs, in their union of music and poetry, are beyond comparison, either with those of any other nation or even with the happiest efforts of his gifted countrymen. Some of these latter seem at times to excel him in point of vigor and natural freedom, but not one of the few who are often ignorantly cited as his peers, is able to maintain, as he always is, the high level of the classic. If Moore have a fault, it is, perhaps, that he refines too much. The diamond of his Irish song is the brightest in the world, but it is also the most artfully polished. Granting him all he deserves, the poetic genius of his race is yet fully exemplified by turning to all that is not his, and finding so much of the rarest value, "which mankind will not willingly let die."

There is no name in the literature of the last century dearer to Irishmen than that of Gerald Griffin. He lived fewer years than Mangan, and his too was an ill-starred genius. If misfortune be the true badge of the poet, either of these brilliant men may pass unchallenged on that score. Like Mangan, the author of *The Collegians* had to contend with poverty, and he did his share of starving in London, whither he had gone from Limerick at the age of eighteen to begin a literary career.

But the moral fibre of Griffin was of sterner stuff than that of the erratic Barmecide. With a nature deeply, even morbidly religious, he was proof against those bohemian temptations which attend failure even more than success. He took his short commons patiently enough, and, between intervals of hack work for the newspapers, managed to write a tragedy in the regulation classic mould, which convinces us that he was not likely to carry out his threat of "throwing Shakespeare in the shade."

Quitting London in despair after a few years, Griffin returned to his native Limerick. Who can forget the lines in which his sorely tried heart, his wounded spirit, too proud and tender for the sordid struggle, spoke his love and thankfulness at seeing old Ireland again after his weary travail in an alien world?

'Tis, it is the Shannon's stream,
Brightly glancing, brightly glancing;

See, O see the ruddy beam
Upon its waters dancing.

Thus returned from travel vain,
Years of exile, years of pain,
To see old Shannon's face again,—
O, the bliss entrancing!

Hail, our own majestic stream,
Flowing ever; flowing ever;
Silent in the morning beam,
Our own beloved river!

Here amid the scenes of his youth he drew the inspiration which has made his name immortal. The *Hallowtide Tales* and the *Tales of the Munster Festivals*, appearing in quick succession, were an earnest that the young Irishman was capable of great things in prose fiction, if not in classic tragedy. And in 1828 when on the occasion of his second and last visit to the metropolis of Gog and Magog, the famous novel of *The Collegians* was given to the world, Griffin at once sprang into a brilliant reputation, which the lapse of over half a century has but widened and confirmed.

Boucicault's stage version, *The Colleen Bawn*, has helped to make this novel one of the best known in the range of English fiction. It was a remarkable performance for a young man under twenty-five, and it contains the promise, annulled by Griffin's retirement from the world and untimely death, that the author would write his name with the masters of the English novel. The great and kindly Sir Walter Scott had an approving eye on the young Irishman. Scattered through the volumes of his Diary, we find references to Griffin and his work, always couched in terms of high appreciation.

It is, of course, impossible to say what Griffin might have done had he lived to fulfil the earnest of his first success. Excepting Scott's, none of the great novels of the century had been written when the *Tale of Garryowen* saw the light. Dickens was to come. More than a decade was to pass before Thackeray should challenge his "pride o' place." Mary Ann Evans, better known as George Eliot, was still in pinafores. In fact, the splen-

did cycle of Victorian fiction had not begun to unfold. That is to say, the ethics of fiction, as now understood, had not been formulated. Sometimes the man seems to make the epoch and then again the epoch seems to make the man. Mr. Howells has told us, with unconscious humor, perhaps, how much he is the gainer by coming after Dickens and Thackeray. Be it remembered that Griffin went before either of those giants of the Victorian age, and, therefore, on the score of literary obligation a balance is to be struck in his favor.

In the first dayspring of his rich fancy teeming with the legend, the lore and the romance of his native Mononia, our poet might well have said, "Time and I against any other two" —evermore the challenge of genius confident to art inexorable. Oh, that tale of Garryowen! how the truth and the pathos of it grip the heart of one who, like myself, must make the response that nature demands and prove the deep kinship of race by an authentic sympathy! In a day when we scan the newest author's style for evidence of degeneracy, and dramatize the gruesome findings of pathology, what a delight to turn to that incomparable chapter which rehearses the rise and fall of Owen's Garden! To me there seems a pathos truly epical, not unmingled with a rich suggestion of Irish humor, in the immortal stanza that epitomizes the story of how Garryowen rose and how Garryowen fell:

'Tis there we'll drink the nutbrown ale,
We'll pay the reckoning on the nail,
No man for debt shall go to jail
In Garryowen na-gloria!

With some of the faults of a young man's book, *The Collegians* is a story of the highest power. No other Irish writer has drawn the Irish peasant with anything like the fidelity of Griffin.

There are many passages in *The Collegians* and in *Tracy's Ambition* which you will hardly better with the best in Thackeray and Dickens. Has the biographer of *Barry Lyndon* given us anything truer to the life than the sketch of "Fireball" Creagh? Has he a scene in which the tragic and the grotesque

are more strongly mingled than in the death of poor Dalton? And is not Dickens matched on his own chosen ground of dramatic, highly wrought circumstance by the powerful episode of the finding of Eily O'Connor's corpse, the accusation of the guilty lover by Danny Mann, or the remorse, grief and shame of the "little Lord" when he hears the accusing ballad from behind his prison door:

As for that false and cruel knave
Who stole my life away,
I leave him to the Judge of Heaven
And to the Judgment Day.

The truth of Griffin's pictures of Irish peasant life is not their only artistic merit. He had the genuine creative gift, that informing faculty which goes before everything else in the equipment of the fictionist. With what truth of nature he discriminates a score of Irish peasants! The dialect may be unvaried for all, but in each case the expression of character is defined with the touch of the artist. Loyal as I am to Dickens, I shall not give you Lowry Looby for Sam Weller. The one is flesh and blood; the other, according to Mr. Saintsbury, is "extra-human."

But I am to speak of Gerald Griffin as a poet rather than as a novelist, although some of the best of his poetry is to be found in his prose—which indeed has led me to say so much of the latter. He has little of the bardic spirit which animates Mangan. No line of his recalls the ancient senachie. But he excels the author of *Dark Rosaleen* in tenderness even as the latter surpasses him in strength. He has given us two or three of the very finest in the whole compass of Irish love songs. And, as an Irishman, I may be pardoned for believing that *My Mary of the Curling Hair* is one of the sweetest love songs in the world.

My Mary of the curling hair,
The laughing teeth and bashful air,
Our bridal morn is dawning fair,
With blushes in the skies.

Shule, shule, shule, agra!
My love! my pearl!
My own dear girl!
My mountain maid, arise!

Wake, linnet of the osier grove!
Wake, trembling, stainless, virgin dove!
Wake, nestling of a parent's love!
Let Moran see thine eyes.

I am no stranger proud and gay,
To win thee from thy home away,
And find thee, for a distant day,
A theme for wasting sighs.

But we were known from infancy,
Thy father's hearth was home to me,
No selfish love was mine for thee,
Unholy and unwise.

And yet (to see what love can do)
Though calm my hope has burned and true,
My cheek is pale and worn for you,
And sunken are mine eyes!

But soon my love shall be my bride,
And, happy by our own fireside,
My veins shall feel the rosy tide
That lingering hope denies.

My Mary of the curling hair,
The laughing teeth and bashful air,
Our bridal morn is dawning fair,
With blushes in the sky.

Shule, shule! shule, agra!
My love, my pearl!
My own dear girl!
My mountain maid, arise!

Purity, no less than tenderness, marks the love songs of Gerald Griffin, and indeed both these qualities are characteristic of most Irish poetry of the affections. A chivalrous respect for

womanhood and a certain delicacy of feeling in the warmest utterance of passion are proper to the poets of a people who have in all times been distinguished by a genuine morality. The statisticians are here compelled to agree with the eulogists of the Irish character. And although virtue in the amatory relation has been sufficiently discounted by the practice of some poets greater than Gerald Griffin, we are not the less beholden to the chaste muse of the Irish singer.

A common fatalism no less than a common genius marks this group of Irish poets. "Whom the gods love die young"—the tenderest truth caught from the antique world—tells the destiny of Griffin and Davis. Mangan, too, passed untimely—shattered, broken, aged by the torments of a wrecked spirit. All had eaten "that bread which is the bitterest of all food"; all had climbed those "stairs which are the hardest to climb"; all had tasted that "deferred hope which maketh the heart sick." None attained to more than a half measure of years. Griffin, Davis and one more of whom I am to speak, were possessed with the boding of early death. I have already marked the morbid piety of Griffin, linked as it was with a presage of untimely decay, a feeling which had haunted him from boyhood, as he tells us in those simple and affecting verses:

In the time of my boyhood I had a strange feeling
That I was to die in the noon of my day,
Not quietly into the silent grave stealing,
But torn, like a blasted oak, sudden away:

That even in the hour when enjoyment was keenest,
My lamp should quench suddenly, hissing in gloom;
That even when mine honors were freshest and greenest,
A blight should rush over and scatter their bloom.

But be it a dream or a mystic revealing,
The bodement has haunted me year after year,
And whenever my bosom with rapture was filling,
I paused for the footfall of fate at mine ear.

With this feeling upon me, all feverish and glowing,
I rushed up the rugged way pointing to fame;
I snatched at my laurels while yet they were growing,
And won for my guerdon the half of a name!

Doubtless the poet's gloomy presentiment offers nothing of deeper psychologic import than the native sadness of the true Irish temperament, shadowed by an intense poetic sensibility. But however we may speculate about it, we know that it drove Griffin from his literary successes into an Irish monastery, where he turned like Chatterton in the play upon his precious manuscripts, and destroyed them that his soul might have peace. Byron standing beside

"the grave of him who blazed
The comet of a season,"

teaches not the vanity of literary ambition more impressively than the single slab which bears the name of *Brother Gerald Griffin*.

J. Joseph Callanan

In beginning these papers I observed that my task should be to bring to your notice much with which the critic has no concern. Therefore, I shall make no apology for introducing into this group of Irish poets one so little known to the world of letters as the poet above named. We are, I trust, better informed in our judgment and sympathy. Poor Callanan of *Gougaune Barra*,—which remains one of the most memorable of Irish poems,—was in truth a humble singer, yet not unworthy of the comradeship in which I have ventured to place him. No poet has reported the characteristics of Irish scenery, the heartbeats of Irish patriotism, with a more instructed vision for the one, or a more enthusiastic feeling for the other. Earth hues and sky tints float in his verse as if reflected by the crystal wave of the Shannon or Suir. His were the eyes that saw, his were the ears that heard, and small as is the body of his work, it entitles him to a proud place and enduring fame in the Irish anthology.

Like Griffin, this poet is virginal in passion, a devout dreamer, a tender ascetic. And as did the mythical Kevin, he will flee from the blue eyes of Kathleen, "eyes of most unholy blue." Nay, if she pursue him too far, seeking to tempt his sacred vows, let her beware the anger of the mystic solitary, guarding his treasure of holiness with a fearful care. Let her think on Glendalough and its gloomy wave!

The poetry of Callanan and Griffin calls up many a haunting vision of Innisfail, the Sacred Isle. This is one I often see at the bidding of the gentle poet: It is a green land, of a greenness unmatched elsewhere, and over it the peace of the Sabbath is brooding. Yonder is a gray ruin, its garniture of ivy and climbing wild-flowers hiding old wounds that mutely tell some glorious story of the long ago—perchance of blood that was shed in vain, of heroes who sleep unnamed, forgotten. See, there is a modest church, with its low spire and simple black cross, that most speaking emblem of human faith, cherished by this people as I believe by no other. A bell is slowly ringing to Mass, and there is a whisper at my heart that if I wait and watch with faith like unto theirs, mayhap I shall see among those quiet faces one whom I too early lost and whose anxious love shines upon me from the mists of childhood.

Ah, me! The Irish Muse was indeed a saint, and the poet offered at her shrine the homage of his purity and flawless faith. These minstrels often sang of love and touched the higher chords, but of that earthly love which is fiercer than fire, yea, which is sometimes more bitter than death, they knew nothing. I believe this acrid human passion too is needful, and greater poets than they have enforced the tragic truth. Yet the rare purity of these elect singers touches with infinite pathos. It is of a like strain with the sadness of their lives, their idealized patriotism, their untimely decline.

It is distinction enough for poor Callanan, if no more might be claimed for him, that he has given us *Gougaune Barra*, which has a charm for me that I cannot hope to convey to my readers. Born in the land whose living breast nurtured the poets we have been studying, I was so early removed as to be unable to retain any impressions save those which are stamped on the memory of childhood. The effort to combine these images into a picture intelligible to my mature sense—to find the magic sesame to that enchanted period—has, I confess, often occupied me, since the natural interest in one's birthright may plead for such a vanity. I have had only partial success in this attempt to recreate a child's paradise,—for the poorest environment may be that—and have therefore had recourse to Irish poetry of the familiar sort,

in quest of some clue to these broken memories. This was, of course, to part with my earliest faith, since no poetry, the work of ripened minds, can hope to bear the least resemblance to that divine quality which makes the vision of the child. After one has ceased to believe in the gold at the foot of the rainbow, there is an end to one's first poetry.

For some reason growing vaguely out of these early and disjointed associations, I have always been especially fond of some pieces of Callanan's. Nor (I should hope) am I to be suspected of an undue preference on the ground that the poet was himself a native of the noble county of Cork. My Irish citizenship is scarcely vivid enough for that. Yet, as I would say, Callanan has done much in helping me to realize the birthright of romance to which I fell heir unwittingly, and *Gougaune Barra* embodies for me the wildness and sweetness of the Irish poetical inspiration.

There is a green island in lone Gougaune Barra,
Whence Allua of songs rushes forth like an arrow;
In deep-valleyed Desmond a thousand wild fountains
Come down to that lake, from their home in the mountains.
There grows the wild ash; and a time-stricken willow
Looks chidingly down on the mirth of the billow,
As, like some gay child that sad monitor scorning,
It lightly laughs back to the laugh of the morning.

And its zone of dark hills—O! to see them all bright'ning,
When the tempest flings out its red banner of lightning,
And the waters come down, 'mid the thunder's deep rattle,
Like clans from their hill at the voice of the battle;
And brightly the fire-crested billows are gleaming,
And wildly from Mallow the eagles are screaming;
O, where is the dwelling, in valley or highland,
So meet for a bard as this lone little island?

High sons of the lyre! O, how proud was the feeling
To dream while alone through that solitude stealing;
Though loftier minstrels green Erin can number,
I alone waked the strain of her harp from its slumber,
And glean'd the gray legend that long had been sleeping,
Where oblivion's dull mist o'er its beauty was creeping,
From the love which I felt for my country's sad story,
When to love her was shame, to revile her was glory!

Least bard of the free! were it mine to inherit
The fire of thy harp and the wing of thy spirit,
With the wrongs which, like thee, to my own land have bound me,
Did thy mantle of song throw its radiance around me;
Yet, yet on those bold cliffs might Liberty rally,
And abroad send her cry o'er the deep of each valley.
But rouse thee, vain dreamer! no fond fancy cherish;
Thy vision of Freedom in bloodshed must perish.

I, too, shall be gone—though my name may be spoken
When Erin awakes, and her fetters are broken:—
Some minstrel will come in the summer eve's gleaming,
When Freedom's young light on his spirit is beaming,
To bend o'er my grave with a tear of emotion,
Where calm Avonbuee seeks the kisses of ocean,
And plant a wild wreath from the banks of that river,
O'er the heart and the harp that are silent forever!

Thomas Davis's *Lament for Owen Roe* has been called the most pathetic elegy in the language. Callanan's *Dirge for O'Sullivan Beare*, purporting to be a translation out of the original Irish, is assuredly the fiercest. If you have read Mr. Froude's powerful story, *The Two Chiefs of Dunboy*—and if not, I would urge you to read it—you require no introduction to Morty Oge, the famous smuggling patriot of the eighteenth century. Mr. Froude has characterized this Irish rebel with his usual force and, it must be added, his usual animus in respect to an Irish subject. There were critics who fell foul of Mr. Froude when the novel was published, and who did not scruple to remind him that his *forte* was for writing fiction in the guise of history. However that may be, *The Two Chiefs of Dunboy* is literature, and though the picture it presents of Ireland at the epoch treated is often discolored by the writer's innate prejudice, I am thankful to Mr. Froude for having done the book if for no other reason than that it helps me to realize the poetical motive of Callanan's *Dirge*. It would not be easy to cite from the whole range of Irish ballad literature a piece that so vividly exhibits in little the tragic history of this people. Alas! the dirge of Morty Oge, the reckless darling of his people, betrayed to a foul death by one of his own race whom he had favored and protected—is it

not the ground-note of all that sad history? Bearing in mind the religious character of the Irish peasantry—more deeply emphasized then than now—the maledictions of this poem take on a fearful interest. Read Mr. Froude's thrilling chapter on the Death of O'Sullivan Beare (which I think is well worth most of the fiction that has since appeared) and you may then, in some slight degree, realize the terrible pathos of Callanan's *Dirge*.

The sun on Ivera
No longer shines brightly;
The voice of her music
No longer is sprightly;
No more to her maidens
The light dance is dear,
Since the death of our darling,
O'Sullivan Beare.

Had he died calmly,
I would not deplore him;
Or if the wild strife
Of the sea-war closed o'er him;
But with ropes round his white limbs
Thro' oceans to trail him,
Like a fish after slaughter,
'Tis therefore I wail him.

Long may the curse
Of his people pursue them;
Scully,* that sold him,
And soldiers that slew him!
One glimpse of Heaven's light
May they see never!
May the hearth-stone of hell
Be their best bed forever!

In the hole which the vile hands
Of soldiers had made thee;
Unhonored, unshrouded,
And headless they laid thee.
No sigh to regret thee,
No eye to rain o'er thee,
No dirge to lament thee,
No friend to deplore thee!

* The informer.

Dear head of my darling,
How gory and pale
These aged eyes saw thee,
High spiked on their jail!
That cheek in the summer sun
Ne'er shall grow warm;
Nor that eye e'er catch light,
But the flash of the storm!

A curse, blessed ocean,
Is on thy green water,
From the haven of Cork,
To Ivera of slaughter;
Since thy billows were dyed
With the red wounds of fear
Of Muiertach Oge,
Our O'Sullivan O'Beare!

In this paper and the preceding one I have dealt with a group of Irish poets whose lives offer a pathetic interest from resembling causes, and who were filled with that spirit which has given birth to an unique literature. But you are not to think that even with these, "high sons of the lyre" though they be, we have done more than to open the book of Irish balladry. I shall make bold to pronounce that ballad literature the finest in the world. The dominant note is one of lament for the lost liberty of Erin. Often a single deathless song is all that we have of the poet. Scattered over a period of about three hundred years, born of an oppression without parallel and a resistance without precedent, of a struggle ever renewed and ever defeated, this ballad literature of Ireland, of the Irish soil and of the Irish heart, is the priceless treasure of a people that has lost everything beside. No literature in the world has more vitality than this—to say that it is written in blood and tears is to speak without metaphor. Ireland may well rejoice her sad heart with this glorious possession—the testament of her martyrs, the pledge of her fealty, the witness of her undying hope.

STATESMANSHIP AND THE UNIVERSITIES

CLAYTON COLMAN HALL

IT is a coincidence that the three most prominent candidates for the office of President of the United States at the recent election are all university graduates and more or less closely associated with university administration. Mr. Taft is a graduate of Yale and a member of the corporation; Mr. Roosevelt is a graduate of Harvard and one of its board of overseers; while Mr. Wilson is a graduate of Princeton and also of the Johns Hopkins University, where he took his degree as doctor of philosophy, and was for eight years, before his election as Governor of New Jersey, president of Princeton, having previously been a member of the faculty in that university and at Johns Hopkins.

Mr. Taft, before his election to the Presidency, had held high judicial office, and was at one time indorsed by his predecessor and political foster-father as specially qualified for the office of Chief Executive, having received a special course of training in public affairs as a member of the Cabinet, by experience on special diplomatic errands to Japan and the Vatican, and as Civil Governor of the Philippine Islands.

Both Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Wilson are prolific writers. Many of the books of the former relate to his personal experiences in ranch life, in the hunting of big game and in campaigning with the rough riders during the war with Spain, and well illustrate the remarkable vitality and versatility of the author. The books of Mr. Wilson relate to American history and the principles of government as established in the United States.

For the proper performance of work involving responsibility and requiring skill, whether it be the building of a railroad bridge, the healing of the sick, or the making of a watch or a pair of shoes, it is generally recognized that special preparation by long and careful training is required; in short, that before a man can deal successfully with a difficult subject it is necessary for him to understand it.

In the selection of candidates for the high office of President

of the United States this qualification has not always been deemed necessary. Party expediency has been the first consideration, and a capacity to hold the party together and to get votes has been considered the first requisite in a candidate, who must therefore be acceptable to the party politicians. In this way the qualities of a successful politician have too often been regarded as of paramount importance, and statesmanship has been deemed a secondary consideration.

So much has this been the case that a correspondent of the London *Daily Mail* writing in July last of the nomination of Mr. Wilson, in whom he recognized an accomplished student of history, of civilization and of the science of government, pronounced his nomination to be a new departure in American politics, declaring that "He belongs, in fact, much more to the class of public men we are accustomed to in England than to the class that has hitherto pretty well dominated American affairs."

The founders of the American Republic were statesmen, the peers of those of the old world who were trained in the exercise of statecraft. Professor Taussig, in the *Tariff History of the United States*, notes the evidence of a decline in statesmanlike ability in this country in the way the tariff came to be treated as a political rather than an economic question, about fifty years after the time of the Revolution. He says of the tariff of 1828: "Taken by itself, that act is but a stray episode in our political history. It illustrates the change in the character of our public men and our public life which took place during the Jacksonian time."* And again of the tariff act five years later: "Considered as a political measure the act of 1833 may deserve consideration. As an economic measure there is little to be said about it."† The influence of party politics has dominated subsequent tariff legislation.

But if there has been a decline in statesmanship, there has been of recent years an abundance of intellectual activity in other fields. The strides of science have been long and rapid. In medicine, in surgery, in physical and chemical science the progress is continuous, and the fascination of searching into and finding

* Taussig: p. 107.

† Taussig: p. 111.

out the secrets of nature has enlisted the best efforts of many minds.

In an editorial article in the *New York Evening Post* of July 10, 1912, there is given under the title *The Scientific Atmosphere* a picture of the attitude of real scientists. The occasion of the article was a notice of an address by Mr. Balfour at the unveiling of a statue of Lord Bacon in front of Gray's Inn, London, on June 27, in which he dwelt upon the influence of Bacon in pointing out the true methods of scientific investigation and thus leading to the formation of what is now called "the scientific mind." The article, enlarging upon the subject, continues: "To-day we have the great company of thinkers and investigators round the globe devoting themselves to the refinements of research into nature. . . . Coöperation in science is increasingly efficient. One discovery prompts another, and each new triumph of man over the forces of nature—each new conquest of disease, each advance in the amelioration of the conditions under which men must live and work—is the signal for another. . . . Scientific ideals were never so high in the hearts of students as they are to-day, nor did the great task still before scientific investigators ever more powerfully appeal to devoted workers for the good of their kind."

This is an inspiring picture and we may admit that it is not overdrawn. But do these high ideals and this spirit of altruism always prevail where scientific study is pursued? The pioneers in the field of modern scientific discovery were seekers after truth and sought nothing else. Its discovery was their sole, and was deemed their exceeding great, reward. But upon the heels of new discoveries as to the forces of nature the spirit of invention was quick to follow. The practical application of new discoveries in chemistry and physics led to vast improvements in the methods of agriculture, and to the wonders of the manifold uses of electricity in transportation, in the transmission of speech, and of telegraphic communication through aerial spaces without visible medium of conduction. Great inventions have been accompanied by great pecuniary rewards to the inventors. And so the study of science has taken on a new aspect, and students have flocked to scientific schools not for any special love of

science or of truth, but in order to learn the secrets of science that they may turn the knowledge to profitable account. This is a natural result, but under these conditions a school of science becomes in effect a school for technical training and ranks only with other professional schools, whether of law or engineering.

The effect of the enlargement of the field of activity in the domain of science has naturally resulted in great changes in the methods and requirements at the great universities. The attraction of science and the prospect of material reward from its pursuit have led to the neglect of those studies which two generations ago were held to comprise the whole of a liberal education—the humanities. The popular tendency is to magnify the importance of the schools of exact science at the expense of the schools of history, of philosophy, of literature and languages—those which tell of the development of humanity, and of the organization of human society and of civilization. This has conduced to a certain arrogance of mind on the part of some scientists who, themselves trained upon one line only, in the stern mental discipline of scientific investigation, imagined that by that training and that discipline alone is intellectual power developed. Some thirty years ago a professor in one of our great universities, a distinguished scientist, notable for his brilliant scientific achievements, but inconspicuous for any attainments in letters, was heard to rebuke a graduate student who had made some error in laboratory work which provoked the professor's ire, in these words: "Why do you try to study science? Why don't you go over to the literary side of the university *where brains are not required?*" It is in this contemptuous manner that minds narrowed by too intense specialization have sometimes been led to view the liberal arts.

At the commencement exercises of the Johns Hopkins University in June, the plans for the arrangement of buildings upon the new site at Homewood were made public. The published report of the announcement contains this statement: "On either side this (the main) quadrangle will be flanked by the four great laboratories of physics, geology, chemistry and biology, and at its western end will rise the largest building of the university, the academic or Gilman building, serving for both graduate and

undergraduate work and at the same time housing the university's library and reading room."

Now what is the nature of the "graduate and undergraduate work" thus briefly referred to, that is to be conducted in this one building, described as the largest of the group, and the first, according to the announcement, upon which the work of construction will be begun? In it will be the schools of history, of philology, of literature, of political and economic science; here will be viewed in perspective the rise and fall of dynasties and of nations, and their causes sought; and here will be traced the evolution of civilization and the rules by which human society must be organized if stability is to be secured. Here too must be the schools of metaphysics, of ethics, of logic and of pure mathematics: in short, all that was formerly deemed necessary in a university, and without which it would not be entitled to the name.

These schools were not particularly mentioned in the announcement, probably because they were assumed to be present in the minds of all men when the university was spoken of, as though comprehended in the word. But unfortunately this cannot be assumed with certainty. On all sides are heard laments of the growth of commercialism, of utilitarianism, in education. And it is a natural growth if professional equipment be the sole end in view. We hear constantly of the contributions which science makes to industrial and material development, and the man in the street naturally comes to think that that is the aim and use of science, and that a school of science is valuable just in so far as it serves this end. In this way the true conception of a university and of its higher functions becomes obscured.

This confusion of purpose cannot attach in the same degree to the study of the liberal arts, the decline of which is now deplored. They were and are studied not so much with a view to immediate reward, but primarily with a view to the enlargement of the mind and the broadening of the mental vision; and it is in this field of study that a correct view of public questions may be obtained and their solution worked out. Here too is the place for setting up the highest ideals for the State and for the individual in his relations thereto.

Political science is no less a science than physical science; but the methods of investigation are radically unlike. In natural science investigations are made under strict laboratory conditions with instruments of the highest precision and the deductions from observations are worked out with mathematical accuracy. In the field of political science, on the other hand, these conditions, necessary in the other case, are impossible. The problems are complex and the influences affecting them manifold. Conclusions must therefore be deduced, as in most human affairs, not by a mathematical formula, but from the weight, the preponderance, of evidence. The physical scientist regards such processes as loose and vague; but they require in fact the exercise of a higher quality of judgment and of reason because the primary observations of fact cannot be made with the same minuteness and precision.

The great universities set for themselves high standards as their aim. The seal of Harvard bears the word *Veritas* on the pages of open books. The motto of Yale is *Lux et Veritas*; that of the Johns Hopkins is *Veritas Vos Liberabit*. In all Truth is set up as the end to be sought, truth that shall enlighten, truth that shall free the mind, so that, liberated and liberal, it shall be open to all truth. But the idea of a university as a place for original investigation and research is of comparatively recent lodgment in this country. It first found expression in actual fact in 1876 with the establishment of the Johns Hopkins University. In an address delivered in Baltimore, February 22, 1902, upon the occasion of the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of that university, President Eliot of Harvard declared its great achievement to be "the creation of a school of graduate studies, which not only has been in itself a strong and potent school, but which has lifted every other university in the country in its development of arts and sciences." In an address delivered in April, 1910, to the alumni of that university in Washington, Mr. Bryce, the British Ambassador, paid this high tribute: "It has realized in the concrete that large and noble conception of a university which makes it not only a place for giving a general liberal education and for preparing men for the various professions and

avocations in life to which they mean to apply their activities, but also for providing advanced courses of study in various great departments of knowledge which might be followed by those who had completed their liberal education and who desired to devote themselves to the discovery of new truths. Never in America, nor in England or Scotland, so far as I know, had this view of a university's function ever been carried into effect until Johns Hopkins appeared. It is a pioneer and has set an example which many other seats of learning have now followed to their own great profit." Upon the same subject the New York *Evening Post* in its issue of May 12, 1910, speaking editorially said: "American science and scholarship were placed on a new plane; in the course of fewer years than any one would have supposed possible, the standards of the leading American universities were brought up to the European level. Systematic research in every department of human knowledge gradually became a fully recognized function of our universities."

Scientific research upon modern lines and with modern methods of investigation is now firmly established the world over. Everywhere the earnest students of science are questioning that sphinx, nature, bidding her to speak and yield up the answers to her own riddles. And in physical science and in medical science great discoveries are being recorded. There is no danger of this inexhaustible field being abandoned or neglected. Is it not time then to look at some of the old fields of classic learning once assiduously cultivated, but which, amid the new fever caused by the discoveries in the gold mines of science, have been in a measure allowed to lie fallow? The solution of the problems of human society can be sought successfully only by those who have studied them as problems, with a view to their solution, and in the light that is derived only from a scientific knowledge of the evolution of existing conditions from those that preceded, as the complex relations, political and economic, of modern civilization have been developed through the ages. It is as true now as it was three hundred years ago that "*La vraye science et le vray étude de l'homme c'est l'homme.*" To correct existing evils in the conditions of society and to anticipate and prevent worse consequences from ensuing—for there is need of

preventive medicine in the body politic as well as in the material body—calls for statesmanship of the highest order. And where shall statesmen be trained and fitted for their grave responsibilities if it be not in the schools of philosophy and of the great universities? Statesmen cannot be trained and developed as a florist develops a particular variety of rose; but the soil and the atmosphere in which they may thrive can be provided, and these are not in the arena of fierce political strife, but in the schools where the problems at issue can be viewed dispassionately and in their true perspective and correlations. There is need for higher statesmanship at home and abroad, for modern conditions have produced a spirit of unrest everywhere. Senator Bailey of Texas in a speech at Washington on July 12, after referring to the conditions which precipitated the French Revolution, declared that “if within the next thirty years the country should continue to change as it has in the last thirty, we shall find ourselves face to face with such a condition.”

Without being unduly alarmed at such forebodings, it is well to recognize the gravity of the problems now pressing for solution and the inequities in social conditions that demand rectification. The French Revolution was essentially a revolt against special privilege; a revolt of those burdened by excessive taxation against those who were exempt from its burdens though the possessors of great wealth. In this country we have gone further than that, and by means of duties imposed on foreign imports, increased by successive steps to rates far above those which fifty years ago were advocated and defended solely as a temporary measure rendered necessary by the exigencies of the civil war, we have made it possible for the domestic producers, in industries thus protected by the tariff, to exact from the people at large through artificially enhanced prices, the equivalent of a heavy tax on commodities which, in the guise of “increased cost of living,” goes from the pockets of the oppressed consumers to the coffers of the privileged class of protected producers, without the intervention of the tax-gatherer and without adding a penny to the Government revenue or passing through the public treasury.

This same tariff, “the fruitful mother of trusts,” as it has

been called, has through the exclusion of foreign competition in fields where it would affect the price of commodities, made easy the combination of interests to stifle competition at home, and fix prices by agreement; and hence the gigantic trusts by which the oppression of the many for the enrichment of the few has been made more certain and secure.

The French Revolution was the result of the revolt of the many who were heavily laden with the entire burden of taxation, against the privileged class which was exempt. It remained for American ingenuity to devise a plan by which the many should be burdened for the direct enrichment of the privileged few. An inequitable distribution of wealth and the accumulation of enormous private fortunes are apt to be viewed with discontent on the part of the less favored. And if the inequalities are brought about by artificial means through vicious legislation, the condition furnishes an argument for the destructive doctrines of socialism and inflames the passions of the anarchist.

The high tariff on foreign goods was originally advocated as needed for the protection of young industries in a new country. When the absurdity of this argument became too obvious, another position was taken. It was declared that "the true principle" was to equalize the conditions of production with those in other countries, and so protect American labor from ruinous competition with less highly paid foreign labor. Meanwhile the American workman is being crowded out of the protected factories and his place taken by foreign-born men, women and children working at starvation wages, as was conspicuously shown by the incidents of the recent strike at Lawrence.

Political orators are fond of referring to the unfailing "common sense" of the American people, and it has generally proved worthy of the confidence expressed. In the early days of the Republic, in fact until a little more than fifty years ago, the American people were comparatively homogeneous, and the majority of them from the race which, from the time of Magna Charta and before, has demonstrated its singular capacity for self-government and love of individual liberty. But during the last half century a radical change has taken place in the composition of the population and is still in progress. According to

the statistics of population compiled by the Census Bureau, the native white population of the United States born of native parents constitutes less than 54 per cent.—a little more than one-half—of the total population. The foreign born and the native of foreign parentage constitute 35 per cent. of the total, and the negroes nearly 11 per cent. During the decade preceding the year 1910 the foreign-born population increased in number more than 3,000,000, in spite of a decrease in the number of inhabitants born in Germany, Ireland and Wales—countries from which formerly the greater and the more valuable portion of immigration was derived—to the extent of nearly 600,000, showing a total increase from other countries of more than 3,700,000. This marks a significant change in the racial character of immigration and consequently in the composition of the population. Many of these recent immigrants come from countries in which no preparation for participation in public affairs by the exercise of the franchise could possibly be obtained, and some of them come from races which have for centuries manifested an incapacity for self-government. Moreover these immigrants are not always drawn from the more intelligent and law-abiding inhabitants of their respective countries, and many of them, crowded into the larger cities of this country, instead of contributing to the development of resources, greatly increase the difficulties of municipal administration and contribute to swell the annals of crime. After a brief residence a large portion of the males among these immigrants, aliens to American institutions and traditions, may acquire the franchise, their qualifications for citizenship being often little better than those of the multitude of ignorant negroes, removed at most by but a few generations from barbarism, and possessing no ideas at all upon public or political questions, into whose hands after the close of the civil war the ballot was thrust, and with it the dignity of American citizenship, not for the good of the republic or the good of the negro, but in order to meet the exigencies of a political party and extend its lease of power. Of such mixed material the “American people” is now composed. The country owes much to its thrifty foreign-born citizens who, like the original colonists, have taken their part in reclaiming the wilder-

ness, in developing the resources of the land and in the upbuilding of the nation. Numbers of them, among whom the late Carl Schurz was a distinguished example, have become eminent in the national councils; but it cannot be denied that in recent immigration are contained many elements that give but remote promise of successful assimilation as useful components of the body politic. Without proper regulation of immigration and greater restrictions upon naturalization, the time may not be far distant when that portion of the population which by inheritance and tradition is devoted to the principles of American government and American liberty will constitute a minority of the whole electorate.*

The "dependencies" acquired as a result of the war with Spain also present grave problems as to how a republic is to exercise imperial authority over subject races in remote quarters of the earth. These dependencies in the Orient have already cost vast sums of treasure, while the chief results consist of the imposition of a demoralizing service upon a portion of the army, and the necessity for ever-increasing vigilance against the introduction of "old shapes of dread disease" from which the western continent until recent years enjoyed a happy immunity.

Some causes of social unrest, such as those pertaining to the mutual relations of capital and labor, are old as well as new and world-wide in their operation; but the subjects which have been mentioned above, the tariff, the trusts, immigration and imperialism, present problems which are peculiarly our own. They are the products of the legislation and the policies of the past, and therefore the resulting conditions are artificial in character. Evils which have been created by vicious or unwise legislation it is the function of wise and sane legislation carefully and judiciously to correct and remove.

But for the solution of these problems there is need for statesmanship of the highest order. They cannot be successfully dealt with by politicians whose chief aim is party supremacy and the spoils of office; and they cannot be successfully dealt

* In 1910, according to the Census reports, the native white persons of native parentage constituted less than one-third of the population in Massachusetts and Rhode Island. In Connecticut and New York the proportion was but little greater (about 35 per cent.).

with by shallow demagogues unable to distinguish between an intelligent public opinion and ignorant popular clamor, but who, always listening to the latter, will advocate without regard to ultimate consequences any political nostrum that promises popularity for themselves.

The solution of social and political problems can only be worked out by the scientific study of humanity and of human political, social and industrial institutions. It cannot be discovered either in the laboratory or the hospital. But it lies with those who have learned in political science to look beneath the surface for the cause, and to recognize that, as in medicine, a cure can be wrought, not by treating the symptoms with palliatives, but only by attacking the disease. Agitators who, whether unduly alarmed through ignorance, or consciously acting in the spirit of the demagogue, seek by dilating upon existing evils to set class against class, merely aggravate the conditions and so make the removal of their causes, which is the work of real statesmen, more difficult.

It has been recognized that little more than a third of a century has elapsed since "systematic research in every department of human knowledge gradually became a fully recognized function of our universities." If within that time circumstances have led to a greater measure of attention being given to the exact sciences, it may now well be that those universities will best serve the public interests in the immediate future which are first and best in historical investigation and in the study of the science of law and of government in its application to the vital questions affecting the well-being of human society and of this commonwealth, and now awaiting solution; from whose halls will come forth men qualified to help in the formation of an enlightened public opinion and to take a guiding part in public affairs; men who, speaking above the strife of tongues, can say with an authority which commands attention: "This is the way, walk ye in it."

ST. JOHN HANKIN

JOHN DRINKWATER

ST. JOHN EMILE CLAVERING HANKIN died in 1909, at the age of thirty-nine. To discuss the circumstances of his death would be an irrelevancy that could serve no useful purpose. The only word that need be said in this connection is in answer to an ill-considered suggestion that the event was hastened by some sense of disappointment, an unsatisfied hunger for recognition. All artists of real distinction are alike in being proud of their work; they differ only, for temperamental reasons, in the manner of expressing their pride. Reserve in this matter is not necessarily the virtue of modesty, nor, on the other hand, do we think the less of the makers who have foretold that their rhymes should be more durable than marble monuments. St. John Hankin was proud of his work, and made frank avowal of the fact. "You always think so well of your own plays, Hankin," said a colleague. "Of course I do," was the reply, "otherwise I shouldn't continue to write them." The statement implies no undue self-satisfaction. He was not easily content with the thing he had written, and was a finely conscientious workman in revision and the search for rightness in balance and form. But the task done, he was glad to stand by it, and said so. It is, however, a deep injustice to his memory to suppose that this frankness sprang from any overweening concern for his immediate reputation, and mere folly to add that it affords any clue as to the cause of his last act. In the first place, artists do not die of wounded pride. Keats was not "snuffed out by an article," but by an organic disease, and even Chatterton's tragedy might have been averted by a few shillings a week. Secondly, Hankin had already received a large measure of the only kind of recognition that he valued. He was not forced to write for money, and he neither expected nor wished his plays to be readily accepted by the general public. He was deliberately in the camp of the pioneers, and did not look for the rewards of conformity. But his work had won the approval of progressive audiences, and had been acclaimed by the

most liberal critical opinion. The new repertory movement in the theatre, upon which he himself exercised so important an influence, was in turn recognizing him as one of its most notable products. His name was one of credit among the people who were seeking to quicken a stage that had grown moribund, and the knowledge that this was so gave him just and genuine pleasure. He was working with a clearly-defined aim, and he was achieving his purpose as rapidly as any man can hope to do. St. John Hankin the neglected and disappointed dramatist is a myth. At the time of his death he was winning and enjoying the best kind of success, and his end was one of those untimely accidents of temperament and physical circumstance that we are wise to accept without too curious analysis. Nor would it be profitable to speculate as to what might have been added to his achievement had his life been prolonged. We have to consider his work as it stands, and examine the grounds upon which its claims to permanence may be established.

The decadence of English drama, that began with the passing away of the Elizabethans and has been arrested only in our own day, has commonly been supposed to have been the penalty paid for the neglect of life. By decadence we do not mean a lack of superficial and momentary success. Every age has produced its harvest of plays that would attract and hold large, if uncritical, audiences, and they have not always been wholly bad plays. The great mass of them have, indeed, been radically deficient in true dramatic sense, and, by substituting violent events and action for ideas and character focussed into action, have vulgarized a great art. But a substantial minority have been the product of sincere observation and some feeling for character. And yet, the plays written in England between the end of the Shakespearian age and the beginning of the present generation that are of indisputable excellence when put to the test of the stage and also survive the processes of time, might be numbered at a bare dozen; certainly no more. The Restoration dramatists would contribute two or three between them; Goldsmith claims one, perhaps two; Sheridan two, possibly three. The list is not easily to be lengthened. On the other hand, most of the poets of high rank have written plays, and

in many cases plays that are immortal, but only by virtue of qualities that are not stage qualities. Action is not essential to the stage, but in its absence there must at least be some direct progression of idea or spiritual conflict that shall perform its office of holding the attention of an audience. The poets have, justly, thrown action from its usurped station in drama, but they have failed either to use it in proper measure or to substitute its equivalent, and for this reason their influence has been deflected from the theatre. We have, then, the few plays that have held the stage and still live; the poets' plays that are imperishable but do not fulfil the requirements of the stage; the large number of plays that sought only a momentary and sensational success and could not, by reason of their essential abuse of dramatic art, achieve more. And there are left those plays, cumulatively through the generations a large number, that had in them some sincerity and conscience and also a measure of fitness for the stage, and have yet passed into oblivion. If we ask ourselves why these plays have perished, we find that the suggestion that the stage had divorced itself from life leaves the question unanswered. The truth is that the stage fell upon evil days not because it divorced itself from life, but because it divorced itself from literature. Literature means style in the expression of life, and if we look at those plays that paid some heed to life and adjusted it with skill to the theatre, we find that the one supreme quality that they lacked is style. The poets have always brought this quality to the drama, but they have neglected the rightful demands of the stage in other things. Drama that shall succeed in the theatre and also be a permanent addition to the art of the world can only spring from the union of an understanding of stage-craft and the faculty of at once seeing and apprehending life and character, or at least manners, and bringing to their expression that discipline of language which is style.

The loftiest style is employed in the service of poetry. When the impulse to express the thing seen passes beyond a certain degree of urgency the expression takes on a new quality of rhythmical force, shaping itself generally into verse. The difference between fine prose and fine verse is fundamentally rather one of

urgency, of intensity, than of beauty. The greatest verse may have a loveliness that is not to be found in the greatest prose, but this beauty is a result of the essential distinction, not the distinction itself. It is for this reason that our new drama, full as it is of hope and even achievement, does not yet make any serious challenge to that of the Elizabethans. With two or three exceptions, the plays that we have produced have not been forced by the sheer strength of their begetting impulse into poetic form. But many of them have already been so forced into style, a style lower than the highest, but of clear authenticity, and these are plays too that are fitted to the requirements of stage presentation. We have not yet regained our lost estate, but we are realizing that it is worth regaining, and already the result is a quickening of our dramatic perception. A knowledge of life and the theatre is no longer considered sufficient equipment for the playwright, and men of real literary gifts, men, that is, with the gift of style, are seeking first to understand the theatre so that they may bring their labors to its service. The stage is renewing its old relation to literature, and that is the most wholesome thing that has happened to the stage for three centuries. It was St. John Hankin's privilege and distinction to be one of the first dramatists in England to help in the establishment of this reunion. The great worth of his plays lies not in their philosophy; after all, the Eustace Jacksons of the world have never lacked persuasive and perfectly logical advocates, and Mrs. Cassilis only invents a new trick to emphasize a very old truth. It is not in the technical excellence of their stage-craft; they are often merciless to producer and actors, and St. John Hankin's stage has a habit of resolving itself into a veritable chess-board. They will take a permanent place in the theatre because they are, on the whole and in spite of their flaws in this respect, constructed for action on the stage, and their expression of the dramatist's view of life is vibrant with style from beginning to end.

The distinction between writing that has this quality of style and writing that lacks it is not the distinction between the same thing well and ill said; it is the distinction between two entirely different things. It is the difference between the dull acceptance

which is knowledge, and the swift realization which is imaginative thought. The former might induce a man to speak of one dead as, say, having "escaped from a very worrying world and the annoyances of jealous and unjust people and the disappointments of life in general," but it is clearly a mistake to suppose that he experiences or expresses the same spiritual emotion as the man who cries out:

He has outsoared the shadow of our night;
Envy and calumny and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight
Can touch him not and torture not again;
From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure, and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown gray in vain;
Nor when the spirit's self has ceased to burn
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

The difference here is that between formal assent and vision. Ultimately it is sincerity that creates style, and sincerity has been lost to our theatre save for brief interludes until these new dramatists once again began to write not from rumor but from conscience. Those momentarily successful plays that presented life not altogether distorted and at the same time fulfilled the technical requirements of the stage perished because their virtues were not really sincere. Their makers said the right thing because it was commonly reported to be the right thing, and not from conviction, and consequently said it ill, which, artistically, amounted to not saying it at all. Lacking the sincerity which should result in style, they lacked the power of complete utterance, and in art a thing either is completely said or it does not exist. We must not, of course, confuse completeness with overelaboration; reticence is often the spirit of style. Completeness implies the embodiment of the creative ecstasy of the artist with the actual statement made, and this ecstasy cannot exist apart from the strictest sincerity.

Among the many vague generalities that have gained currency among us, none is more thoughtless than the pronouncement that art should imitate nature. It should do nothing of

the sort. When Oscar Wilde asserted that, on the contrary, nature imitates art, he was only refuting, with his usual fantastic gaiety, what he knew to be a shallow conventionalism. It would need a good deal of ingenious sophistry for such an ideal to find a more excellent realization than the photograph and the gramophone. Nature—life—becomes art only by concentration and selection. A play focusses into two hours the selected and concentrated experience of many lives, and it finds an expression that is correspondingly artificial and purged. Its failure to do this is the measure of its failure as a work of art. It is for this reason that the greatest drama is the poetic drama, where the expression reaches the highest artificiality, and the symbol most consistently takes the place of the traditional formula of speech. To say that a play is true to life, in the sense that it is an unshaped extract from life, and that its people speak in life-like speech, is utterly to condemn it. Those plays of which I have spoken frequently preserved, when they were not couched in fustian rhetoric, the most exact parallel to the daily use of conversation. The point is that in either case they were the result of hearsay and not of imagination; they accepted without question either the false rumors of literature which their authors had never examined, or the current speech of daily life which had lost all freshness and a great deal of its meaning. Ibsen paused to consider this question before making his plays, or perhaps it would be nearer the truth to say that, bringing real creative impulse to his work, he necessarily rejected at the outset the false doctrines of common acceptance. St. John Hankin was one of the men who, consciously or not, profited by the example. His characters are as far removed as possible in expression from a debased tradition of literary grandiosity, and, on the other hand, they are far from reaching high imaginative utterance. But their speech is, nevertheless, definitely one of the imagination:

HENRY. It was extremely undignified and quite unnecessary. If you had simply come up to the front door and rung the bell you would have been received just as readily.

EUSTACE. I doubt it. In fact, I doubt if I should have been

received at all. I might possibly have been given a bed for the night, but only on the distinct understanding that I left early the next morning. Whereas now nobody talks of my going. A poor invalid! In the doctor's hand! Perfect quiet essential. No. My plan was best.

HENRY. Why didn't that fool Elaisher see through you?

EUSTACE. Doctors never see through their patients. It's not what they're paid for, and it's contrary to professional etiquette. [*Henry snorts wrathfully*] Besides, Elaisher's an ass, I'm glad to say.

HENRY. [*Fuming*] It would serve you right if I told the Governor the whole story.

EUSTACE. I daresay. But you won't. It wouldn't be cricket. Besides, I only told you on condition you kept it to yourself.

HENRY. [*Indignant*] And so I'm to be made a partner in your fraud. The thing's a swindle, and I've got to take a share in it.

EUSTACE. Swindle? Not a bit. You've lent a hand—without intending it—to reuniting a happy family circle. Smoothed the way for the Prodigal's return. A very beautiful trait in your character.

HENRY. [*Grumpy*] What I don't understand is why you told me all this. Why in heaven's name didn't you keep the whole discreditable story to yourself?

EUSTACE. [*With flattering candor*] The fact is I was pretty sure you'd find me out. The Governor's a perfect owl, but you've got brains—of a kind. You can see a thing when it's straight before your nose. So I thought I'd let you into the secret from the start, just to keep your mouth shut.

HENRY. Tck! [*Thinks for a moment*] And what are you going to do now you are at home?

EUSTACE. [*Airily*] Do, my dear chap? Why, nothing.

[*And on the spectacle of Eustace's smiling self-assurance, and Henry's outraged moral sense, the curtain falls.*]

That is not the speech of daily life. No two brothers ever talked to each other or could talk so. There is in their conversation something added to the actual argument between the two

men, and this addition is the imagination of St. John Hankin. Eustace and Henry Jackson are not wholly creatures of their own independent being; they exist partly in terms of their creator's temperament and vision, and they justly and inevitably bear witness to this fact in their utterance. The philosophy that finds a spark of the Godhead in every man is relatively applicable to art. The creature bears in him some token of the Creator, and unless he does so he is deprived of his proudest right. The dramatist whose characters are set out photographically, not reflected through the distinctive medium of his own personality, does not create at all, and he has no claim to consideration as an artist. He may catch the verisimilitude of speech, but the spirit with which he should invest words must necessarily be beyond his consciousness, and his expression will remain untranslated into style.

It is a curious fact that this essential condition of all art should have been so often overlooked in dramatic criticism whilst its importance has been consistently recognized in the discussion of the other arts. A poem or a picture or a statue is accounted as deficient in the finer parts of its being unless it bears in its composition some signature of its source, and yet for some obscure reason we have been asked to consider it as a virtue that a play should be as a bough lopped from the tree of life, unshaped and showing no pressure of the artist's hand. The great dramatists have never bestowed their approval on this monstrous notion by their practice. The art of the dramatist is, indeed, more essentially objective than that of his fellows, but objectivity in art does not imply an abortive dissociation of the thing seen from the eyes that see. Strangely enough, St. John Hankin, who realized this truth always in his art, appeared to lend support to its violation in an essay otherwise full of admirable reason. "It is the dramatist's business," he says, "to represent life, not to argue about it." It is, perhaps, not special pleading to suggest that in speaking of argument he had in mind the distortion of life to make it conform to fore-ordained ends. The sentence is to be found in the *Note on Happy Endings*, where he justly resents the sentimental intrusion of expediency on the dramatist's conception of truth. His protest

would seem to be made rather against the sophistical devices of argument than against argument in the shape of commentary, but, with so important an issue at stake, he would have done well to have considered his statement more carefully. However this may be, it is clear that all dramatists who have written sincerely have not only represented life, but argued about it. The very texture of their expression, as in the passage that has been quoted, is an implicit argument about life, in that it knits up the artist's temperament into the speech of his characters. But the argument has always been explicit also, a deliberate as well as an incidental commentary. The Greek chorus was, fundamentally, a device employed by the poet whereby he might exercise this privilege of argument. The characters that he created might be allowed to work out their own destiny as far as he could enable them to do so by virtue of his experience of life; but he was careful to reserve his right of commentary upon the process. The æsthetic value of this determination is obvious. Our demand of the artist is that he should show us not life, but his vision of life. The earliest English drama made frank allowance of this right, an allowance too frank, indeed, to be artistically sound. The explicit argument was not clearly cut off from the characterization as it had been by the Greeks, nor was it yet woven into the fibre of the characterization in the manner attempted by the Elizabethans. And the Elizabethans themselves were not blameless in this matter. In rejecting the classical model, Shakespeare set himself the most difficult of his technical problems. His magnificent genius justified its own choice, but the soliloquy was, inherently, a less perfect artistic form than the chorus. The greatest difficulty in the loyal presentation of Shakespeare's plays is in dealing convincingly with these choric soliloquies. To adopt the line of least resistance and cut them out, as is commonly done, is merely to maim the poet. Shakespeare felt the artistic necessity of comment upon his creations, but in blurring the dividing line between his dramatic and choric statement instead of defining it sharply he deprived his audience of help to which it has a legitimate claim. But difficulty is no excuse for inefficiency, and no Shakespearian production is of the slightest æsthetic value that does not

honestly seek to meet the difficulty instead of resorting to cowardly evasion.

The demands of art upon the artist are inexorable. The artist finds certain requirements imposed upon him by his work from which there is no escape. And one of these is this necessity of the chorus, or the poet's argument in drama. The whole significance of the chorus in the drama of the theatre had fallen into neglect and oblivion, because the plays of the theatre were being written by men who had no sincerity of artistic impulse. And then, as soon as men once more bring their conscience to this work and write sincerely as artists, we find the necessity reasserting itself in spite of any reasoned denial. The new dramatists, of whom St. John Hankin was one of the ablest and sincerest, seemed to be determined that the construction of their plays should follow a false tradition at least in this, that it should not allow anything to interfere with the development of the action. But they were too good artists to be able to carry out their own determination. Being sincere, and creating characters instead of cutting them out with a pair of scissors, they found it necessary, as we have seen, to invest them with something of their own temper, and that in itself wholesomely disturbed the mechanical continuity that had become a fetish. Here was the beginning of regeneration, and the beginning forced its own growth. Having brought implicit argument back to the drama, they felt an artistic desire for argument that was explicit. Not being quite sure of themselves, they refrained from satisfying the desire openly and they started a new tradition, which will, it is safe to prophesy, prove nothing more than the prelude to a return to the frank acceptance of an essential artistic necessity. They invented the stage direction. Not the old direction that set out a stage and brought people on to it and off again, but a new full-bodied thing that enabled them to do something which their art compelled them to do.

GENERAL BONSOR. [*Too broken with the world's ingratitude to protest further*] Boring! [*Follows Miss Triggs, shaking his poor old head. There is a pause while we realize that one of the most tragic things in life is to be a bore—and to know*

it. Mrs. Eversleigh, however, not being cursed with the gift of an imaginative sympathy, wastes no pity on the General. Instead of this she turns to her sister, and, metaphorically speaking, knocks her out of the ring]

That is pure chorus, and nothing else. And again:

MRS. JACKSON. But what became of your money, dear? The thousand pounds your father gave you?

EUSTACE. I lost it.

MRS. JACKSON. [*Looking vaguely round as if Eustace might have dropped it somewhere on the carpet, in which case, of course, it ought to be picked up before some one treads on it*] Lost it?

This is as clear in intention as a chorus of Trojan women, and instances are to be found on nearly every page of the authentic artists who are re-establishing the credit of our theatre. They are, indeed, to be found on the pages only, not yet on the stage in their complete and rightful authority, but the fact that they are conceived and written is evidence of the return of a perfectly sound instinct. The most complete attempts to give this elemental desire natural expression that have yet been made in modern drama are, perhaps, to be found in certain of Mr. Yeats' plays and in the Gaffer of Mr. Masfield's *Nan*.

The Two Mr. Wetherbys was written in 1902. Before that date St. John Hankin had worked as dramatic and literary critic, and was known as a contributor to *Punch*. He had by him, too, the usual sheaf of plays, and was wise enough to leave them in their pigeon-holes when his reputation as a dramatist might have lent them a value not their own. He looked upon *The Two Mr. Wetherbys* as the first achievement by which he cared to stand. *Mr. Punch's Dramatic Sequels* was published in 1901, but its wit is relatively immature and not comparable with that of his *Lost Masterpieces*, published three years later. Between 1902 and his death he wrote seven plays and began an eighth, and it is upon these that his reputation rests. In *The Two Mr. Wetherbys* certain of his qualities appear almost in their full development, others scarcely at all. The faculty of writing dialogue, the style, the salty wit and the debonair, faintly

cynical philosophy of life, are all there. But there is as yet nothing of the deeper humor and the real tenderness that were to throw their gracious charity over the mocking satire of the later plays, nor is the artistic sincerity yet perfect. It is the only one of his plays that has a conventionally happy ending of the kind that he laughed at so vigorously in the preface from which I have already quoted, and it is the only one that ends unsatisfactorily. In sending Dick and Constantia off to inevitable domestic tribulation he may have had his tongue in his cheek, but, if so, the humor was too subtle to be safe, involving as it did a direct negation of his own conviction. The whole question of the destiny of the artists' creations is necessarily one that each artist must decide for himself. St. John Hankin quite rightly decided that the romantic conclusions popularly favored were false. It does not follow that they are false to life or to another artist's view of life, but simply that they were false for him. They are, indeed, commonly enough so contrived as to fail altogether in artistic conviction, but this does not affect their radical fitness when conceived by the right temperament. Eustace Jackson's engagement to Stella Farringford would, doubtless, have trebled the popularity of *The Return of the Prodigal*, but any balance in our knowledge of life, or, more particularly, in our knowledge of Hankin's vision of life, precludes us from deploring his refusal to sanction such an event; but we are, none the less, profoundly disturbed by the accident that prevents the consummation of Romeo's love for Juliet. It is the prerogative of passion to take no account of institutions or social expediency. Great poets in their most passionate seasons create without reference to anything save their own burning conception. Love's moment is for them an immortal term which is independent of any subsequent reaction or retribution. But it was Hankin's limitation as an artist that he could not see life detached from such institutions and expediencies. He could see clearly but not very deeply; his characters are alive and considered from many points of view, but he was never able to divest them of the rags of circumstance. The danger of passion was, in consequence, a more real thing for him than its glory. Much as he did for the renascence of drama in many ways, he was yet far from

bringing reason under the fine subjection of the imagination. Eustace's marriage to Stella would have been a catastrophe only because these people were created by Hankin's temperament; a greater imagination might have made such an event triumphant. An artist, however, is not to be censured for his limitations, but only for his refusal to recognize and work within them. Of the higher things of passion Hankin was incapable, but he was wisely content to acknowledge the incapacity, and, working consistently within his powers, he rediscovered certain artistic principles of first-rate importance, in the expression of an impulse not of the highest order, yet in itself of no mean value.

The Return of the Prodigal, which followed the *Wetherbys*, was written in 1904. Not only have the qualities that were found in the earlier play matured, but there are new qualities discovered. If it was not given to him to be passionate, Hankin here shows that he could encompass a quite rare tenderness. Mrs. Jackson, first-cousin to the Lady Denison of a later date, is conceived with a charity that has in it no trace of cynicism. She is not a central figure in the play, and yet she is, it seems to me, more completely imagined than any other character in the whole of Hankin's work. This is not to say that she is the most striking of his people, but there is in her just that subtlety of presentment that is the product not of deliberation but of uncurbed artistic instinct. She is there for no other purpose than to satisfy the dramatist's impulse to embody a type * for which he clearly had no common affection. Eustace and Henry, Samuel Jackson and even his daughter Violet, admirably fashioned as they are, are yet moved by a purpose that is not wholly their own and answer in some measure to the dictates of the dramatist's reason. But Mrs. Jackson is a complete creation, arguing nothing, doing nothing, merely being, and in her Hankin approaches poetic imagination in conception if not in utterance. And it is noteworthy that, moving on this higher artistic plane, her influence upon the other characters of the play is more authentically dramatic than is that commonly operating between Hankin's people. The conflict between Eustace and his father and brother is, again, primarily one of the reason, just as, in a lesser degree, is that between him and his sister. They have

a definite and circumstantial problem to solve, and they argue the matter out consistently in terms of their own personalities. But Eustace's relation to his mother is an emotional one, and consequently far more moving. "Dear old mater. She's not clever, but for real goodness of heart I don't know her equal." Speaking of her he becomes, for a moment, greater than himself, concerned with simple and fundamental and not complex and superficial things.

In 1905 two plays were written, *The Charity that Began at Home* and *The Cassilis Engagement*. If Hankin saw life in something less than heroic proportions, he was at least able to apply an almost faultless logic to the life that he did see. His world was circumscribed, but he purged it thoroughly of shams; and if to do this is not the highest function of the artist, it is one of the most worthy functions of the artist who professes no kinship with the greatest. And it is certainly to be accounted to him artistically as a virtue that although he exposed what he considered to be ethical and social fallacies in some measure by statement and argument, he did so in a larger measure by the operation of character. In other words, although he intuitively realized the necessity of the chorus in drama, he was also able to preserve a just balance between chorus and action. The questions that confront Lady Denison and Mrs. Cassilis are considered by the dramatist not only with fine subtlety and mental precision, but also with a quite notable instinct for dramatic form. Generally speaking, the impulse behind the plays is not sufficiently imaginative to raise them save at rare intervals to the level of a Mrs. Jackson, but the instinct that directed the adjustment of the relations of the dramatist's reflections to the action of his characters was in nearly every case sound. Whilst the dramatist may and should argue about life, it is not his business to argue about ideas in the abstract. If he uses his characters merely as mouthpieces for the exploitation of abstractions, he abuses them; his privilege of choric commentary is justly exercised only when it is confined to the contemplation of ideas that shape themselves out of the action of his characters; when, in other words, it is applied to the general only, as it is resolved from the particular. Hankin's instinct guided him to a

proportion in this matter that was perfectly just, and he helped definitely toward a new understanding of one of the subtlest principles of dramatic form.

The Last of the De Mullins was written in 1907, and was Hankin's last dramatic work save two one-act plays and an unfinished comedy. The sociological problem which is its theme is set out with his customary lucidity and investigated fairly in terms of art and not of propaganda. Great passion in art is always the product of the imagination, and yet it is in this play, which is farther away from imagination than any other of his more important efforts, that he approaches most nearly to passion. The reason is that Hankin's imagination being the least developed of his qualities, the problems of reason which he explored depended for their power of moving him deeply upon the directness with which they were stated. The social question of Janet De Mullin is more complete and clearly stated than those of Mrs. Cassilis and Geoffrey, of Lady Denison or Eustace Jackson. However improbable it may be, it is remotely possible that an adjustment of circumstances might show Mrs. Cassilis to be mistaken, Lady Denison to be wise in her charity, and the Jackson compromise to be something other than the best possible solution of the family conflict. This is not to suggest that Hankin should have resolved these plays in any way other than that he chose, but to point out that in each instance it might be urged that he controlled the conduct of his protagonists to certain ends, and that other ends are conceivable. But Janet's attitude and conduct are inevitable, and her decisions are the only ones that we could accept as being possible. And this tightening up of his reasoning faculty served Hankin for the moment in some measure as a substitute for imaginative intensity and brought him near to passion. Janet is the one figure among his men and women of whom we can think as loving passionately and being passionately loved.

The new seriousness of *The Last of the De Mullins* precluded any free exercise of the wit that had been so admirably employed in the earlier plays, but otherwise his qualities here reach their full maturity. The mastery of style has developed, and the characterization has gained in subtlety and the power of sug-

gestion. Mrs. De Mullin may be set beside Lady Denison and Mrs. Jackson, and De Mullin himself, choleric and stiff-necked as he is, bears witness anew to the tenderness with which his creator contemplated the foibles and prejudices of his creations. It was a rare gift of Hankin's, one that has been memorable in many greater men, this faculty of making human weakness at least not contemptible. There is scarcely a noble figure in his plays—even Violet Jackson lacks something of courage—and yet there is scarcely one for whom we cannot spare some affection. Lady Farringford herself might discover a heart at any moment.

The two one-act plays, *The Burglar Who Failed* and *The Constant Lover*, were both written in 1908. The former is an amiable little farce, not unpleasing, but far from showing the dramatist at his best. It has an air of being manufactured. But *The Constant Lover* is one of the most perfectly polished excursions in prose comedy dialogue that the new drama has produced. Conceived with a fancy of quite uncommon delicacy, the play is carried through from the first word to the last without a flaw. It is full of good sunshine and laughter, light and debonair yet wholly sincere. Hankin never realized his aim more fully than in this little masterpiece, and although it stands of necessity below his more ambitious work in many ways, it is, perhaps, a more perfect achievement than anything else that he did. He himself valued it highly, and the last letter he ever wrote closed with a reference to it, poignant and yet not without cheer.

When he died Hankin left an unfinished play, *Thompson*. He had written the first act and some later fragments. Relying far more upon a conventional and definite plot than was his custom, it was clearly his intention to give free rein in the dialogue to the wit of which he was a master. Mr. George Calderon's able completion of an extremely difficult task must speak for itself. In addition to his plays Hankin wrote a number of essays on the theatre which, apart from the excellence of their matter, are remarkable for their admirable prose.

St. John Hankin lived and wrote at the beginning of a new movement, and his permanent distinction in drama will be rather that of right endeavor and the recapture of just instincts than

of full-bodied achievement. But that his plays have durable qualities there is no question. They are a valuable effort toward the reestablishment of the union between drama and literature; they contain at least a suggestion of a return to true principles of dramatic form; they have not style in its rarer manifestation, but they have style, and that is much. Hankin's characters are not very passionately conceived, nor are they stirred often by the essential emotions of men, but they have life. The comedy which is Falstaff can stale only with the change of fundamental humanity: the comedy which is Eustace Jackson might lose some of its flavor with a change of certain social conditions; Eustace is, nevertheless, a quick creation and not a puppet. The *Note on Happy Endings* pleasantly emphasizes the fine objectivity with which the dramatist saw his characters. In bringing them into existence he gave them also independence of being, and is able seriously to discuss their future and their problems of conduct with as much detachment as he would gossip of his neighbors over the teacups. In his essay on Mr. Shaw he gives counsel to critics that is peculiarly valuable in the consideration of his own plays:

"Our dramatic critics, as a class, are always asking whether the dramatist is doing what *they* want, instead of giving their minds to the only question of any importance critically, namely, whether he has done what *he* wants, and done it competently." And done it competently. That is the point. It does not follow that even if he has done this we shall like his work, but in that event it is better to leave it alone than to denounce it for not being something else. Swinburne was not far wide of the mark when he said that the only criticism of value was the criticism that praised. Those of us who believe that the stage cannot regain its full vigor until it has rediscovered poetry as its natural expression, find in Hankin and his three or four adventurous fellows invigorating promise rather than fulfilment, but we are foolish if we refuse gratitude to the men who have made the first step toward the new estate. Among these men Hankin takes an honorable place, and that he was one of the few who first sought to bring back sincerity and a fit dignity of form to a great art is a distinction of which he will not easily be deprived.

THE ETERNAL MAIDEN

T. EVERETT HARRÉ

III

"Her lips are red—red as a wound in the throat of a deer."

FOR seven weeks Ootah lived in the mountains. The violence of his bitterness and grief scared away the wild hawks in whose high nesting place he found shelter. At the door of that icy cave above the clouds, he called upon the spirits of the mountains for vengeance.

"*Ioh—ioh!*" he wailed. "Spirits of the glaciers, lift your hands—strike! Descend and smite Olafaksoah! carry him to the narwhals; let the whales feed upon his body. May the soul of his hands, and the soul of his feet, and the soul of his heart, and the soul of his head struggle with one another. May he never rest! *Ioh—ioh—ioh—ioh!*"

The boom of sliding avalanches answered him. The sound was like that of muffled thunder. Wild cries arose from the mountain birds. They sounded demoniacal in the taut air.

Far below soared the black vultures of the arctic. In a fit of anger Ootah shook his arms frantically at the shrieking birds. For they seemed to mock him.

"Spirits of the clouds," he wailed. "*Ioh—ioh—ioh-h!* Ye that wander to the south! Ye that fly to the north! Ye that struggle hither and yon, from the east to the west. Bear my curses to Annadoah. Tell her that the heart of Ootah is bitter. Tell her Ootah would that her voice become as harsh as the winds of *ookiah* (winter). Tell her Ootah would that her face become withered as frozen lands in winter. Tell her Ootah would that her heart rot within her, that the wild beasts feed upon her breasts. *Ioh-h—ioh-h-h!* Sing unto her the curses of Ootah, and may she not rest!"

Below him the clouds, burning with vivid fire, moved in the varying strata of air currents—to Ootah they were conveying his messages. The sun, circling low about the horizon, shifted its rays, and within the nebulous cloud masses in the valleys, fountains of prism light played. In this radiant phantasmagoria messages in turn came to Ootah.

He saw the figuration of Annadoah's tent, and within, reclining upon her couch, the form of Annadoah. At the mirage picture of the beauteous and beloved maiden his heart throbbed violently. In the high altitude he found respiration difficult, and now he almost suffocated for lack of breath. He felt a pang at his heart as he saw the white chief enter the tent. The winds wailed sibilant and agonizing messages into the ears of Ootah:

"Thou hast cursed Annadoah. Foolish Ootah! For thou lovest Annadoah! Yea, her voice is as sweet as the sound of melting streams in spring. Lo, she whispers into the ears of Olafaksoah: 'Thou art strong, Olafaksoah; Ootah hath the heart of a woman. Thou hurtest me,

Olafaksoah; thy arms bruise me, thy hands make me ache; but thou art strong, thou art great, Olafaksoah; the heart of Annadoah trembles for joy of thee.' Thus saith Annadoah!"

And in the winds Ootah heard Olafaksoah's coarse laughter.

"*Ioh—ioh-h-h!*" Ootah moaned.

"Thou wouldst that Annadoah's face be blighted as frozen land in winter," laughed the winds, mockingly. "Thou dotard Ootah! Thou lovest the face of Annadoah. It is very fair. It is golden as the radiant face of *Sukh-eh-nukh*. Her eyes are as bright as stars in the winter night. Oh-h-h, Ootah! Into the eyes of Olafaksoah Annadoah gazes, yea, she faints with joy, thou silly Ootah!"

"*Ioh—ioh-h-h!*" wailed Ootah.

"Her lips are red, Ootah—red as a wound in the throat of a deer."

And in the cloud vision Ootah saw the blonde chief take the head of Annadoah between his two palms and press her lips fiercely upon his own. Ootah's heart trembled as water.

"*Ioh-ioh-h-h!*" he sobbed, and tears coursed from his eyes.

The constant haunting thought of Annadoah's face pressed close to that of Olafaksoah somehow made his face burn and his bosom ache.

"Ootah, Ootah, thou wouldst that Annadoah's heart might wither, yea, as a frozen bird in the blast of winter. Foolish Ootah, who lovest Annadoah! Soft beats the heart of Annadoah upon the bosom of Olafaksoah; yea, for very joy it flutters as a mating bird in summer time. Thou wouldst that beasts might rend her little breasts—safe are they now in the embrace of the strong man from the south. Ootah! Ootah!"

Ootah wrung his hands.

"Thy curses fall dead upon the ears of Annadoah, she who hears only the voice of Olafaksoah."

In the winds Ootah heard the whisper of Olafaksoah in the dim tent. He heard Annadoah's rapturously murmurous replies.

"Olafaksoah shareth the igloo of Annadoah," whispered the winds suggestively. And Ootah knew the Eskimo custom.

Annadoah, by sharing her simple habitation with him, had by choice formally become the wife of Olafaksoah. And according to the unwritten law of ages she was now as much his property as his dogs. He might abuse her, and desert—and thus divorce—her whenever he chose. She might, at his pleasure, be loaned as a wife to another, and in this she would have no word. Or she might be given away, and dare not protest. Ootah felt that she was lost to him irretrievably.

For hours Ootah stood at the mouth of his mountain eyrie in dumb agony. All that he suffered it is beyond me to tell you. For days he crouched there, motionless, stark dumb, every fibre of him aching.

In the valleys below, as the hours of the burning days and golden nights passed, the sunlight constantly shifted. In the palpitating mists Ootah read of the days' doing at the camp. He saw the white men bartering for the meagre remaining furs and ivories gathered by the tribe. With the natives he saw them going on long fruitless hunts. Finally one day he witnessed them harpoon a half dozen walrus on the sea. They laboriously towed the catch ashore and rejoiced over the unexpected wealth of oil and blubber. But the white men claimed the entire prize, loaded their extra sledges, liberally fed their dogs, and doled out but a penurious allotment of meat and blubber to the tribe.

But in all this Ootah took no interest. Day by day the cloud-swim-

ming valleys below blazed with crimson-shot conflagrations . . . Ootah knew the dead were lighting their monstrous camp fires—but even in this he found no interest. Daily he became fainter and fainter from lack of food, and daily, constantly, the winds whispered:

“The mouth of Annadoah is very red—red as a wound in the throat of a deer . . .” and then sibilantly—“softly beats the heart of Annadoah against the bosom of Olafaksoah.”

One day the radiant valley darkened . . . Out of the sky, as if rising from worlds beyond the horizon, a cyclopean shadow as of clouds took form. Rising higher and higher toward the zenith, ominous and sinister, it gathered substance and spread across the glowing heavens like a film of smoke . . . It took upon itself the awful semblance of a mighty thing, half-beast, half-man. As if to strike, it slowly lifted the likeness of a gigantic arm shrouded with tattered clouds . . . The baleful shadow shut off the sunlight from the earth . . . Ootah's heart quailed . . . Terror gripped him . . . For he saw—what few men had ever beheld—the shadow of *Perdlugssuaq*, the Great Evil. Finally he found voice.

“O most dreadful of the *tornarssuit* (spirits),” he called, grovelling on his knees, “smite me! Smite me!”

During the tragic days of his isolation the full realization of all that he had lost had come to Ootah. He had fed upon the memory of Annadoah's face. He remembered how, with the vision of that face before him, he had excelled in the hunts and games, and for many moons had felt confident of winning her. He dwelt for hours upon her stunning rejection, of how she clung to the white man; he visioned with heart-corroding bitterness her days with Olafaksoah, and he burned with unnameable anguished pangs as he conjured her nights. Now, the violence of his grief exhausted, he invoked death.

Expectant, fearful, he waited. In the valley a storm gathered, and the low whine of the winds Ootah took for the breath of the descending terror. The air became unbearably colder as the dreaded creator of death, darkness and ice descended. The taut suspense was terrible. Finally Ootah reached the limits of human endurance—merciful unconsciousness blotted out the long agony.

When he recovered the storm had passed. Scores of birds, driven against the rocks by the terrible winds, lay dead at the entrance of the cave. Surely the Great Evil had struck, but he lived. Hunger stirred within him and he fell upon the birds.

Later he sought game in the lower valleys. He had lances and bows and arrows with him. He found an inland vale, where a patch of green grass was exposed despite a recent fall of snow—there a herd of musk oxen grazed. He drew his bow of bone sinew. One fell after the first quiver of his arrow. His skill was marvellous. He had struck a vital spot. He finished his killing of the fallen animal with a lance. He feasted upon the raw meat, and carried away with him up to his eyrie enough to last for many days.

The sun meanwhile sank lower and lower; there were long hours of twilight; snow storms came; the cold increased. Ootah felt the first whip of approaching winter. Ootah's spirit melted. Disquieting messages came in the cold winds and darkening clouds. His heart beat quickly at what the frightened birds told him. Olafaksoah, they said, struck Annadoah. As she lay on the ground he kicked her. In the snow-

driven wind Ootah heard the echo of her heart-broken weeping. He revoked the curses he had uttered; he cursed his own weakness whereby he had invoked harm to her. Then in the winds Ootah heard the beat of drums. In the clouds he saw the white men dancing with the Eskimo maidens. Day after day they danced—day after day Annadoah wept. Olafaksoah had become wearied. Disappointed in the failure to secure greater supplies, he vented his impatience upon Annadoah. Cruelly he bruised her little hands, he mocked and jeered her when she pleaded with him. In fits of anger he often struck her. Finally, one day, in the cloud phantasmagoria, Ootah saw Olafaksoah reeling from the strange red-gold water the white men drank. He entered Annadoah's tent. She crouched, terrified, in a corner. With him were three of his rough blond companions. They staggered—and in the winds they sang. Olafaksoah pointed consentingly to Annadoah. One of the men attempted to embrace her. Then she rose defiantly and did what few Eskimo women ever dared. She smote the man's leering face and, sobbing, sank on her knees before Olafaksoah. He roared out things the Eskimos do not understand. "*Godalmighty!*" and more awful words. His fist descended. In the winds Ootah heard Annadoah scream and call his name.

That day he descended from the mountains.

Much that Ootah conjured in his mind, or imagined he saw in the clouds, really happened. Whether he actually sensed these things by some wonderful power of clairvoyance, in which the natives sincerely believe, or whether he just accurately guessed what occurred, I do not know. But of this I can tell:

By that strange contradictoriness of the feminine—much the same all the world over—by that inherent, inborn desire of subjugation to the brutal and domineering in the male, Annadoah had given herself unreservedly to Olafaksoah. At the sound of his firm step she trembled. His hard, brutal embraces caused her heart to flutter with joy. At first he told her he would take her with him to the south. Annadoah believed him. Then he changed his mind, and said she must wait until the next season for him. She silently acquiesced. She called upon all her simple arts to please him. Carefully she oiled her face and made the golden skin soft by rubbing it with the fur of animals; with a broken comb, left with her mother years before by a party of explorers, she combed her long, black and wonderful hair and elaborately arranged it behind her. About her forehead she bound a narrow fillet of fine, furry hares' skin. She donned new garments; her *ahttee* was made of the delicate skins of birds, her hood of white fox hides. To all this Olafaksoah seemed blind; at times, with coarse, half-maudlin tenderness, he caressed her, called her his "little girl" and promised to "return to her next spring." But Annadoah was useful to him otherwise.

During the days when Olafaksoah and his men were hunting or gathering furs and ivory at nearby villages along the coast, Annadoah sewed skins into garments for Olafaksoah and his men. Sometimes she went with Olafaksoah in his expeditions and employed her coquetry upon the susceptible men of the migrating tribes to secure bargains for him. For a box of matches she would cajole from her people ivories worth hundreds of dollars. She persuaded them to rob themselves of the walrus meat and blubber they had gathered for winter and give them to her master in exchange for tin cups and ammunition, all of which would be useless

when the night came on. To Ootah she gave no thought until one day the white man struck her. As he vented his rage at not securing more riches upon her during the ensuing days, her heart more and more instinctively turned to the youth "with the heart of a woman" whom she had rejected. The night Olafaksoah brought his companions to the tent her soul rose in rebellion. In the camp there was an orgy. None of the married men, who for a slight consideration were willing to permit their wives to dance with the traders, objected to the drunken carousal. Ribald songs sounded strange in this region of the world. Yet after Olafaksoah had kicked her and left her lying in the tent, high above the sound of the sailor's doggerel, Annadoah frantically called aloud:

"Ootah! Ootah!"

For a long time she lay in a stupor. Her face was bleeding. When she regained consciousness the white chief and his men had left. They had taken with them all available furs, ivories and provisions in the village.

At the door of her tent Annadoah stood, dry-eyed, her hair dishevelled. To the south she yearningly extended her arms. Her heart still ached toward the man who had lied to her and deserted her. She was left, a divorced woman, alone among her people, with no one to care for her during the long winter night.

As she stood there the light of the descending sun, which was now far below the rim of the horizon, paled. Driven by a frigid wind, howling raucously from the mountains, great snow clouds piled along the sky line. Out at sea the tips of the waves became capped—leprous white arms seemed reaching hopelessly for help from the depths of the sea. The sky blackened. The increasing gusts tore at the frail tents. The wolf-dogs crouched low to the ground and whined. A tremor of anxiety filled the hearts of the tribe. Presently the clouds were torn to shreds and whipped furiously over the sky. In the thickening gray gloom Annadoah watched the men of the tribe fastening their sleds and belongings to the earth . . . mere dark shadows. Above her tent, tossed by the wind in its eddying flight, a black guillemot screamed.

Annadoah finally entered and threw herself upon the rocky floor of her dwelling. As the furies were loosed outside her voice rose and fell with the wailing grief and wrath of the wind. "Olafaksoah! Olafaksoah!" But only the hoarse evil call of the guillemot answered during lulls in the storm. And Annadoah heard it, with a sinking of her cold heart, as the voice of fate.

IV

" 'Do the gulls that freeze to death in winter fly in springtime?' she asked, simply. . . . 'The teeth of the wolves are in my heart . . .'"

Desolate and alone, Annadoah walked along a crevice in the land-adhering ice of the polar sea.

The prolonged gray evening of the arctic was resolving into the long dark, and the Eskimo women, as is their custom at this time of the year, had gathered along the last lane of open water—which writhed like a sable snake over the ice—to celebrate that period of mourning which precedes the dreadful night, and to give their last messages and farewells to the

unhappy and disconsolate souls of the drowned, who, when the ice closed, should for many moons be imprisoned in the sea.

An unearthly twilight, not unlike that dim greenish luminescence which filters through emerald panes in the high nave of a great cathedral, lay upon the earth. The forms of the mourning women were strangely magnified in the curious semi-luminance and, as their bodies moved to and fro in the throes of their grief, they might have been, for all they seemed, shadowy ghosts bemoaning their sins in some weird purgatory of the dead.

In the northern sky a faint quivering streak of light, resembling the reflection of far away lightning, played—the first herald of the aurora. To the south a gash of reddish orange, like the tip of a bloody-gleaming knife-blade, severed the thick purple clouds. There was a faint reflected glimmer on the unfrozen southern sea.

Snow had fallen on the land, igloos had been built. Over the village and against the frozen promontories loomed a majestic yet fearful shadowy shape—that of a giant thing, swathed in purple, its arm uplifted threateningly—the spectre of suffering and famine. This wraith, brought into being by the gathering blackness in the gulches and crevices of the mountains, filled the hearts of the natives with unwonted foreboding.

Profound silence prevailed.

Already the sea for miles along the shore was frozen. The open water lay at so great a distance from the land that the sound of the waves was stilled. The birds had disappeared. Even the voice of the sinister black guillemot was heard no more.

Annadoah's sobs rose softly over the ice.

"Spirit of my mother, thou who wast carried by the storm-winds into the sea! Hear me! Annadoah loved one Olafaksoah, a chief from the south; for him the heart of Annadoah became very great within her. And now the heart of Annadoah aches. For he hath gone to the south. And not until the birds sing in spring will he return. And Annadoah is left alone. *Ookiah* comes with the lash of the wicked walrus thongs, and there is no blubber buried outside Annadoah's shelter. Neither is there oil. And the couch of Annadoah is cold—so very cold. Yea, listen, spirit of my mother, and bring Olafaksoah back, that he may bruise Annadoah's hands, that he may cast Annadoah to the ground and kick Annadoah if he wills with his feet! Io-oh-h!"

She moaned this in a curious sing-song sort of chant. Over the ice the voices of the other women rose, and each, to her departed relatives and friends who had died in the sea, told about the important incidents of the year and the misgivings for the winter, in a varying crooning song.

Annadoah passed Tongiguaq, who jumped and danced in a frenzy of grief. Tongiguaq had lost three children; two had been drowned, and a new-born baby, three months before, was born maimed. According to the custom of the people, a fatherless defective child is doomed to death. So rigorous is their struggle to survive, so limited the means of existence, that a tribe cannot bear the burden of a single unnecessary life. So in keeping with this Lycurgean law, worked out by instinct after the stern experience of ages, a rope had been twisted about the neck of Tongiguaq's baby and it had been cast into the sea.

All this the weeping woman told in her chant to the departed. When she saw Annadoah approaching she paused.

"Here cometh the she-wolf that hath devoured the food of our tribe,"

she wailed, intense bitterness in her voice. "Yea, by her cajolery she persuaded our men to give unto the traders from the south our precious food. And now we starve! Yea, she hath robbed us, she is as the breath of winter, as the blackness of the night."

Along the line of wailing women Tongiguaq's reproach was suddenly taken up. As Annadoah walked by them they did a strange thing. The natives fear their dead—they never mention their names. Possessed of great power are the dead, and they can wreak, as befits their moods, unlimited good or ill. Believing they could persuade the dead to array themselves against Annadoah, the women took up Tongiguaq's denunciation and reviled Annadoah in their weird chant to the departed. Annadoah wrung her hands and wept. Bitter and jealous because the white chief had selected her during his stay, their bosoms full of harbored ill will and envy of years because she had been the most desired by the young men of the tribes, the women now invoked curses upon the deserted and unprotected girl through the medium of the disembodied powers.

The dread of it filled poor Annadoah's heart. She quailed at the bitter execrations called upon her head. Instinctively her hand reached through the opening of her *ahttee* and she clutched at a piece of old half-decayed skin, a remnant of her mother's father's clothing, an amulet given her as a child, when saliva from the maternal grandfather's mouth had been rubbed on hers, and which she believed protected her from ill fortune.

"O-uuh! ouuh!" Annadoah moaned in pain.

The women forgot their own tragedies. They forgot the messages they were imparting to the dead. Directly they might not be able to invoke any effective curse upon Annadoah; but well they knew, indeed, the awful power of the dead. And to the dead in the cold shuddering sea they told how Annadoah had played with the men, how she had betrayed them to the white traders, cajoling them to rob themselves of food, and how, because of her, famine now confronted the tribe; they told of the long devotion of Ootah, the desired of all the maidens, and how Annadoah had rejected him.

Possessed by a frantic contagion of released rage, their voices rose and fell in a frightful chanting malediction. In the weird gloom their vague forms leaped about, their arms writhing like black things in the air as they called the names of their individual dead to hear.

As their voices approached a crescendo they danced with increasing hysteria. Some shrieked and fell to the ice groaning, their bodies twisting as if in convulsions. Others laughed madly—laughed at the dreadful horrors with which the dead would smite Annadoah. Losing all control they were carried away by their delirious malevolence; their voices reached a high shrill pitch. Their arms clawed the air. Through the dead curses were invoked upon Olafaksoah, the great trader, who had cowed them and robbed them. They begged of the *tornarssuit* that he might be rended by wolves, that his body might rot unburied, and that his spirit would be compelled to wander in restless torment through incarnations in all the animals of lower creation. They called anathemas upon his unborn children; and of their dead, who should be imprisoned in darkness in the depths of the sea, they furiously invoked upon Annadoah the curse of the long night . . . Their voices shuddered over the ice as they demanded that most dreadful of all dreaded evils—that Annadoah's child might be as blind to light and the joy of light as the dead in the sea.

Annadoah crouched in frantic terror upon the ice. From the Greenland highlands a moaning echo answered the women. To Annadoah the hill spirits had joined in cursing her—all nature seemed to upbraid her. Tremblingly, with a last lingering hope, she crept on her knees to the edge of the lane of lapping black water. She whispered a pathetic plea to *Nerrvik*, the gentle queen of the sea, whose hand had been severed by those she loved, and who felt great tenderness for men. Annadoah listened.

"Thou art cold of heart to him who loves thee, Annadoah," a voice seemed to whisper in the lapping waves. "Thou are beautiful as the sun, but as *Sukh-eh-nukh* shalt thou be eternally sad. Thou shalt lose because of thine own self the greatest of all treasures. That is fate."

Far out on the open ocean spectral fire-flecks flashed like mast-lights on swinging ships. These mysterious jack o' lanterns of the arctic are caused by the crashing together of icebergs covered with phosphorescent algæ.

To Annadoah the dead were lighting their oil lamps for the long night. As she watched the weird illuminations a paralyzing fear of the vague unknown world beyond the gate of death filled her, and her blood ran cold. She felt utterly crushed, utterly helpless, and utterly deserted, both in the affection of the living and that of the dead. She uttered a despairing cry and fell back in a cold faint. The women drew about as if to leap upon her.

A momentary wavering of the northern lights revealed her face grown sad and wan. The women stood still, however, for approaching they heard a man's voice calling:

*"Avatarpay—avatarpay,
akorgani—akorgani,
anagpungah . . ."*

Those mystic words, believed to give magic speed to the one who utters them, came in the well known tones of Ootah. A joyous cry went up from the women. When Annadoah opened her eyes Ootah was bending over her.

"I was held in the mountains, Annadoah. The hill spirits were at war. The snow came, the storm spirits loosed the ice. I fell into an abyss . . . I lay asleep . . . for very long. It seemed like many moons. I could barely walk when I awoke. I had no food. I became very weak, but I uttered the *serrit* (magic formulæ), those words of the days when man's sap was stronger, and the good winds bore me hither."

A mystical silver light had risen over the horizon, and in the soft glimmer Annadoah saw that the face of Ootah was haggard and drawn. His voice was weak.

"The sun has gone," murmured Ootah. "The long night comes. Ootah heard thy cry and has come to care for thee, Annadoah."

His voice was a caress. His face sank dangerously near the face of the girl. She panted into full consciousness and struggled to free herself. Ootah helped her to her feet.

"The winter comes . . . and famine," muttered Annadoah, hopelessly. She pointed to the gaunt, hollowed-eyed shadow, empurpled robed, against the frozen cliffs.

"But I have come to give furs for thy couch," murmured Ootah, a beseeching look in his eyes. "Thou wilt need shelter—I shall build thee an igloo. Thou wilt need food—I shall share all that I have with thee and seek more. Thou wilt need oil for heat. I shall get this for thee."

Annadoah made a passionate gesture. A curious perverse resentment for the youth's insistent devotion rose in her heart.

"Nay," she said, warding him away. "My shadow yearns only to the south . . . the far, far south."

"Thy soul yearns to the south—forsooth, will I all the more cherish thee. Thou art frail, and the teeth of *ookiah* (winter) are sharp."

"The teeth of *ookiah* are not so sharp as the teeth in my heart," sobbed Annadoah.

Ootah felt a great pity for her—a pity and tenderness greater than his jealousy.

"But I shall teach thee to forget, Annadoah."

"I cannot forget. Even as the ravens in their winter shelter dream of the summer sun, so my soul grows warm, in all my loneliness, in the memory of Olafaksoah."

Ootah groaned with an access of misery. Frenziedly he caught her hands and pressed them. Annadoah struggled. His words beat hotly in her ears:

"But I want thee. My blood burns at the thought of thee. It is against the custom of the tribe that thou shouldst be alone. Thou must take a husband."

"No—no," she shook her head.

"But some one must care for thee. I love thee. Thou wilt forget Olafaksoah. Thy hurt will heal."

Annadoah shook her head piteously.

"Do the gulls that freeze to death in winter fly in springtime?" she asked simply.

Ootah did not reply.

"He was strong," she murmured. "His hands bruised me. He was cruel. He hurt me. Yet he gave my heart joy. My heart is dying—dying as the birds die. I feel the teeth of the wolves in my heart."

Ootah pointed to the women. The soft crooning of their voices reached him as they resumed the dismal dirge of their own woes.

"They hate thee," he said. He pointed to the constellation of the Great Bear which glittered faintly in the sky. "Yonder *qiligtussat* (the barking dogs) would rend the gentle bear. Thou rememberest the old men's tale. A woman ran away from her family. She was false at heart. The good mother bear protected her and gave her food. But yearning for her husband, she returned and to gain his favor betrayed the hiding place of the mother-bear and her young. Then the husband drove out with sledges. His dogs attacked the bear. But they all became stars and went up into the sky. Even as the bear was good to the false woman so hast thou made clothing for those yonder, and now they would as the dogs rend thee. Thou needest a husband."

"They would be bitter to thee," she argued.

"Perchance, but I would protect thee. I love thee."

Annadoah shook her head. "The teeth of the wolves are in my heart," she said. "And I no longer care."

"Yonder *Nalagssartoq* (he who waits and listens) bends to hear thy reply." Ootah pointed to Venus, the brightest of the stars—to the Eski-

mos an old man who waits by a blow-hole in the heavenly icefloes and listens for the breathing of seals. "Thou wilt come to Ootah, who loves thee. Answer, Annadoah! Ootah listens."

He soothed her little hands. A wondrous light burned in his eyes. Every fibre of his being yearned for her. But Annadoah's hands were cold, her eyes were sullenly turned away. In her heart a vague fear of him, a resentment of his very love, stirred.

"My shadow yearns to the south," she repeated pathetically. "I shall wait. Perhaps he will come as he said when the spring bunting sings." In her heart she feared that he would not.

Ootah in utter anguish dropped her hands. Annadoah sadly turned away. Falling to his knees on the ice, he covered his face with his arms. The sound of his heartbroken sobbing was drowned in the funereal chant of the women as, in a long procession, they passed near him on their way to the shore.

When he raised his head, the rim of the moon, a great quarter-disc of silver, peeped above the horizon. A mystical melancholy light flooded the gloriously gleaming desolate white world. The ice floes glistened as with the dust of diamonds. The ice covered faces of the promontories glowed with the sheen of burnished metal. The clouds became tremulous masses of argent phosphorescence. Far away the women's chants subsided. One by one they joined the men in their grotesque dances in the distant igloos. Ootah was left alone.

He gazed long upon the pearly lamp of heaven. The subtle sorrow of this world of magical moonlight filled his soul. Then the hopelessness and tragedy of all it symbolized was unfolded to him, and, extending his arms in a vague wild sympathy, in a vague wild despair, he moaned:

"Desolate and lonely moon! Oh, desolate and unhappy moon! . . . Desolate and unhappy is the heart of Ootah!"

Far away, in her shelter, Annadoah heard the sobbing voice of Ootah. And nearer, in an igloo where the men beat drums and danced, she heard the voice of Maisanguaq laughing evilly. Of late Maisanguaq had giped her with her desertion; he was bitter toward her. But nothing mattered to Annadoah. She thought of the blond man in the south, and the pleading of Ootah. As she heard his weeping, she shook her head sadly. She beat her heart and muttered over and over again:

"Do the gulls that freeze to death in winter fly in springtime?"

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"What they heard was, to them all, the Voice of the Great Unknown, . . . He who made the world, created the Eternal Maiden Sukh-eh-nukh, and placed all the stars in the skies . . . and Whose voice, far, far away, is as the faintly remembered music of long bygone dreams preceding birth . . . And now, out of the blue-black sky great globes of swimming liquid fire floated constantly, and dispersing into feathery flakes of opal light, melted softly . . ."

Ootah began work on an igloo for Annadoah. None of the tribesmen had offered to do this for her, and, as only the men develop the architectural skill required to construct a snow shelter, Annadoah, until Ootah's return, was forced to continue to live in her seal-skin tent, where she suffered bitterly from the cold. His back aching, scarcely pausing to rest,

Ootah constructed an icy dome of more than usual solidity. This completed, he went many miles, through the darkness, to the south where, in the shelter of certain rocks, he knew there was much soft moss. Digging through the frozen blanket of ice he secured a quantity, and returning, made with it a soft bed for Annadoah over a tier of stones. This he covered in turn with the soft skin of caribou. Inside the immaculate house of snow he fashioned an interior tent of heavy skins to retain the heat of the oil lamps. Of his own supplies of blubber and walrus meat, which he had secretly buried early in the hunting season and which had thus escaped the rapacity of the white men, he gave more than half to Annadoah. He fixed her lamps with oil, arranged them solicitously in positions where they would give most heat. He placed supplies in the house, and buried the rest outside so that Annadoah might readily reach them. Meanwhile Annadoah sat alone in her tent, her sad face buried in her hands, "her shadow yearning toward the south." Many of the tribe, emerging from their igloos, had paused to taunt Ootah at his labors.

"A-ha—a-ha!" they laughed. "Thinkest thou that Annadoah will let thee share her igloo when the snow closes in?" They laughed again. Ootah seriously shook his head.

"I would that Annadoah be protected from the storm," he said simply.

"A-ha—ha! No man buildeth a house wherein he may not have shelter; no man layeth a bed of soft moss whereon he doth not expect to lie. Idiot Ootah, as well mayest thou expect the willows to sprout in the long night—Annadoah thinketh naught of thee."

"He hath given Annadoah half of his meat and fuel," the women murmured complainingly among themselves.

"He hath given her his skins; he hath thieved upon himself."

"Why hath he not taken another to wife? Verily men are few; women are many. And all gaze favorably upon Ootah."

"Yea, his arm is strong."

"There is courage in his heart."

"He feareth not the night."

"He should press his nose upon the face of one who is fair; his wife should bear children."

When Annadoah passed from her tent into her new home the women scolded her bitterly. The men good-naturedly jeered Ootah. Annadoah huddled near Ootah and gazed gratefully into his eyes. In the thought that he was there to protect her the heart of Ootah pulsed with joy. Annadoah's heart was cold. Annadoah sat inside the new little house of snow, the oil lights flickering fitfully. In the dancing shadows Annadoah saw the semblance of the form of the blond chief. Joylessly Ootah built his own home.

And in their houses, in celebration of the fall of night, the natives continued their grotesque dances. Beating membrane drums, and singing jerky chants, they danced frenziedly, forcing a false hilarity. They felt the overwhelming approach of the dread spectre of famine. In their dances some sobbed, others passed into uncontrollable hysteria.

Ootah alone did not indulge in the fierce ceremonies. His own igloo built, day after day, night after night, he sat alone. His heart ached with the unrequited and eternal desire of all the loveless and lonely things of the world. Outside, the moon increased in fulness and soared in a low circle about the sky. The dogs crouched low on the ground, howling dismally.

During the first days of the long night the natives held a series of dog fights inside the snow and stone houses. Ordinarily Ootah would have attended these, for a dog fight is of keenest interest to a tribesman, and the Eskimos' most exciting form of sport.

To a hunter with healthy blood in his veins the dog encounter affords the same thrills as other men, in more southern lands, find in bull fights, horse racing, card playing and other games of chance. Two lovers, both desirous of a maiden, may hold a fight between their king dogs, each hoping that success may determine the girl's favor. Pieces of blubber, animal skins, ivory earrings and less valuable objects are often bet by the contestants and the onlookers.

By all logical assumptions, one might naturally suppose that the Eskimos—whose night is many months long—through many dark and rigorous ages, would have developed into a taciturn and moody people, just as the denizens of sunny climes are joyful, effervescent and pleasure loving. However, this is not so. Troublous as is their existence, they preserve until old age that playful joy of life, that carefree ignoring of danger, which we find in our children—which, alas, we lose too soon. Each day brings to them its novel delights; in their monotonous foods they find a constant variety of pleasure; in their simple games of muscle-tapping, throwing of carved ivories, and fighting of dogs they experience the exultant and exuberant fun of schoolboys; constant experience with jeopardous tasks has eliminated the human fear of danger, and even death, in its most tragic shapes, by long association has lost its terrors. When the long night falls, and an ominous depression makes heavy the heart of the lover or fills with anxiety the heart of the father, they turn, with a delightful spontaneity, to play.

Now great interest was aroused by the news that Papik was to fight his king dog with the magnificent brute owned by Attalaq. Both Papik and Attalaq were paying evident attentions to Ahningnetty, the chubby and ever smiling maiden, who, while she showed a certain leaning toward Papik, had misgivings as to his eligibility as a husband because of his long fingers.

Born of noted fighters, a dog attains the position of "king" or chief dog of a team by whipping all the dogs in the team of his particular master. When he has asserted his supremacy over the dogs of his own team, he is successively set before the rulers of other teams. And by a process of elimination of those which lose, the two final victors in a village are finally aligned against one another.

In the series of fights held between the king dogs of the various teams, both Papik's and Attalaq's had come off with final honors. The immediate contest between the two most distinguished canines in the village was an event of exciting importance, and to the women there was a romantic zest in it, for all believed that victory would determine Ahningnetty's favor.

At the time of the event all who could do so crowded into Attalaq's stone house. In the centre of a tense group of onlookers the two dogs were placed before one another. They were handsome animals, with long keen noses, denoting an aristocracy of canine birth, and long shaggy coats, mottled brown and white, as soft as silk. A long line of victories lay to the credit of each.

A sharp howl announced the fight—the two lithe bodies leaped together—the air within the little circle became electric. The dogs snapped,

tumbled over one another. Their sharp teeth sank into one another's shanks. The natives cheered whenever a favorite secured an advantage. Bets were made. Papik's eyes gleamed as he alternately watched his dog and the face of Ahningnetty as she peered interestedly over the shoulders. Attalaq's countenance was grim—not a muscle moved.

Finally Attalaq's dog, with a chagrined growl, unexpectedly rushed from the enclosure and crouched in a corner of the igloo.

The natives effusively gathered about Papik, who bent over his dog with a proud affection. In the excitement Ahningnetty quickly left the igloo, and standing outside gazed meditatively at the stars. They hung in the sky above like great pendulous jewels, palpitant with interior flame—there were purple stars, and blue stars, and orange-colored stars; some resembled monstrous amethysts, some emeralds firely green, some rubies spitting sparks vindictively red, others globular sheeny pearls, creamy of lustre but shot with faint gleams of roses, and, fugitively sprinkling the firmament, amid all there were orbs that glistened like diamonds, wonderfully and purely white. Sirius, distinct among all the heavenly bodies, throbbed with a vari-colored changing lustre like a bulbous opal, and about it, with a strange shimmer, visibly swirled its iridescent rings.

"Thou standest alone—thou wouldst leave me?" Papik, eager, emerged from the stone entrance to the house and approached the girl. The other natives, homeward bent, followed.

The girl was silent.

"Methought thou wouldst be glad——"

"Thy dog is strong," the girl replied.

"Dost thou love that dotard Attalaq?"

"No," the maid replied. "He is clumsy as the musk ox."

They turned, walking toward the igloo occupied by Ahningnetty and her aged father.

"Wilt thou not be Papik's wife?" Papik pleaded. "My shelter is cold—little meat have I. The white men robbed the tribe. But perchance the bears come—then I shall kill them; valiant is my dog." He patted the animal's shaggy head.

"But thy fingers, Papik—Papik! No—no!"

"But Papik loves thee," he protested; "his skin flushes with the thought of thee."

"That thou didst also say to Annadoah, whom thou didst seek before me."

Papik was silent; it was true that Ahningnetty was only a second choice.

At that moment an ominous noise was heard on the sea. The tide, in moving, caused the massive floe-ice to grate against that adhering to the shore. To the simple natives, the noise indicated something more sinister.

"Hearest that?" Ahningnetty asked.

"Yea," replied Papik, "*Qulutaligssuaq*, the monster who lives in the sea, cometh with his hammers."

"He cometh to steal the children. In winter he is very hungry."

"They say he frightens people to death when a baby which is fatherless screams."

"And after he beats his ladles, the babies often die."

Again the grating noise shuddered along the shore, and Ahningnetty, frightened, fled to her house. Papik, pursuing his way, accosted Ootah.

As they were speaking they saw Otaq and his wife emerge from their

house. Between them they carried a small stark body. The woman was weeping piteously. It was their child, which a brief while before had died. The sea monster had again claimed its human toll.

Papik and Ootah disappeared—Papik to his shelter, Ootah to Anna-doah's igloo. The parents, left alone, dug up stones and ice and buried the child. Then beneath the stars they stood in silent grief. Other natives, emerging from their houses and seeing them, understood and disappeared, for while relatives weep over their dead none dare disturb their mourning. For five days, in commemoration of the death, the parents would visit the grave of their child. During this time no native dare cross the path leading from their igloo to the silent resting place, and while they stood beneath the stars all alien to their sorrow must remain within their houses. Only the Great Spirit, who lives beyond the golden veils of the boreal lights, may hear the sobbing of a stricken human creature over the thing of which it has been bereft.

In the course of ten sleeps—as days are called—the first moon of the long night sank below the horizon and the colorful stars firely glittered over a world of black silence. The cold increased to an intolerable bitterness. Ootah, venturing from his igloo to dig up walrus meat, found the earth frozen so solid that it split his steel axe.

It was not long before many white mounds appeared beneath the liquid stars. The old and the very young, unable to endure the rigorous cold and dearth of food, passed into the mysterious unknown of which the long dark of earth is only the portal. After the passing of the first moon the storms came; the sky blackened; the winds voiced the desolate woe of millions of aerial creatures. Terrific snow storms kept the tribe within their shelters for days. Often the winds tore away the membrane windows of their snow houses, and blasts of frigid cold dissipated the precious warmth within. In the lee of circular walls of ice, right at the immediate entrance of the houses, the natives kept their dogs. Inside they had only room for the mother dogs, which at this period brought into being litters of beautiful little puppies with which the Eskimo children played. Outside, scores of splendid animals, which could not be sheltered, were frozen to death in great drifts. These, during the following days, were dug out and used as food both for men and the living animals.

During a quiet period between storms, Ootah, venturing from his shelter, heard a shuffling noise near his igloo. In the northern sky a creamy light palpitated, and in one of the quick flares he saw a bear nosing about the village. He called his dogs and they soon surrounded the animal. Fortunately the incandescent light of the aurora increased—now and then a ribbon of light, palpitant with every color of the rainbow, was flung across the sky. Ootah lifted his harpoon lance—the sky was momentarily flooded with light—he struck. In the next flare he saw the bear lying on the ice—his lance had pierced the brute's heart. Attracted by the barking of Ootah's dogs, several tribesmen soon joined him in dressing the animal. During their task, one suddenly beckoned silence, and whispered softly:

“The Voice . . . the Voice . . . ” And they paused.

A weird whistling sound sang eerily through the skies. The air, electrified, seemed to snap and crackle. It was the voice that comes with the aurora.

The knives fell from the natives' hands. The howling of the hungry

dogs was stilled. In hushed awe, in reverence, with vague wondering they listened. Ootah was on his knees. An inspired light transfigured his face. His pulses thrilled. For what they heard was, to them all, the Voice of the Great Unknown, He whose power is greater than that of *Perdlugssuaq*, He Who made the world, created the Eternal Maiden *Sukh-eh-nukh*, and placed all the stars in the skies, Who, never coming Himself earthward, instead sends in the aurora His spirits with messages of hope and encouragement to men, but Whose Voice sometimes far, far away, itself comes as the faintly remembered music of long bygone dreams preceding birth . . . Yea, it was the Voice . . . the Voice . . .

And now, out of the black-blue sky, as if released from invisible hands, great globes of swimming liquid fire floated constantly, and bursting into millions of feather flakes of opal light, melted softly . . . Along the lower heavens there was a fugitive flickering, of a rich creamy light, as of the reflection of celestial fires far beyond the horizon.

Speechless, Ootah viewed the flameous wonder, and, although he knew no prayer, he felt in his soul an instinctive love, a profound awe . . . In the silent sanctity of that auroral-shot and frigidly glorious region he seemed to feel the pulsing of an unseen presence—a presence of which he was a part, of which, with a glow, he felt the soul of her he loved was a part, to which all nature, everything that lives and breathes, was vitally linked . . . He felt the drawing urge, the thrilling tingling impetus, as it were, of the terrific currents of vital spirit force that sweep vastly through the universe, keeping the earth and all the planets in their orbits . . . He felt, what possibly the primitive and pure of heart feel most keenly, the presence of the Great Unknown, He Who is the fountain source of love, and Whose hands on the sable parchment of the northern skies perchance write, in irid traceries of fire, mystic messages of hope which none, of all humanity, during all the centuries, has ever learned entirely to understand.

Not until the wonder lights were fading did the tribesmen take up the portions of bear meat, and according to Ootah's instructions divide portions among the community. His arms full of bear meat, Ootah joyously entered Annadoah's igloo.

Annadoah, sad and lonely, sat by her lamp. Her igloo was like that of all the others. Inside, so as to retain the heat and carry off the water which dripped from the melting dome of snow, there was an interior tent of seal skin. In a great pan of soapstone was a line of moss, which absorbed the walrus fat, and served as a wick for the lamp. This emitted a line of thin, reddish blue flame. Over the light, and supported by a framework, was a large soapstone pot in which bits of walrus meat were simmering. By the side of the pot a large piece of walrus blubber hung over a rod. In the heat of the lamp this slowly exuded a thick oil which, falling into the pan below, gave a constant and steady supply of fuel.

Like the other women, Annadoah sat by her lamp day after day. When she could endure hunger no longer she would eat ravenously of the meagre food in the pot. Regular meals are unknown in the arctic—a native abstains from food as long as he can in days of famine, but when he eats he eats unstintedly.

As Ootah entered the low enclosure Annadoah's eyes lighted.

Ootah told her of the bear encounter, and, with the joy of children, they placed bits of the meat in the pot and sat by, delightedly inhaling the odor as it cooked.

Several days later, while they were eating the remainder of the bear meat, both heard an uproar outside. They crept from the igloos and discovered most of the village assembled without.

"Attalaq hath carried off Ahningnetty," one told them.

"He broke into her father's house and seized her with violence!"

Not far away they heard Ahningnetty's screams.

"Attalaq is strong," said one.

"Yea, as a boy did he not kill his brother?" All remembered the brutal encounter of the two brothers years before, when, throwing him to the ground, Attalaq jumped on his brother's body and striking his head with stones beat him to death. Attalaq was a type of the older warriors; unlike his more gentle tribesmen he possessed the atavistic savagery of his forebears of centuries ago when it was customary to abduct brides.

An excited crowd gathered outside of Attalaq's house. Soon Attalaq himself appeared.

"Ha! Ha!" he laughed. "Methinks that is the way to treat a woman!" Then with swollen-up gusto he told them all about it. Tiring of being alone he determined to carry off Ahningnetty. "A woman's mind is as the wind—it constantly changeth," he said. "Women should be driven as the dogs." Ahningnetty, still weeping, still protesting, came to the door. Attalaq turned fiercely upon her and struck her in the face. Then he laughed again. The girl screamed.

"Well," he said, turning to her, "I carried thee here—if thou wouldst return thou canst walk back. Eh?" The girl cowered away, but on her face there was the semblance of a pleased expression. The other women regarded her with a tinge of envy.

"'Tis not often in these days a lover careth sufficiently to carry a maid away," said an aged crone.

"In the days of old there were men like Attalaq," said a younger woman, admiringly.

"Where is Papik?" one asked. He was not to be seen.

"Dost thou not wish to return to thy father?" Annadoah asked Ahningnetty, approaching her.

The girl shook her head. Much as she had protested, she was unquestionably pleased by the forcible abduction.

One of the gossips, desiring to impart the unpleasant news to Papik, had gone to his house.

"Papik sits alone," she called, on her return. "And when I told him Ahningnetty hath been carried away by Attalaq, he replied, 'Tis well! 'Tis well!' And then he showed me his hands—they were frozen—frozen! Verily, he would now be a sorry husband to provide for a wife."

"Papik's hands frozen!" took up the others. "Unhappy Papik."

"He sobs and weeps—he sobs and weeps," said the old woman. "He saith the dreaded misfortune hath come, and the days of his skill on the hunt are over!"

"Long fingers, short hunt; long nose—short life," remarked Maisanguaq, sententiously.

Attalaq, happy in his conquest, was broad enough to be generous. He declared that Papik should never want as long as he could shoot the arrow. Generous-hearted, many of the others joined in and bits of blubber were soon offered the lonely Papik, as he sat, nursing his frozen members, in his house. The mishap was tragic, for, his hands injured, he

had lost not only his skill in the hunt but his ability to protect himself in cases of accidents. And from the experience of ages all knew that, sooner or later, he was doomed to a comparatively early death.

During the first period of the night, and after Ootah's first capture, several prowling bears were shot. The howl of occasional wolves was heard in the mountains; then all the bears disappeared, the hunger of the wolves was stilled.

When the third moon rose not a thing stirred outside the igloos. A glacial silence gripped the northern world. In their shelters the natives clustered together, warming one another with their breathing and the heat of their bodies. They lacked the courage even to speak.

Day by day their supply of food had run low. Day by day they decreased their portions; their cheeks sunk, hunger burned in their eyes. To save the precious fuel they burned only one lamp in their houses; they were unable to sleep because of the intense cold. Finally their food gave out. From his store Ootah silently doled out allotments until starvation confronted him. One by one the dogs were eaten. And this caused a dull ache, for the men loved their dogs only a little less than they did their wives and children. The quaking fear of the long hours slowly gave way to a dull lethargy. In their igloos, where single lamps smoked, they sat, and to keep up their circulation and to prevent themselves from falling into a coma, they rocked their bodies like things only half alive.

The black days and black nights slowly, tediously, achingly passed. One day was like another—one night seemed to mark no progress of time. Only the children, to whom parents gave the last bits of food, showed some animation. They played listlessly with one another. For toys they had crude carvings of soapstone—tiny soapstone lamps and pots with which they made pitiful mimicry of cooking. The little girls played with crude dolls just as do little girls in more southern lands—but they were grotesque effigies, made of skin roughly sewn together. The boys found brief zest in a game which was played by sticking ivory points in a piece of bone, hanging from the roof of the igloo, and which was perforated with holes. Finally, as the night wore on, the children lost interest in their games, and with aching stomachs, lay silent by the fires. Starvation steadily claimed its toll. Death, slowly, surely, laid its grim and terrible hands upon that pitiful fringe of earth's humanity on the desolate star-lit roof of the world. One by one a stark body would be carried from an igloo into the black, bitter cold silence without and buried under blocks of snow. And above, intense and incandescent, the Pole Star—that unerring time mark of God's inevitable and unerring laws—burned like an all-seeing, sentient and pitiless eye of fire in the heavens.

Annadoah lay upon her couch of furs. Her face was thin and white as the snows without. The flame in her stone lamp was about to flicker into extinction.

Ootah, entering the igloo, sprang quickly to her side. Her breath came very faintly. He seized her hands. He breathed on her face. He opened her *ahthee* and rubbed her little breasts. He felt something very strange, and wonderful, stirring within him. And with it a ghastly fear that the thing he loved was dying.

Into the lamp he placed the last meagre bits of remaining blubber. Then he again set to chafing the tender little hands. Cold and hunger had wrought havoc upon Annadoah. Ootah's heart ached.

Finally her eyelids stirred. Her lips parted. A smile brightened her face. Ootah leaned forward, breathlessly. Her lips framed an inaudible word:

"Olafaksoah . . . Olafaksoah . . ." She opened her eyes. The smile faded. "Thou . . . ?" she said.

"Yea, Annadoah, I have brought thee food," Ootah said. It was his last.

"I hunger," she breathed. "It is very cold . . . I was in the south . . . where the sun is warm . . . it is very cold here."

Eagerly he pressed her hands. She drifted again into a stupor and for a long while was silent. Ootah's warm panting breath finally brought blood to her cheeks.

"Thou art so big . . . and strong . . ." she smiled again. "Thy arms hurt me . . . as the embrace of *nannook* (the bear)." Her smile deepened. Her breath came more quickly. "Oh, oh, it is pleasant . . . here . . . in . . . the south."

"Annadoah!" Ootah's wail of hurt recalled her.

Her eyes sought the igloo wonderingly.

"Thou?" she repeated dully. "Yea, it is cold here. I am hungry . . . Are there not *ahmingmah* in the mountains, Ootah? Didst thou not tell me there were *ahmingmah* in the mountains . . . why do not the men of the tribe bring the musk oxen from the mountains?"

With a sudden start Ootah remembered having told Annadoah of the herd he had found in the inland valley—it was strange, he thought, he had not remembered this before. And it was stranger still that she should remind him. But the improbability of ever reaching the game, the obvious impossibility of such a journey at this time of winter, had prevented any such suggestion.

"Many musk oxen are there in the mountains," he said, soothing her hands. She drew them away. "And art thou hungry?"

"I am hungry," she replied faintly.

After he had given her the last bit of meat he left her igloo. Above him the stars burned, the air was clear and still. Not a thing moved, not a sound was heard—the earth was gripped in that unrelenting spell of wintry silence. Above the imprisoned sea the January moon was rising and for ten sleeps—ten twenty-four-hour days—it would circle about the horizon of the entire sky. Already the sky above the sea was bright as a frosted globe of glass, and pearly fingers of light were stealing upward over the interior mountains.

"She is hungry," Ootah repeated over and over again. "And the tribe starves . . . and there may be *ahmingmah* in the mountains." Behind him they loomed gigantic and precipitous. That such a journey meant almost certain death he knew; but that did not deter him in the resolve to essay a feat no native had ever dared in many hundreds of years.

The face of Sipsu, the *angakoq*, as I have said, resembled dried and wrinkled leather. He had been an old man when the eldest of the tribe were children. He had seen hard times, he had suffered from starvation during many winters; yet never had the lashes of *ookiah* struck so blastingly upon the tribe. Yea, they had even lost their fear of the *tornarssuit* and no longer brought propitiatory offerings of blubber to him. Yet being wise with age, early in the summer he had buried sufficient supplies be-

neath the floor of his house to keep him from starving. He scowled maliciously as he heard someone creeping through the underground entrance of his igloo. Presently the cadaverous face of Maisanguaq appeared.

The interior was heavy with the stench of oil. The room hung with soot from the lamp. A thin spiral thread of black smoke rose from the taper. In the dim light the leering face of Sipsu appeared like the face of the great demon himself. His small half-closed eyes blazed through their slits.

"The spirits are wrathful. The tribe is forgetful. What wilt thou have?"

Maisanguaq, with unconcealed hesitation, placed a bit of blubber before the magician. "The last I have," he mumbled. Sipsu seized it avidly.

"Ootah goes to the mountains," Maisanguaq said, panting for breath.

The old man sneered bitterly:

"He cannot brave the spirits. No man can live in the mountains. The breath of the spirits is death."

"Yea, he goes. He says that he knows where the *ahmingmah* abound. The air is still; the moon rises for ten sleeps. By then, so he saith, he can return with meat."

"No man hath ever ventured there. The shadow of *Perdlugssuaq* is very dark."

"Yea, may he smite Ootah!" exclaimed Maisanguaq.

Sipsu laughed harshly.

"Couldst thou cause the hill spirits to strike?" Maisanguaq asked eagerly.

Sipsu faced Maisanguaq fiercely.

"In my youth I went unto the mountains and I heard the hill spirits sing. Thereupon I became a great magician. They spoke to me; I was silent; thereafter, when I called they answered. What wouldst thou?"

Maisanguaq indicated the blubber.

"I would thou call them now; that they release the glaciers, that Ootah may be carried to his death. I hate Ootah, I would that he die." He shook his fist.

Sipsu's body quivered from head to foot.

"Ootah hath never consulted my familiar spirits," he rejoined bitterly. "He despiseth them."

Rising from his sitting posture Sipsu seized his drum and began moving his body. He groaned with extreme pain. By degrees his dance increased. He improvised a monotonous spirit song. His face grimaced demoniacally. As his conjuration approached the climax, his voice rose to a series of shrieks. He shuddered violently; he seemed to suffer agonies in his limbs. Finally he fell to the floor in a writhing paroxysm.

"*Pst!*" Maisanguaq's eyes lighted.

Outside he heard the sharp barking of dogs. "*Huk! Huk!*" Ootah's voice called. Others joined in the clamor. The entire tribe seemed to wake as from a sleep of the dead.

"He starts for the mountains," said Maisanguaq. "Thinkest thou the spirits will strike?"

Sipsu opened his eyes—and glared wildly at Maisanguaq.

"Speak," Maisanguaq demanded. "Hast thou not the power?"

"Did I not once go to the bottom of the sea to *Nerrvik*, she who rules over the sea creatures? Hath she not only one hand, and is she not

powerless to plait her hair? Doth she not obey me? For did I not plait her hair? Did I not carry wood for weapons to the spirits of the mountains? And have they not answered for a thousand moons?"

"Yet there is doubt in thy voice, Sipsu!"

"Yea, to be truthful with thee, Maisanguaq, there is dispute among the spirits. I cannot determine what they say." He bent his head as if listening. Then he asked:

"Doth Ootah not go that Annadoah may have food?"

Maisanguaq nodded assent.

"And the tribe?"

Maisanguaq again nodded.

As though he suddenly heard some terrifying converse among his familiars the necromancer's face blanched. He struggled to his feet.

"Take thy food," he flung the blubber to Maisanguaq. "I dare not take thy gift. I am afraid."

Maisanguaq sprang at the old man. "Revoke not thy curse," he breathed, his fingers sinking into the *angakoq's* throat. "Will the hill spirits strike?"

"Yea," the old man gasped, "but they say——"

Maisanguaq's fingers loosened. "What?" he demanded.

"That there is . . . some other power . . . which is very strange—which——"

"Yea, yea——"

"Protecteth Ootah . . . It concerneth . . . Annadoah. I do not wish thy gift. I fear the spirits. The magic of Ootah—what it is . . . I cannot tell thee . . . But the spirits say . . . it . . . concerneth . . . Annadoah. And against it none of the *tornarssuit* can prevail." Maisanguaq threw the old man fiercely to the floor and, disgusted, left the igloo.

Outside the entire tribe, with the exception of those dying of hunger, had gathered in groups. Ootah lifted his whip. His team of eight lean dogs howled.

"*Tugto! Tugto!*" he called. The dogs leaped into the air—his sled shot forward.

In his desperate adventure Ootah was joined by one of the younger members of the tribe, Koolotah by name, a lad barely eighteen years of age. All the others had hung back. Koolotah's mother was dying; a desperate desire to save her stirred in his heart as he lifted his whip in the signal to start. The tribe cheered.

"*Huk! Huk!*" he shouted, and his lean dogs followed Ootah's team.

"*Au-oo-au-oo!*" called the natives.

"*Auoo-auoo!*" the voices of Ootah and Koolotah returned.

Over the snow-covered stretch of level shoreland the moon poured a flood of silver incandescence. In this magical light the forms of Ootah and his companion were magnified into the likeness of those of the giants that the old men said once lived in the highlands. Their dogs were distended into creatures of the size of musk oxen. Their whips exploded as they dashed past the straggling line of snow and stone houses; the snow crisply cracked and splintered under their feet.

Then the village disappeared behind them. The voices of their tribesmen trailed shudderingly into silence.

The assembled tribe watched the teams diminishing in the distance. Presently someone whispered a terrible thing among them.

"Sipsu hath cursed Ootah."

A low ominous murmur passed from lip to lip of the gathered men and women. In the distance a black speck in the moonlight marked the departing hunters.

"Yea, he hath called upon the spirit of the mountains to destroy Ootah."

A low groan followed this.

"Methinks he hath prophesied too many deaths," said Arnaluk.

"He hath declared that Koolotah's mother will die."

"And Koolotah—did he not say two moons ago that Koolotah would depart on a long journey from which he should never return?"

"And the wife of Kyutah—did she not perish after his evil prophecy? And Piuaitsok—did not the spirit of the skin tents strike him when he lay asleep? And did not yon evil wretch tell of it long before?"

A dozen voices angrily rose in assent.

"Verily he hath found hatred in his heart for Ootah. For Ootah hath had no need of his powers. Did not Ootah's mother sew into his cap the skin from the roof of a bear's mouth? And hath he not become as strong as the bear? Did not his father place in his *ahttee* the feet of a hawk—and have not his own feet the swiftness of the wings of a bird? And doth not Sipsu hate him for his strength? Yea, as he hateth all who find joy in their shadow."

Their voices rose threateningly. Maisanguaq, chagrined and bitter at the old man, leered evilly among the crowd.

"Hath he not lived too long?" he whispered softly. And the others suddenly shouted:

"Let Sipsu die!"

In a wild rush they bore down upon the *angakoq's* igloo. Screaming with rage they kicked in the sides. The icy dome shattered about the startled old man. They leaped upon him as hungry dogs upon a dying bear. A dozen hands ferociously gripped his throat. They moved to and fro in a mad struggle over the uneven ice. They seized hold of one another in the blood-thirsty desire to lay their hands upon the old man. He made no struggle. Finally all drew away. Amid the wreck of his igloo Sipsu lay, motionless, his face sneering evilly in the moonlight.

They secured a rope of leather lashings and placed a noose about the old man's neck. Then they dragged his body from the wrecked igloo. Weak from lack of food, they still forced themselves to dig up the frozen snow at a spot where they knew there were stones, for according to their belief they had to bury the old man—otherwise, his spirit would haunt them. To this spot they brought the rotted skins of his bed, and on them placed the body, careful lest they touch it. By the body they placed the old man's lamp, stone dishes, membrane-drum and instruments of incantation. Over the corpse they piled the ice encrusted stones, and over these in turn weighty masses of frozen snow. Then they turned in silence and entered their respective shelters. Thenceforth, until a child should be born to whom it could be given, the name of Sipsu might not pass their lips.

[To be continued]

EDITORIAL NOTES

Woodrow Wilson

SO Woodrow Wilson is to be our next President. He deserves the honor, and will make full use of the opportunity. It is not an easy task which is waiting for him; but the nation should be the richer for his services—richer not only in material ways, but in that sense of fitness in public life in which, during these latter days, we have been painfully deficient.

The results of the election were in exact accordance with probabilities, and could have been anticipated more accurately than was generally done. But it is always difficult to expect the obvious. There was no landslide, in spite of the enormous plurality. There was no overwhelming sweeping of the country. The voting followed normal party lines, with few exceptions: but on the one side was a united party, polling the full strength of its supporters; on the other was a divided camp, each section strong enough to destroy the other, but neither strong enough to stand alone—though both together would have been irresistible.

A common sense, unspectacular election, in spite of the preliminary fireworks; an election which augurs well for the future. For it was no small thing, as a beginning, that Woodrow Wilson held his party together so firmly. The dissensions at Baltimore might well have preluded defection and disorder, and the great opportunity of the Democrats have been frittered away. The Democratic nominee showed a statesmanlike ability to do and to say the right thing, that assured for him the control of his party and the general approval of the nation, apart from individual preferences or prejudices.

Not for a long time has a party leader conveyed such a deep impression of strength, dignity and insight. He accepts the responsibilities before him in a high spirit—the right spirit; unashamed of sincerity; incapable of paltriness or spleen; confident, but not boastful.

He is pledged to a programme of reform that will demand statesmanship of a high order. He may make mistakes. But, if there is any value in tradition, training, character and resolution, he will go to the White House with a splendid equipment and a splendid prospect. He does not share the popular cowardice of being afraid to touch the devil for fear the devil may move. There should be a good deal of moving during the next Administration. But, at whatever cost, Mr. Wilson will do well to start his reforms by refusing to countenance any indecent scrambling for the spoils of office. The further the principle of security of tenure in public offices is extended—subject to effective service—the better for the business and the government of the nation.

Mr. Sherman

THE late Vice-President had a genial personality and a large number of friends; but he cannot be ranked with those who have done things worth while in public life. He belonged to the old order and preserved the old ideas—that men could not be expected to go into politics “for their health,” but for what they could get out of it. The Republican party is not the only one which has associations with “business politics”; but it deserves the lesson it has received, and will perhaps profit by it—though that lesson was administered somewhat fortuitously. It will do well in the future to choose leaders who can command the respect of the country, even if they lack the personal charm and bonhomie of those who are skilful in the art of influencing others because they are experts in the theory and practice of self-interest.

The Becker Case

THE first stage of the Becker case has been carried swiftly and decently to its conclusion. It is to be hoped that there will be no procrastination in subsequent developments, but that the whole sordid matter will be brought to an end at an early date.

The attitude of the Mayor of New York continues to be childishly querulous; but underneath this pretence may be seen

the skilful strategy of a clever fighter making the best of a very bad situation. Attack is usually the best method of defence, and the Mayor has consistently attacked everyone who presumed to point out that the administration of the city and of the police department has been shown conclusively to be defective—grossly and inexcusably defective. It seems absurd that a public official should imagine that he can confuse the issue by such insincere diatribes. Mr. Gaynor's impression of the intelligence of his fellow-citizens is evidently not very high. His talk of being pressed to throw Commissioner Waldo "to the wolves" is both puerile and insulting. On what principle does the Mayor class as "wolves" those who believe in decency in public administration and insist that gross incapacity should be followed by removal from office? There are plenty of men, in the police department and out of it, who believe in decency, and can enforce it. Commissioner Waldo believes in decency; but it would seem rather obvious that he has failed to enforce it. If he has profited by his lesson, and is introducing more stringent methods of organization and supervision, the public will be content to wait for results. But they will not be content with more results of the Becker type, or with a policy which makes such results possible.

Votes for Women

THE results of the recent election were decidedly encouraging, and the suffragist cause moved steadily forward. It is evident that constitutional agitation, aggressive and continuous, but neither crude nor intolerant, can win results without arousing ill-feeling and stupid antagonism. It is a pity that the leaders of the movement in England will not learn a little of the lesson of moderation. They have had much to contend with, and much inducement to employ tactics that would insist upon attention. But they have forgotten that the indifference and opposition that they have met with were based on the accepted beliefs of centuries, and could not reasonably be overcome in a decade or two. Impatient, though sincere, they have done grave harm to their cause; for they have done their best to identify

the suffragists with the Carrie Nation type of reformer. Breaking windows is not an argument. It is a confession of poverty of resource. The hunger-strike shows courage and self-sacrifice: but it is a deliberate attempt to coerce the authorities by an appeal to the weakness of women, at the very time when women are insisting that this assumed weakness is in no way a legitimate factor in political life. Yet they have said, in effect, "I am a woman: take the odium of allowing me to kill myself, if you dare." This is neither politics nor common sense. It is coercion; the coercion of sheer weakness, the very negation of the whole position supposed to be assumed by the suffragists. However, wiser counsels will prevail. The mistakes of the past need not be repeated.

In this country, the conditions have been different; but the temperament of the women would seem to have been different also, and they have kept the movement on a higher plane. In consequence, they are winning steadily; and in a few years all the States will have come into line, and women will enjoy their natural rights as a matter of course. But wherever the appeal to force is made, it is there shown clearly that development is imperfect, and that the whole position is misunderstood. It is not because woman can parallel the stupidities, ignorance and prejudices of man, that she should establish her equality of citizenship with him; but because she can rank with him, and outrank him, at his best, when he has discarded the old implicit faith in brute force and possession and is looking to a changed order, not only in political life, but in the whole outlook, ideals and activity of civilization.

The Balkan Surprise

THE hand of Europe has been forced at last. The long and pitiful spectacle of the Great Powers juggling with the Turkish Empire, not for the sake of friendship or justice, but because of irreconcilable self-interest, greed and jealousy, is drawing to a close. Diplomacy will not readily surrender its favorite toy; several chancelleries will miss their popular pastime of prop-

ping up the Sultan in order to preserve the sacred Balance of Power. But the Balkan states have sprung their surprise. They have shown that they can make their preparations without making them too public. They declared war without consulting the Concert of Europe. They have carried on the campaign with extraordinary forthrightness and resolution. They may consider it natural that they should dictate their own terms of peace. It will be difficult for the Powers to attempt to coerce them, with Austria already measuring her personal chances, and Russia not yet convinced that the speculative gaze of centuries toward Constantinople is to be diverted by any Bulgarian episode.

It is too soon at present to talk of the ultimate outcome. The undercurrents are not always indicated on the surface; and the Triple Alliance, the Triple Entente and the Balkan Federation will not swim comfortably together. Nothing resulted from the Holy War proclaimed by the Sheikh-ul-Islam, as a final effort to infuse new life into a lost cause and new courage into a demoralized army. There remains, as a remote possibility, the vague menace that has long been held in reserve—the summons to the whole Mohammedan world to rally round the Flag of the Prophet. But even in this extreme case, there is grave doubt whether Islam would feel constrained or content to respond. The Sultan's loss of prestige through the Italian War and the Bulgarian triumphs would mitigate enthusiasm, while the traditions of the Khalifate have not been strengthened by the Young Turk *régime* and the unsuccessful experiments in Western methods. The decadence of the Turks in Europe has been continuous. They have not profited by the veneer of occidentalism, while they have surrendered, in large degree, both the fanaticism of the Orient and the strength that was rooted in fanaticism.

The Bulgarian Victories

THE Bulgarian victories have been swift and overwhelming; and full credit must be given to those responsible for the preparations and their successful issue. Yet it has not been the unexpected power of the allies, but the expected weakness of the

Turks, which has made the campaign apparently so one-sided. An army without provisions, ammunition and officers is not a formidable fighting machine; and even the courage habitually associated with Turkish troops could not bring victory to men ill-fed, ill-clad, imperfectly trained, imperfectly organized, and with hopelessly inadequate ammunition. It is the old story of bureaucratic failure—whether through corruption or financial helplessness remains to be proved; but a shrewd guess can be hazarded.

The war has provided few lessons that will be useful to the great armies of Europe. Something may be gathered from the strategy of the Bulgarian generals; but the campaign for the greater part has been on the plan of twenty years ago, with a good deal of close-range fighting, and an artillery made invincible through the uselessness of the opposing arm.

Lord Houghton as a Prophet

THAT the Turkish crisis is not a new crisis, that the problem to be solved to-day was debated long ago, is sufficiently well known. The Sick Man of Europe has been in the doctors' hands for more than one generation, with collapse always imminent. One of Lord Houghton's Eastern poems, *The Turk at Constantinople to the Frank*, written more than fifty years ago, brings the past very close to the present and presents a picture that may soon be completed and hung in the Salon of History. A Turk of the old school is considering the possible banishment of his people from Europe, reviewing their early deeds and ideals, and proclaiming the destiny to come.

“ When first the Prophet's standard rested on
The land that once was Greece and still was Rome,
We deemed that his and our dominion
Was there as sure as in our Eastern home;
We never thought a single hour to pause
Till the wide West had owned Mohammed's laws.

How could we doubt it? To one desert tribe
The truth revealed by one plain-seeming man
Cut off the cavil, thundered down the gibe,
And formed a nation to its lofty plan:
What barrier could its waves of victory stem?
Not thy religious walls, Jerusalem!

Thus did we justify the Faith by works,
And the bright Crescent haunted Europe's eye,
Till many a Pope believed the demon Turks
Would scour the Vatican ere he could die:
Why was our arm of conquest shortened? Why?
Ask Him whose will is o'er us, like the sky.

The dome to heavenly wisdom consecrate
Still echoes with the Muslim's fervent prayers;
The just successor of the Khalifate
Still on his brow the sign of empire wears:
We hold our wealth without reserve or fear;
And yet we know we are but tented here.

Millions of Christians bend beneath our rule,
And yet these realms are neither theirs nor ours;
Sultan and subject are alike the tool
Of Europe's ready guile or banded powers:
Against the lords of continent and sea
What can one nation do, one people be?"

And the end is foreseen—the return to Asia, "back to the glories of the Khalifate."

"Therefore, regardless of the moment's shame,
Of wives' disdain and children's thoughtless woe,
Of Christian triumph o'er the Prophet's name,
Of Russia's smile beneath her mask of snow:
Let us return to Asia's fair domain,
Let us in truth possess the East again!

Let us return! across the fatal strait
Our fathers' shadows welcome us once more;
Back to the glories of the Khalifate,
Back to the Faith we loved, the dress we wore,
When in one age the world could well contain
Haroun Al-Rashid and your Charlemagne!"

Is that pilgrimage across the Strait now imminent?

Sex-Antagonism

THE fact that even progressive women are not yet fully emancipated from the effect of their long subjection to men is shown in the bitter sex-antagonism expressed by some of the leaders of the crusade against the traffic in womanhood. There is a growing sex-solidarity among women which can no longer tolerate the monstrous horror which casts its shadow over marriage and the home. This sex-solidarity of women is the great new asset of human fellowship, and is destined to work miracles in socializing our still crude democracy. Men have had their groups and fraternities and guilds, and have thrived socially within these bonds of allegiance to, at least, a partial brotherhood. Women have lacked such discipline in "team work"; having, until recently, been held strictly to their household sympathies. Even now, when women have entered the professions and higher occupations, they are not made entirely free of the guild-comradeship of the guilds they enter. Perhaps this is in part owing to the fact that the time for most vital companionship in these ancestral groups of thought and of service seems past even for men. Each partial fellowship, however prized or even revered, is becoming socialized; and the call is now for a world-fraternity in a universal order of common service. But women are not yet, and never may be, full sharers in the guilds and fraternities that have played such a part in the world-leadership of men. Instead, there is rapidly growing a guild of all womankind, a sisterhood of the mother-sex, a free-masonry of the feminine. This is making the trade union movement among women not a class grouping, but rather a mingling of rich and poor, wise and ignorant, strong and weak women, for the benefit of the woman wage-earner. This sex-solidarity, crude and unlovely in some of its expressions, silly and sentimental in others, is yet binding women in a conscious loyalty of each to all and all to each which is giving even small-natured women a new sense of honor and a new power of co-operative action. Already a mighty bridge is being built to span the chasm between the "good" woman and the prostitute, and to hold in one common

outreach of sympathy the woman of the home and the woman of the street. Yet here, inevitably, arises sex-antagonism of a new sort. Pure and noble women, stung to the quick by the new and near view of the enormities of the social evil, often abhor the coarser manhood which consents to this abomination and makes fast the link between greed and lust on the one side, and weakness, ignorance, even innocence and helplessness, on the other. When they have outgrown the passionate revolt of a new experience, these women will see more justly how many-sided conditions have bound men and women alike in evil chains which only men and women together can break.

Mr. Hardy's Strictures

MR. THOMAS HARDY recently lamented the corruption of modern English prose, expressing his belief that "the vast increase of hurried descriptive reporting in the newspapers is largely responsible." He added—he was addressing the Royal Society of Literature—"An appreciation of what is real literature, and efforts to keep real literature alive, have, in truth, become imperative, if the taste for it is not to be entirely lost, and, with the loss of that taste, its longer life in the English language. While millions have been learning to read, few of them have been learning to discriminate; and the result is an appalling increase in slipshod writing that would not have been tolerated for one moment a hundred years ago."

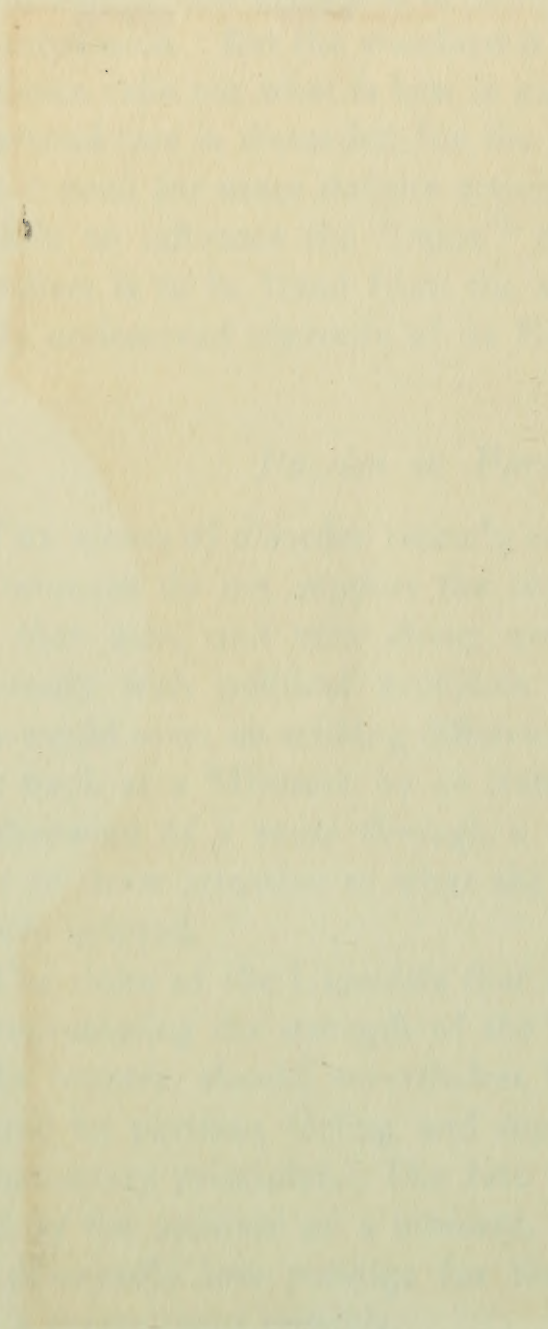
Mr. Hardy has some justification for his views; yet he has touched the subject only superficially. No fair comparison can be drawn between the enormous output of the present and the more leisurely and restricted product of a century ago. The conditions have changed. The greater part of the contents of the daily press is necessarily ephemeral, yet there is a large amount of able journalistic work, while writing of real and permanent value is far indeed from being rare. It is true that in the writing up of more or less sensational "stories," or even in the presentation of simple news, there is a growing tendency toward "cheapness" and slanginess: witness the atrocious word "cop," which has apparently found a sure refuge in many of

our papers. But this tendency is not unduly discouraging, providing it be noticed and checked. It probably marks the influx into journalism of a large class whose education is more elementary than was formerly the case. But this new body, responding to the new vast demand, will not remain stagnant and unprogressive. At present it is more concerned with ideas than with expression. But the standard is gradually being raised, as experience calls out what is best in each man, and the third-rate and second-rate is discarded for the best that is possible. Yet there is need for more definite action on the part of those who are able to influence the "tone" of the press, if American journalism is to be freed from the sometimes captious but not wholly undeserved reproofs of its European critics.

Passion in Parliament

THE scenes of disorder recently enacted in the British House of Commons do not support the contention of the anti-suffragists that men, and men alone, are peculiarly fitted to deal decorously with political problems. To the unbiased mind, there would seem no striking difference between the hurling of a large book at a Minister, by an irate masculine legislator; and the throwing of a stone through a window by a suffragist, in order to draw attention to what she considered obvious rights, unjustly ignored.

The claim of the Unionists that a snap division, admittedly not representing the strength of the Government or the feeling of the country, should nevertheless be taken as irrevocable, is dictated by partisan feeling and supported by a false view of parliamentary principles. The fate of a country cannot be decided by the accident of a moment, though the Administration will deservedly lose prestige for the carelessness which made such a contretemps possible.



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